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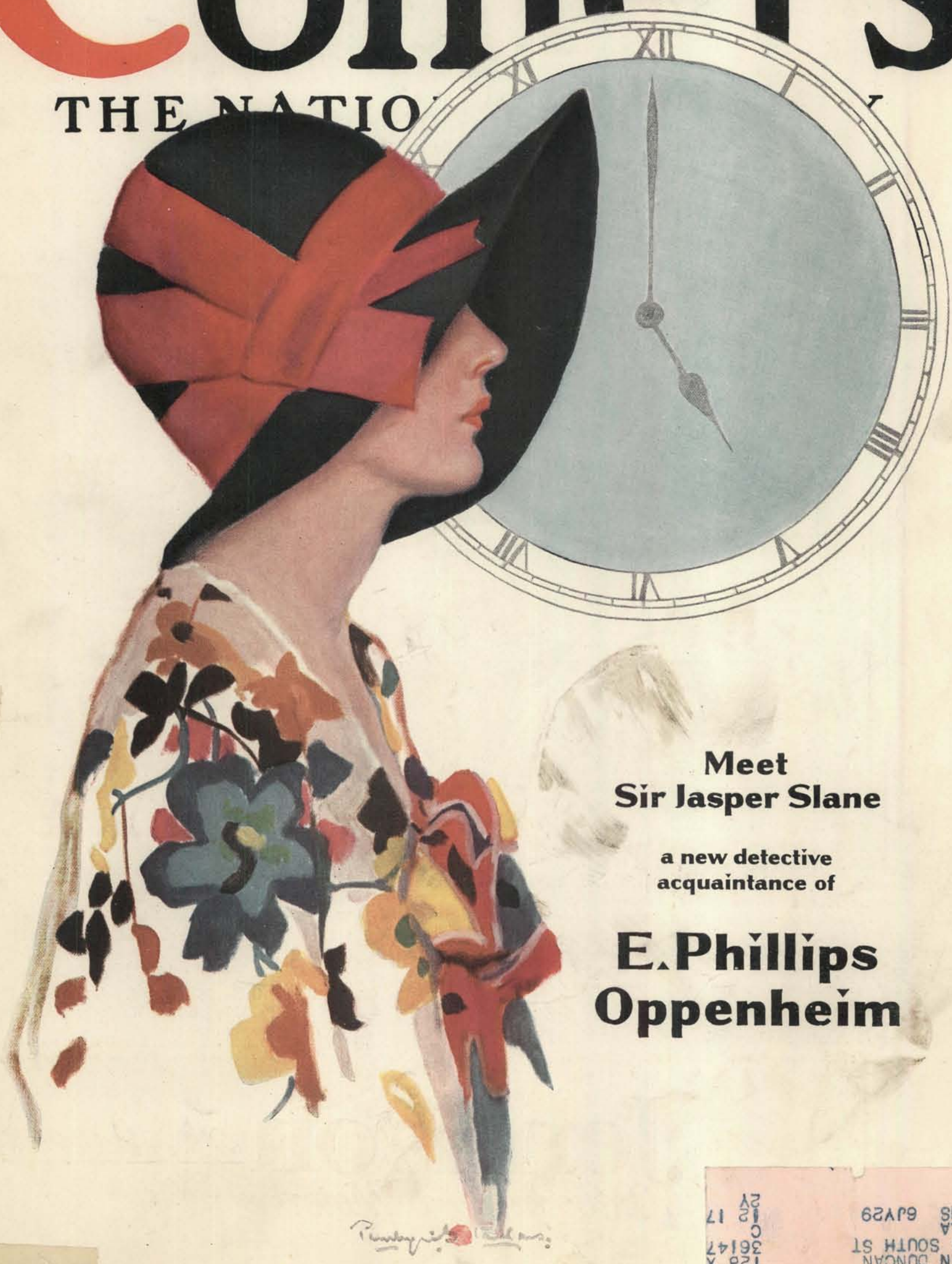

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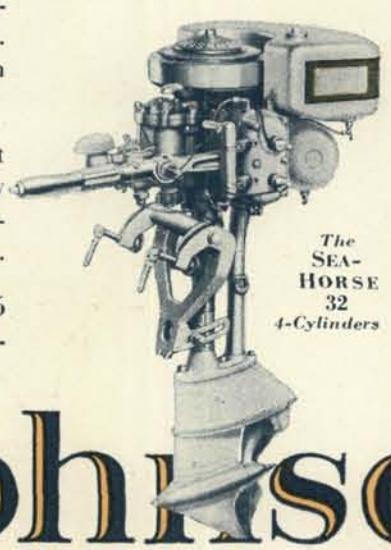

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Who killed Montague Brest?

A mystery story—the first of a fascinating series about the exploits and adventures of Sir Jasper Slane, amateur detective

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

Her eyes were filled with a very definite terror. "There was a man there, looking in," she cried. "I saw his face distinctly"

MONTAGUE BREST—Monty to all his friends, and they were many—laid down his cigarette, leaned back in his chair, and swore.

"Ruth," he exclaimed, "I'm done! I'm a fraud! I can't make head or tail of it. Tomorrow I'll have to resign, and then God knows what we shall do. Curse that yellow-skinned, slobbering Manchu, or whoever sat down and wrote this farrago of rubbish to His Majesty's Government. I'm beat, Ruth! I can't make a word of sense of it."

She had crossed the room, and was already leaning over him, her arm around his neck. She looked at the long, stiff sheet of paper, covered with what seemed to be cabalistic signs, and she laughed outright.

"Monty, my dear," she remonstrated, "how could anyone in the world expect you to make sense of such a medley."

"Well, the Foreign Office does, for one," he assured her gloomily. "It looks like the outside of a Chinese teapot to us, but it's Tibetan all right. I daren't say I cannot do it. I've had too many failures lately. I thought I might be able to make something of it, but I can't. I can't make sense of the opening paragraph, even."

She patted his cheek soothingly. She was a very pretty girl and her voice would have been enough to make most men forget their troubles.

"I shouldn't worry, dear," she advised. "The F. O. would never seriously complain of a man for not being able to make sense of that."

He rose to his feet, and nervously lit another cigarette. The small sitting-room was already thick with tobacco smoke.

"But that's just what they will do, Ruth," he complained. "You see, I made a mess of the Afghan cable. They made use of a word I never heard of, and if I confess to another failure here, they'll think I'm a fraud so far as the Asiatic languages are concerned."

"Let's telephone to Mr. Odane," she suggested. "He offered to help you at any time."

The young man's face lighted.

"It's an idea, Ruth," he admitted. "He's not so good at the Indian dialects as I am, but he's a marvel at Chinese. This certainly seems a good deal more like his touch than mine."

"I'll ring him up," she decided. "Don't you worry."

SHE threw open the door of the little sitting-room, and made her way to the telephone instrument at the end of the narrow passage. She was back again in less than two minutes.

"He's coming, Monty," she announced triumphantly. "He seemed only too pleased. The idea of a manuscript you couldn't make anything of intrigued him immensely. Let's have another look at the beastly thing."

They pored over it together—an official-looking document, covered with curious characters, scratched on a home-made paper which was half yellow, and half white. Ruth's finger lingered at the middle of one sentence.

"There's an Englishman's name," she pointed out. "The only thing anyone could make any sense of—printed in English characters too—B R E T T O N. I've heard it before somewhere."

"There's a Colonel Le Bretton, a great explorer," her brother reflected. "By Jove, I should wonder if it were he. He started off a year ago for Mount Everest, or somewhere around there. The man who went through Abyssinia a few years ago, you know. I—"

He broke off in his sentence. His sister was not a nervous person, but the sound of her shriek filled the little room. He started to his feet. She was staring at the bay window, across which the curtain was only half drawn. Her eyes were filled with a very definite terror.

"For God's sake, what's the matter, Ruth?" he exclaimed.

She pointed to the narrow slit of exposed window-pane.

"There was a man there, looking in," she cried. "I saw his face distinctly."

Brest hastened from the room, along the few feet of passage, and threw open the front door. He looked up and down in vain. Their house was the last but four in a long row of seven-roomed villas near Barnes Common, and the space opposite was still unbuilt upon. There was not a soul to be seen except

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a man and a girl strolling arm in arm, passing from under a lamp-post into invisibility. He closed the door, and returned to the sitting-room.

"Ruth, my dear, you're fancying things," he told her. "There isn't a human being in sight."

"A man looked in at the window," she insisted.

"Then he climbed up the side of the house on to the roof. There was no other means of getting away."

She lit a cigarette, and laughed nervously.

"I hope I'm not beginning to see things!"

"There was nobody there," he assured her. "Look here, Ruth, there's one thing you've got to promise me. Whatever happens, in no case—not under any circumstances—must you ever let a soul know that I consulted Odane about this manuscript. I should get the sack straightaway."

"Am I a gossip?" she scoffed. "Did you ever know me to talk?"

"Never," he acknowledged. "The new regulations are very strict, though. It is ridiculous that you shouldn't be able to ask help of a man in Odane's position, but it would cost me my job if they knew I'd done it."

"Then they never shall, dear," she promised. "I'll get the whisky and soda out for Mr. Odane."

She patted his cheek. He looked at her in surprise.

"Why, Ruth," he exclaimed, "your hands are as cold as ice, and you're trembling. What's the matter?"

"I'm not used to visions," she confided with a little shiver.

TWO hours later, Mark Odane, Professor of Oriental Languages and a scholar of some repute, confessed himself partially beaten.

"I'll have to take the thing home, Monty," he announced finally. "I've got some dictionaries there that will help, and a phrase book in manuscript. I'll do it for you—word for word, too—but you'll have to give me a few hours. I can't stay any longer now. I've got a committee meeting of the Royal Geographical Society. Lend me your dispatch box."

"You must take it away, I suppose?" the young man asked wistfully. "It's against the regulations."

"I can do nothing here," Odane admitted. "Besides, who cares about those regulations? They are broken every day. You know that. Say good-by to your sister for me, there's a good fellow."

The Professor hurried out to his taxicab. The young man saw him off, and watched the vehicle turn the corner. There were a few promenading couples on the waste piece of common opposite—not another person in sight. He closed the front door, and called up the stairs to his sister: "Gone to bed, Ruth?"

"Long ago," came the sleepy reply. "Good-night, and don't forget to lock up."

He made his way back to the sitting-room, mixed himself a whisky and soda, and settled himself in an easy-chair, with the evening paper. The cricket scores failed to interest him. The Stock Exchange news left him unmoved. The illness of a great statesman did not affect him in the least. He was conscious of a curious tingling of the nerves. There was something—what was it that had happened that evening? He remembered suddenly Ruth's moment of panic, and smiled.

Then, conscious of what seemed to be a draft, he turned his head. The newspaper slid from his nerveless fingers. Before he could call out, there was a hand upon his throat, and the glitter of steel before his eyes. Almost immediately the room was plunged into darkness. He could see nothing but the dim shadow of the man leaning over him, in whose grasp he was like an infant.

"I want the paper you brought home this evening from the Foreign Office. Will you give it to me? Decide quickly. If you refuse you have less than ten seconds to live."

The grasp upon his throat relaxed a little. He was able to mumble.

"It isn't here. I have had to pass it on to someone else."

There was a brutal, choking sound, a short laugh of contempt.

"Usual thing to part with manuscripts from the Foreign Office, isn't it? Five seconds left. Will you give it to me?"

"I swear that it isn't here."

In the darkness, the thread of steel was like an electric shaft. Then that one, long-drawn-out moment of hideous pain, and blackness greater than the gloom of the room. The young man lay a crumpled-up heap upon his easy-chair, and his visitor proceeded with his task.

DETECTIVE Inspector Stimpson suddenly abandoned the attitude of casual caller which he had assumed during the first few minutes of his visit to Sir Jasper Slane, his acquaintance and occasional fellow worker. He drew his chair nearer to the desk. He was a small, sandy man, neatly dressed, with a freckled face and a mass of unruly hair. His queer, shrewd little eyes were studying Slane speculatively.

"SIR JASPER," he acknowledged, "we are in some slight trouble down at the Yard."

"The Montague Brest affair?"

"It isn't only that. Let me explain. If you'll believe me, Sir Jasper, there is scarcely a job done in London that we don't know who's behind it, even when we can't get the evidence to make an arrest. There are plenty of people walking down Piccadilly and Bond Street at this moment whom we know to be guilty of certain offenses. We can't touch them, but we don't worry. Their time will come.

"Just now, we're up against a different proposition. There's a new body of criminals at work, and they've got us guessing. They don't link up anywhere with any of the old gangs. My conviction is that this new crowd comes from a different class of society altogether. I'll give you one example: There's an amazing packet of precious stones—mostly rubies—being discreetly offered amongst the high-class fences, and the curious part of it is that they don't correspond in the least with any missing jewelry we have on our list. They are far more magnificent, and unique.

"Where did they come from, Sir Jasper? Certainly they are not being handled by any one of the known jewel thieves in Europe. That's why I'm pretty well convinced that there's a new organization at work with whom we have not yet clicked."

Slane, from the depths of his easy-chair, smiled in tolerant and comprehending assent. He was a cheery-looking person, with humorous eyes and mouth, the complexion of a Devonshire farmer, and with scarcely a line upon his face. There was nothing whatever in his appearance to suggest any abnormal intelligence. Only every now and then, at odd moments, there was a quick flash of his blue eyes, a tightening of the lips, an incisive word, the subtleties of a partially concealed personality.

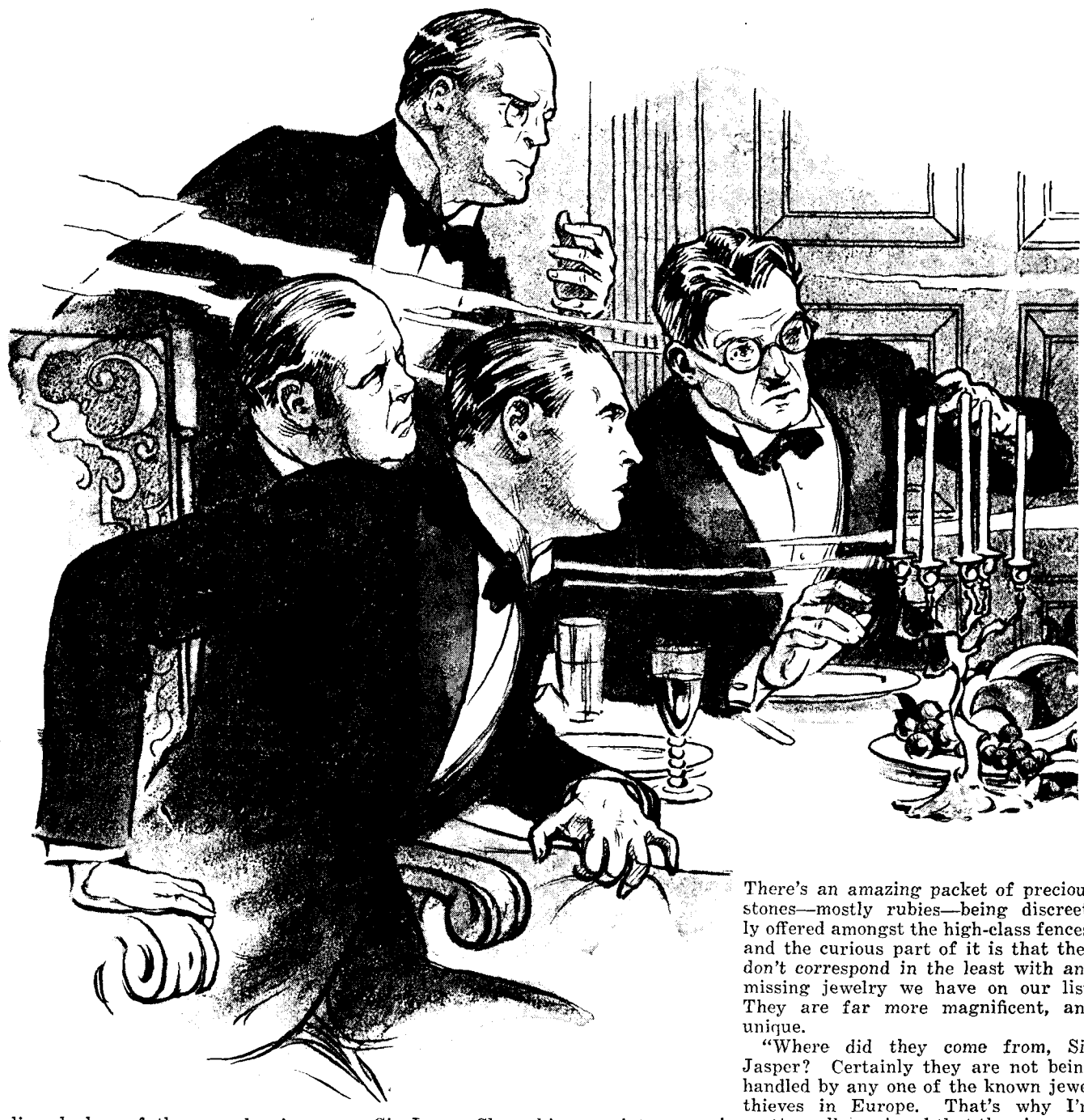
"I shouldn't be at all surprised. A very intelligent assumption of yours, as a matter of fact. We've too many amateur bookmakers, wine merchants, stockbrokers' representatives, motor car agents, and all that sort of thing. Why not a course in crime for the indigent aristocrat? Your idea appeals to me, Stimpson!"

"Then perhaps you will help me to find out who killed Montague Brest."

Sir Jasper leaned back a little in his chair.

"I am not a detective," he observed.

They dimly heard the singing sound of a bullet. The glass was shattered and the little man gave one groan and fell backwards in his chair—dead



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"What else are you, Sir Jasper?" his visitor asked him bluntly.

"I am interested in research," was the indulgent reply. "It amuses me to attempt to solve any social problem which is baffling my friends. Criminology attracts me. The science of detection excites my admiration, but I am not a detective, Stimpson. You will never find me in competition with Scotland Yard."

"That may be so, but it was you who discovered, and returned to her, Lady Darnwell's jewels after we'd been months trying in vain. It was owing to your influence that Maurice Grayson left the country at a moment's notice, and—"

"That will do," Slane interrupted. "Precisely what do you want of me this afternoon? You haven't traveled all the way up to Hampstead for the sake of a friendly little chat?"

"You have this immense advantage over us," the detective continued thoughtfully, avoiding for the moment a direct reply. "You are able to penetrate easily and naturally into a class of society from which we are debarred. It isn't that we can't go there, but when we do we are noticeable, and our quarry is on guard all the time. Club life, too, is unfortunately barred to us. Now you are a member, I believe, Sir Jasper, of the Lavender Club."

"No place in London where I am happier," was the enthusiastic admission. "A very delightful gathering of cultured cosmopolitans, Stimpson. You must dine with me there one night."

The detective shook his head.

"No place for me, sir," he acknowledged frankly, "but we have come now to the object of my visit. We were talking a few minutes ago about the murder of Montague Brest. I should like you to go to the Lavender Club as often as you can during the next few days with this idea always in your brain—that one of those with whom you are lunching or dining, or playing bridge, or drinking a cocktail, killed, or knows who killed, Montague Brest. You are something of a psychologist. I will leave it at that. At the end of a day or two, ask yourself which of the men with whom you have conversed could possibly have been the murderer? Tell me their names. A little tactful and harmless espionage will hurt no one."

"Anything to go on?" Slane inquired, with a sudden gravity.

"A trifle, sir. No more than that."

The other considered for a few moments.

"What you ask is, after all, not a difficult matter," he decided, "and commits me to nothing. I will do as you wish."

DINNER at the long table at the Lavender Club was always a cheerful affair. That particular night it was even hilarious. Two of the most popular men in the Club—Sir Jasper Slane, who rejoiced in the dual nicknames of "the tec" and "the Bart" and Colonel Le Bretton, the explorer, generally called "the tramp"—sat opposite to one another, and the conversation and chaff centering around them was insistent. A popular play had just come to the end of its run, and a famous actor, Harold Tennant, was able to dine at a reasonable hour, a circumstance of which he showed his appreciation by an inspiring appetite and thirst, and a continual flow of anecdotes. Several other well-known members of the Club had moved up their chairs to join the cheerful company. The atmosphere was charged with the genial spirit of club life at its best.

"I sometimes wonder, Le Bretton," Sir Jasper Slane observed, "how you manage to pass the time in the tranquillity of London after these hair-raising expeditions of yours."

Le Bretton, a long, lean sunburnt man, with sunken eyes, protruding eyebrows, and a disfiguring scar on one side of his face, which effectively concealed his natural expression, sipped his wine approvingly, and smiled.

"So do a good many other people," he observed. "Traveling's really my hobby, but the vital savor of life is variety. One has to come to London, for instance, to drink vintage port, and, so long as I don't have to stay here too long, I am perfectly comfortable in my little flat dictating lies about my adventures in the daytime, and joining some of you fellows at night."

"The ideal modern Munchausen," Harold Tennant pronounced. "We all read them, of course, but you don't suppose that anyone really believes these amazing stories of yours?"

"I should be very hurt if they did," was the calm retort. "Every traveler must write with imagination. Bald facts would interest no one. Oh, London suits me all right for a time. What I wonder is, how the Bart here passes his evenings when there are no jewels to be restored, or family mysteries to be solved, or aristocratic sinners to be caught and cast out. You must have a dull time between cases, Slane."

Sir Jasper grinned amiably.

"I am always preparing for the next one," he confided.

"The real sleuth hound is always agog," a noble lord, who was president of the club, remarked. "Goes about scenting crime and mystery all the time, don't you, Bart?"

"Jolly useful chap to have about the place," a member of the committee put in. "They tell me there hasn't been even a spoon stolen since his real profession became known."

Sir Jasper sighed.

"My profession," he decided, "is becoming difficult. Years ago, there was a certain pleasing ingenuousness about the criminal, and a certain amount of science about the detective. The latter generally got his quarry in the long run. Today it is the criminal who has the science and the detective who is left guessing. The betting odds have changed at least twenty-five per cent.

"Look at the Montague Brest case, for instance. Who killed Montague Brest? There's a mystery for you, if you like—a pleasant, insignificant young man occupying a minor post in a Government office, stabbed through the heart in his study in a seven-roomed villa at Barnes. No evidence of any visitor, no robbery, so far as anyone knows, nothing to steal apparently, for he and his sister seem to have been in straitened circumstances. The cleverest detective in Scotland Yard has even confided to me that he doesn't know where to start his investigations. That's a mystery worth solving. Who killed Montague Brest?"

A small man, pale, almost anemic in appearance, who had been dining alone, seated just outside the enchanted circle, had been listening with absorbed attention to Jasper Slane's speech. In the momentary silence that followed it, he replenished his glass from the modest half bottle of claret which stood by his side, and leaned towards the little group.

"I think that I can tell you," he said quietly.

THERE was a sudden paralysis of attention, a dramatic dumbness of mind and thought. They all stared at him.

"It's Professor Odane," his neighbor whispered to Jasper Slane. "Oriental languages, and that sort of stuff. Got a Chair somewhere. Doesn't often come in here. Quite a decent chap, but he must have gone balmy."

Slane, the first to recover himself, leaned tolerantly forward in his place.

"You mean that you have a theory, Odane, I suppose?" he suggested. "Move up and join us."

The little man, glass in hand, rose and accepted the invitation.

"Another decanter of port, and a glass for Mr. Odane," Jasper Slane ordered from the steward. "You mean, I suppose," he repeated, looking across at the newcomer, "that you have a theory."

"I have something more than a theory," was the calm reply. "I know who killed Montague Brest, and why."

A thrill shivered through the circle. Odane was not very well known—a recent member, in fact—but he had occupied a Chair at one of the Universities. He was a man of repute, and his manner was convincing. Le Bretton rose to his feet. It was a June night, and the room was warm.

"Let's have a little air for a few minutes," he proposed, crossing the floor, and throwing open one of the windows. "I've lived in the open spaces too long to stand these stuffy nights. . . . Whew, that's good!"

He returned to his place. Odane, the small man with the shrewd eyes, incisive voice, and almost waxen pallor, had become the center of attention.

"Were you at the inquest?" Jasper Slane asked him.

"Unofficially. I knew more about Montague Brest, perhaps, than anyone else. He was a neighbor of mine at Barnes, and I knew something of the work upon which he was engaged. I went to the inquest to see if there was any evidence offered. When I found that there was none, I decided to wait for a short time before I spoke. I see no one here whom I could suspect of a breach of confidence. In an hour or two's time, I have an appointment with an important person at the Foreign Office, and I shall be able to lay before him certain information which I believe beyond a doubt will lead to the arrest of the murderer. The whole affair will be public property before the morning, so I see no reason why I should not confide in you."

He was silent for a moment, glancing behind as though to assure himself that the waiters were out of hearing. Then he looked at the expectant little group of faces by which he was surrounded. There was Harold Tennant, the actor, the humorous lines gone now from his face, his expression stern and eager; Jasper Slane, as tranquil and genial as ever, but rigid in his attention; Le Bretton, with a suggestion of slight incredulity about his cynical lips, leaning towards the window as though to enjoy the freshness of the night air; Matterson, the musician, his crumpled hair all awry, his mouth open, staring through his enormous spectacles like a frightened child; Jarrett, the sculptor, sprawling across the table, also open-mouthed and (*Continued on page 46*)

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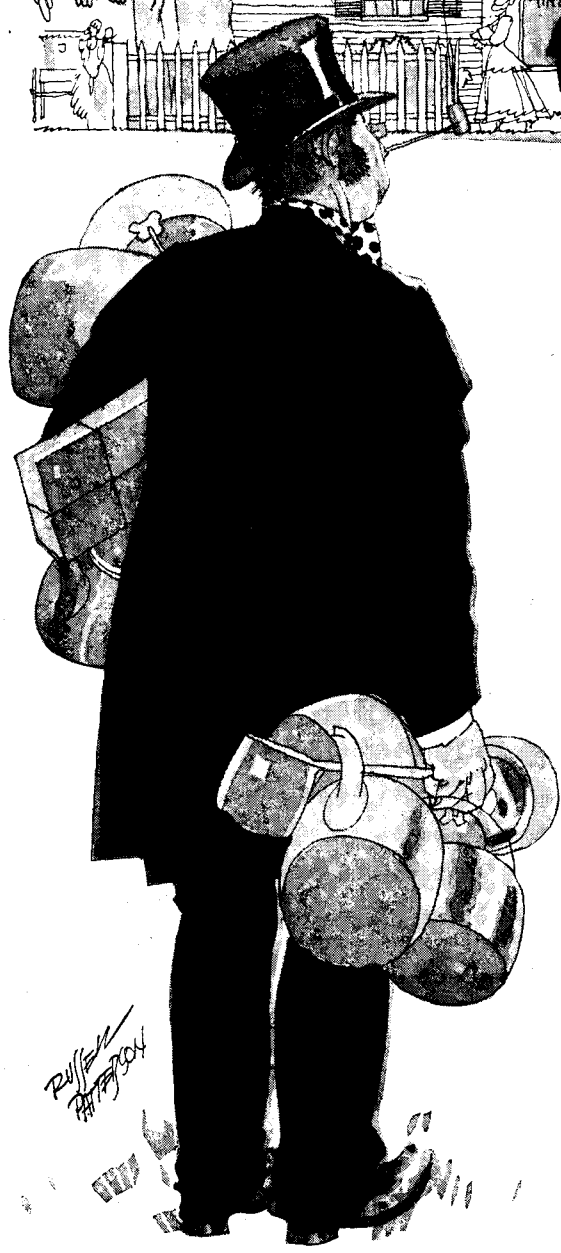
Up against the Chains

By John T. Flynn

The wandering peddler complained bitterly of the first stores. "Unfair methods!" was his cry. Now that cry is raised by the independent storekeepers in their attack on the chains. They entered the battle confident that their numerical superiority would enable them to legislate the chains into submission. But the numerical superiority turns out to be on the other side, for the nation at large owns the chains



At the close of the Civil War the peddler found his place taken by the small storekeeper

ABOUT a hundred years ago this country was very short on towns and very long on prairie. And the merchant prince of the prairie was the Yankee Peddler. We have been buying things in stores so long that we naturally suppose the store has always been the chief means of selling goods. But a century ago the customers were spread so thin over such vast undeveloped spaces that stores were impracticable.

In those very early days two Irish tinsmiths named Pattison appeared on this side of the water and set up in business in Connecticut, the paradise of the trader, in a small village called Berlin. Now in those simple days housewives, save in the town homes of the well-to-do, got along with wooden plates, or leather ones, a few precious pieces of china and a pot or two made of copper. When the Pattisons turned out tinware, their product was received with that kind of enthusiasm which feminine society now lavishes on vacuum cleaners, electric waffle irons and automatic refrigerators.

The Pattisons made their pie plates, tin cans, wash basins, and biscuit cutters by hand. But, for all that, they discovered they could make a good deal more than the sparsely settled neighborhood of Berlin could absorb. So they engaged a traveling salesman—today we should call him a house-to-house canvasser, but then he was known as a peddler. His tinware was received with gasps of admiration by the ladies everywhere, and before long the Pattisons had tinware peddlers all over the East.

What was good for the tin trade was thought by enterprising merchants to be good for any other sort. And so in a little while, young America, quick even then at trying experiments, noble and otherwise, was over-run with peddlers of all sorts. At first they carried their packs on their own backs. Then they carried them on horseback. Next they took to the wagon, and in due time the wagon became a highly organized institution as tidy as a ship and filled with little nooks and corners for holding all sorts of merchandise in order.

Easily first among the peddlers came a very remarkable figure, H. C. Carter. He was perhaps the first great advertising genius and certainly the first great salesman of the country. Carter's peddlers ranged over the nation. He built for them wagons as gaudy and elaborate as circus chariots. They were painted in brilliant colors, with vivid landscapes done on the sides and the great name of H. C. Carter on all walls. Four proud palfreys drew each one. The men who drove these richly laden traveling general stores were no timid, cringing, backdoor peddlers. They had to be prepared to defend from the highwaymen and the brigands upon the unpoliced roads the treasures which they carried. And so these hardy hucksters traveled the roads with their shotguns strapped across their backs.

History Repeats Itself

This morsel of history will explain why so many of our great mercantile magnates of a later day are known to have begun their careers as peddlers and why these gentlemen had the energy and daring to rise from simple pack carriers to be our foremost business leaders.

This was the picturesque system of merchandising which about a decade before the Civil War saw its existence threatened by the advent of the small storekeeper. When the stores came the storekeeper and the peddler looked upon each other as deadly enemies. And in the end the peddler retired before the onward march of the little merchants armed with fixed habitations, counters and shelves.

And now, strangely enough, after nearly a hundred years the small storekeeper in his turn sees his existence threatened. The chains are marching on, and the peddler is back on the highway, but this time in a motor car—a motorteria.

Worse than this, the independent merchant sees not merely his store threatened—he sees the system under which he flourished actually passing away. And he has declared war on the chains as his deadly enemies.

About twenty years ago, when the soap box was still an established institution in the land and soap-box orators were in eruption on almost every corner, denouncing the railroads and the street-car companies and advocating public ownership of all public utilities, they were always careful to declare that these were natural monopolies. They then went on to explain that there were other forms of business which could never fall under the dominion of the trusts—*grocery stores for instance.* That was the classic example. There would always be grocery stores in every neighborhood, we were told, and in the very nature of things these would necessarily be in the hands of small independent proprietors. They were therefore safe from the dominion of great corporations.

And now, after two brief decades, we see these little grocery keepers drawn up in battle array to fight the great grocery octopus, the chain system, which is devouring at an alarming rate the little independent grocery stores of the country.

All our economic history is a record of new systems eating up the old ones. When John Wanamaker in Philadelphia opened his "Grand Depot," the first real department store, a Philadelphia newspaper denounced it as "a greedy, grasping, godless spirit at work. . . . He squelched hundreds of small dealers without compunction," said the alarmed editor.

One cannot survey the march of events during the last twenty years without being impressed by man's utter futility in attempting, by one of his little statutes, to control the course of life. Twenty years ago men were demanding more rigorous enforcement of the Sherman anti-trust law in order to destroy the trusts which were gobbling industry. Now, in this year of grace, grocery-store owners and drug-store owners and small-store owners of all sorts and their powerful allies, the wholesalers, are clamoring for the repeal of that same Sherman anti-trust law on the ground that it is the mother of the retail trusts.

The chief weapon with which the chain store has driven back his small independent competitor is his lower prices. The housewife who can buy a nationally advertised brand of soup in a chain store for eight cents a can, but in the neighborhood store on the opposite corner must pay ten cents for the same thing, does not take long to decide: she goes to the chain store and keeps going there. Now many of the leading manufacturers indicate the price at which their produce is to be sold by the retailer. The chain stores, however, pay no attention to this. They offer ten-cent packages for eight cents and twenty-five-cent cans for twenty-one cents. They can do this for numerous reasons: because they buy cheaper, because they operate more economically and, chiefly, because they turn their stock over more rapidly.

The Independents Declare War

The independent retailer objects savagely to this. And so his first attack on the chains was an effort to get the manufacturers to sell to them only under a stipulation that they resell the product at the price fixed for all merchants. The chains paid no attention to such stipulations and the Supreme Court held that they could not be so bound. For a manufacturer to enter into a contract with his retailers to fix the price of articles was held to be a violation of the anti-trust laws against restraints on trade. That is why the retailers say that the trust laws are the bulwark behind which the great chain trusts hide.

Then the independent proprietors tried to induce the manufacturers to refuse to sell to the chains. Various drug associations have called on their members not to buy from manufacturers who sell direct to the chain drug

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Illustrated by Richard Patterson

Today the small storekeeper looks with consternation at the steady advance of the great chain-store systems

stores. One great biscuit company sells over $10,000,000 of its products to the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company. Now when a group of private grocers ask that concern to refuse to sell to the A. & P.—to turn down an order for $10,000,000—they are upon very shaky ground.

As a matter of fact, the independents had that great biscuit company haled before the Federal Trade Commission and charged with selling to the A. & P. cheaper than to small independent grocers—with giving quantity discounts. This was called unfair trade practice. The A. & P. has 17,000 stores. How much does it cost to sell one order to one concern for $10,000,000? And how much does it cost to sell $10,000,000 worth of goods in 17,000 orders to 17,000 individual grocers? How many salesmen? How many accounts and how many bad ones among them? How much interest in the credits? How much shipping machinery to ship to 17,000 groceries? How much time and money lost in adjustments, etc.? On that one order to one company all this cost was saved.

Price-Maintenance Measures

Who should get the benefit of the saving? The saving is made possible by the enterprise, the vision and the credit of the A. & P. Why should it be loaded with all the costs required when selling to countless individuals? Why should not a customer who can place an order like that get the benefit of the savings in cost resulting from a system which he has developed, particularly since he passes it on to the buying public in the form of lower prices. The Trade Commission of course refused to interfere with this.

Now the independents want Congress to pass a law which will permit a manufacturer to make a binding contract with a merchant which will compel the merchant to resell the product at the price fixed by the manufacturer. This is called a price-maintenance bill or fair-trade bill. If this were to become a law then the chains would be forbidden by the government to reduce prices below those charged by their independent competitors. They would have to sell at the prices fixed by the manufacturer. The chain store would still be able to operate as cheaply. The principal result would be to prevent the chain store from passing on to the customer the benefits of his lower operating cost. He would be compelled by law to pocket the higher profit. Although these price-maintenance bills have been introduced in Congress at every session for some years they have not progressed materially toward passage. These bills would put the nation definitely on record as against any advance in merchandising methods.

To be fair, small dealers have some basis of complaint about these cut prices. If you are not a merchant you have perhaps never heard the expression "loss leader." That is a term of the trade. It means an article, selected as a special bargain for the day, which is sold at a very low price—at a loss in fact—and which is featured and put forward so as to attract customers. It is important that this shall be an article whose price is well known so that the specially low price of the day will be promptly recognized. Nationally advertised standard packaged goods are ideal for this purpose. A nationally known brand of soup retails in independent stores for ten cents a can. If a chain store piles cans of this soup in its window and erects over the display a sign reading "Seven Cents Today," every housewife will instantly recognize the bargain character of the offering. This will bring her into the store, and before she leaves she is likely to buy a great deal more and become a regular customer into the bargain.

The independent merchant brands this practice as an immoral and reprehensible deed, a palpable fraud on the customer who is tricked into supposing that everything else in the store is sold on the same low-price basis. The chain-store man defends it as a legitimate form of advertising. The Owl Drug Company out in California declared once that it had sold a certain kind of soap for twenty years for fifteen cents a cake and that all this time it had paid seventeen and one-half cents a bar for it. In that time it had lost $150,000 on its sales of this soap. It put that $150,000 down to promotion and advertising.

The truth is that since the advent of the trade store with its policy of putting a price ticket on practically every article and of selling every article at as small a margin of profit as possible, there hasn't been much trickery in the matter of grocery store prices. The woman who goes into a chain store, attracted by the "loss leader" of the day, is pretty well able to take care of herself in her subsequent negotiations with the chain-store clerk.

Legislation Against Chains

This year there are some thirty-nine state legislatures in session. You may rest assured that wherever a little band of lawmakers are gathered together in the blessed name of statute-mongering, there is a battle over some phase of this "chain-store menace." Bills are offered in most of them to cripple the monster. Already laws have been passed in many states aimed at the chain-store devil. But, as these laws haven't exorcised the demon, more stringent regulations are asked. Retailers of all sorts—druggists, variety merchants, department-store merchants, grocers, all backed by the wholesalers and jobbers who supply them—gather enthusiastically in support of these bills. The grocers, however, are the most ardent protagonists of this widespread effort to get the government into business at another point on the side of the independents and wholesalers and against the chains.

Out in Sunny Southern California where every day brings in another trainload of potential small grocery storekeepers from the corn belt, the retail grocers proposed a state law which would limit the number of chain stores. In a middle-western state the little fellows asked the legislature to make a law which would provide for a fixed number of chain stores per thousand of population—like congressmen. In a third state the local retailers suggested that a progressive tax be laid on the chain-store owner, increasing in amount with each additional store. In Missouri, I believe, the storekeepers got up a little bill which would permit a man to run two stores tax free, but the third would have to pay $50 a year, the fourth $100, the fifth $200, the sixth $400, the tax rate doubling on each successive store. The tax on the tenth store would be $6,400. If such a law were enacted a chain would be asked to pay $2,000,000 a year on its eighteenth store and $3,000,000,000 a year on its twenty-fifth store.

Last year North Carolina passed a law imposing a tax of $50 on each chain store. In New Mexico a new law imposes a tax of $1 on each $1,000 of gross income. In Georgia a bill was passed levying a tax of $250 per store on all chains having more than five links. Maryland took a similar step but made the tax $500. In Kentucky a similar bill was passed by the house but killed by the senate. In South Carolina the tax is $100 per store.

Imitating the Enemy

The grocers' association thinks retailers ought to be licensed, the implication being that there would be a board or commission that would be able to give or withhold licenses. One can imagine a chain-store president before that commission trying to wangle from it a license for his 1,200 stores. None of these measures, however, furnishes an effective barrier against the onward-moving chains. They only afford a kind of harassment.

These little merchants are upon solider ground when, instead of trying to get the legislatures to restrict the chains, they themselves imitate their enemies. The chains can sell cheaper—for one reason (*Continued on page 44*)

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Good-By, Broadway!

By Elmer Davis

The question Life put to Cressida Parr was a difficult one to answer. But Love was a perfect prompter

Illustrated by Charles Lassell

CRESSIDA PARR drifted down the sunny side of Broadway, leaning back against the insistent push of the north wind. Her worn brown coat was clutched tight about her slim body, the shabby fur collar was turned up till it brushed the brown turban that confined her golden-brown hair; but even under the coat she was cold, and her slim beige legs felt chilled from instep to knee. The noon-day sun shone bright—such January sunshine as they rarely saw in the rainy Gulf Coast town from which she had come; but when the sun shone back home, there was warmth in it.

Cressida shivered; but she was glad to be out of Mrs. Eier's stuffy apartment. Not that she had anything against Mrs. Eier, or the part-time job with Mrs. Eier that paid her room rent and bought her meals, except when she was dining with Ted. But Mrs. Eier and her apartment were so hoplessly Upper West Side. Cressida hadn't come all the way from Mississippi to be Upper West Side; she was Broadway, and people who read theater programs knew it, if they ever happened to glance at the line that read: "A Maid—Cressida Parr."

After five years she knew this part of Broadway by heart; but for all the chill insistence of the wind she drifted slowly, staring into the windows. A cigar store on the corner; then a lingerie shop—black lace step-ins, $2.98. Her glance passed them indifferently to linger on pink quilted dressing-gowns at $5.65; one of those would be comfortable in her chilly furnished room—but she couldn't spare $5.65. . . . A lunch counter next, a ticket agency, a movie palace with people drifting in out of the cold; then the showcase of a theatrical photographer.

Cressida paused; behind the glass her own face looked at her, but nobody would have known it. Her hair had been clipped close above her ears when that was taken; the violet eyes whose shadowy wistfulness was her best asset stared wildly from the print. That was another woman, a cheaper woman. Really, she needed new photographs. . . . She needed a chinchilla coat too, and a car. And an income. She drifted on.

A MEN'S furnishing shop, the doorway of a padlocked night club! then Mme. Yolanda, Gowns—regular $14.75 value, reduced to $9.95. Cressida peered at the signed photographs in the showcase. "To Mme. Yolanda, in appreciation—Cressida Parr. 'Golden Ankles.'" No need to mention that the appreciation had been evoked by Mme. Yolanda's acceptance of the photograph in lieu of cash on the bill. Cressida let the wind blow her past, and brought up breathless at the goal of her driftings—a stairway with a brass sign overhead: "Louis Wallfish Productions."

"A Louis Wallfish production is always interesting," dramatic critics were apt to begin their reviews; and then they usually added, "but—" In ten years Wallfish had produced nine plays. Two of them had won Pulitzer prizes; one of them had run a year on Broadway and was running yet, in stock and the talkies; five of the others had closed within two weeks. Hence his office consisted of two rooms and his staff of one office boy, who was usually out to lunch. And he never risked his own money any more, having discovered that other people would risk theirs, for the glory of association with a Louis Wallfish production.

So, when Cressida drifted past the office boy's empty chair into the inner office, she found two men there. Wallfish faced her blandly across his flat desk—thick iron-gray hair brushed back from a plump round face, fatherly brown eyes behind shell-rimmed glasses. But the man who lounged in the low chair beside him was different—tall and thin, with a smartness that was Racquet Club, not Lambs. His black eyes glittered in a thin face under scanty black hair; his mustache was a black line like a woman's eyebrows. Cressida wondered if she had met him somewhere, hoped she had, and gave him a nod and a smile on suspicion.

"NOT a thing just now, Miss Parr," said Wallfish. "I don't know yet what I'm going to do this spring." (Meaning, Cressida supposed, that he didn't know whether the black-haired man would put up the money.)

"You asked me to drop in this week," she reminded him. "You said you might produce that new play of Carter's—" He shrugged.

"I want Elsie Lamont for the lead, and Brady has got her tied up."

"I was her understudy last year," said Cressida. "I almost got to play her part one night. So if you can't get her—"

Sheer amazement at her own effrontery stopped her. Besides Wallfish was wriggling and shrugging, and smiling with the kindly patience of a father explaining to baby why she can't have the moon.

"I couldn't do it without Lamont. No, I'm afraid there's nothing, just now." Cressida rose, clutching her worn coat about her slim body; the violet eyes were shadowed. "But come around next week," Wallfish added. "I might have something."

"You've got my telephone number?" she asked. "Circle 11291—that's where I live. But of mornings you can reach me at Schuyler 14285, with Mrs. Eier. Mrs. Gifford Eier, you know—the peace advocate."

"Oh," said Wallfish. "So you're working for her, are you?"

"I'm associated with her," said Cressida with dignity.

Violet eyes and slim beige legs drifted out. To Joe Sirrine, in the low chair beside Wallfish, it was as if a cloud had shadowed the sun.

"Who was that, Louis? She knew me, and I've seen her somewhere. . . ."

"In a cap and apron. She plays a maid when she plays anything."

"Where would you use her, in this piece of Carter's?"

"Nowhere," said Wallfish. "She is no good, this Cressida Parr. She never had six lines in her life. Usually only one—'Yes, madame.'"

"But if she was Lamont's understudy—"

"Understudy! What does that mean? I heard about it, that time she almost played Lamont's part. Lamont had a sore throat, but when she realized this girl must take her place she got out of bed and went through it, so hoarse that they couldn't hear her three rows back."

"But if this girl had a chance, she might—"

"Listen, Joe! Could I play Lindbergh? Well, I can play Lindbergh as

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She looked up at Sirrine with the defiance of a woman whose lover had done his best for her—a best that was not good enough

well as she can play anything but herself. I tell you I've seen her!"

"Lucy Pell jumped from Junior League to the top, playing herself."

"Lucy Pell had something; including a friend who would write plays to fit her personality."

"This girl has something too," Sirrine insisted.

"Violet eyes," said Wallfish. "Sex appeal combined with a peach-blossom innocence. She could sell that, in the chorus; but she would as soon be a pickpocket. Back home in Sunday school, they taught her that chorus girls are bad. She came to New York to be an actress—that or nothing; and she can't act."

"Then why did you tell her to come back, if you won't give her anything? Why not tell her she's hopeless, and put her out of her misery?"

Wallfish looked out of the window, too much interested in the question to wonder why Sirrine asked it. Disinterested sympathy for the poor and struggling was not among Sirrine's virtues; but interested sympathy for poor and struggling girls, who were also beautiful. . . .

"You would not understand this, Joe," said Louis Wallfish. "You were born on Murray Hill and you always had money. But I came from Sedalia, Mo.; and even on my first job, working for twelve dollars a week, I was happy, for I was in the show business on Broadway. That sunlight out there is cold, but it is bright; and that is what counts, for people who have got this disease.

"Girls like this one who ought to be selling hats or taking dictation—so long as they get bits now and then they are happy; for this is their career, they are actresses on Broadway. God knows how they live—"

"You know how they live," Sirrine interrupted. "So do I."

"Some of them—not all. Not this one; she wouldn't be advocating peace for the Eier woman if somebody was paying her rent. She lives in a hall bedroom, probably; she eats at the automat; but she is an actress on Broadway, and tomorrow she may get the part that will put her over. But if I tell her that she is hopeless, that she had better go back home and marry her old sweetheart who maybe has got a good business by now, does she do it? No, she thinks I am crazy. And if she didn't think that, she would turn on the gas. I can't do that to a girl who is dumb but who reminds me of peach blossoms. . . . I guess I am too soft-hearted, Joe. I ought to have been a rabbi."

"Soft-hearted!" Sirrine snorted. "Kidding poor girls along for your own amusement—feeding your sentimentality on other people's ambitions, just as you produce plays on other people's money!"

"Well, you couldn't help making the money with stocks going up; and if you don't invest it in a Louis Wallfish production you would buy more stocks with it and get hooked when they go down. . . . But I don't see how we can do that piece of Carter's without Lamont. The girl in it is just one of these dumb helpless Southern girls—"

"Like this Cressida Parr?" Sirrine suggested.

"Like a thousand girls in this town. New York is full of helpless Southern girls; though a lot of them are not so helpless as they look. People will not pay three eighty-five just to see a helpless Southern girl. But in the third act she is not just a dumb, helpless girl; she is every woman whose lover has done his best, for her and himself, and his best is not good enough. And that takes an actress, Joe. You can find a girl on any street corner who could walk through the first two acts just being herself; but in the third act—no, if we can't get Lamont, that is out."

SIRRINE pondered, his chin resting on his stick. "What else have you got on hand?" he asked.

"Nothing that you would want to buy into. My other angels—well, do you know Mrs. Hoppner, the brewer's widow? She is forty-seven and she weighs a hundred and seventy. She would put a million dollars behind a play about a fat woman of forty-seven, who makes herself more beautiful and fascinating than her husband's mistress."

"You shouldn't have much trouble finding a play like that."

"I give you my word, I have read a hundred! Here is one. . . ." Walfish opened a desk drawer, lifted a blue-jacketed manuscript. "Second Ecstasy. It is not so bad as you might think, not so bad as the rest; but I would hate to see it called a Louis Wallfish production."

"Then let's hope we can do this piece of Carter's, with Lamont," said Sirrine, and left him. But in the cold sunlight of Broadway he turned aside into a cigar store, and shut himself in a telephone booth.

"Circle 11291," he demanded. Then . . . "Miss Parr, please . . . Oh, Miss Parr, this is Joe Sirrine. Delightful to meet you again, in Wallfish's office. I'm interested in some of his productions, you know. I was wondering if we couldn't talk things over. At tea."

A BLOND young man sat scowling in the parlor of a rooming house just off Eighth Avenue. He looked like a bond salesman, which he was; also he looked worried, indignant, and hungry, and he was that, too, for Cressida was forty-five minutes late for her dinner engagement.

When at last he heard her cooing laughter outside, he knew she was telling some other man good-by. A last blithe "Till Monday, then," and he heard her skipping up the steps; the door slammed behind her, she burst in, flushed and smiling. He forgot his long worry and the pang of jealousy that capped it, as she kissed him lavishly.

"Oh, Ted darling, I'm terribly late! But I've been having tea—"

"You have not! You've been having Daiquiri cocktails. I'd meant to buy you one of those myself—"

"But dear, you can buy me another! Two more—you know four in one day is my limit. Oh, I've got lots of lovely news for you. No, I haven't got a part yet; but Wallfish told me to come back next week—"

"That's an old story," he muttered as they went out.

"Yes, but this time he means it. This man I've been having tea with is associated with Wallfish; and if they can only get Miss Lamont for that new play of Carter's— Well, he practically told me I could play the sister—the second-best part." They turned a corner; his lack of enthusiasm nettled her. "Where are we going?" she asked.

"A new place, (*Continued on page 38*)

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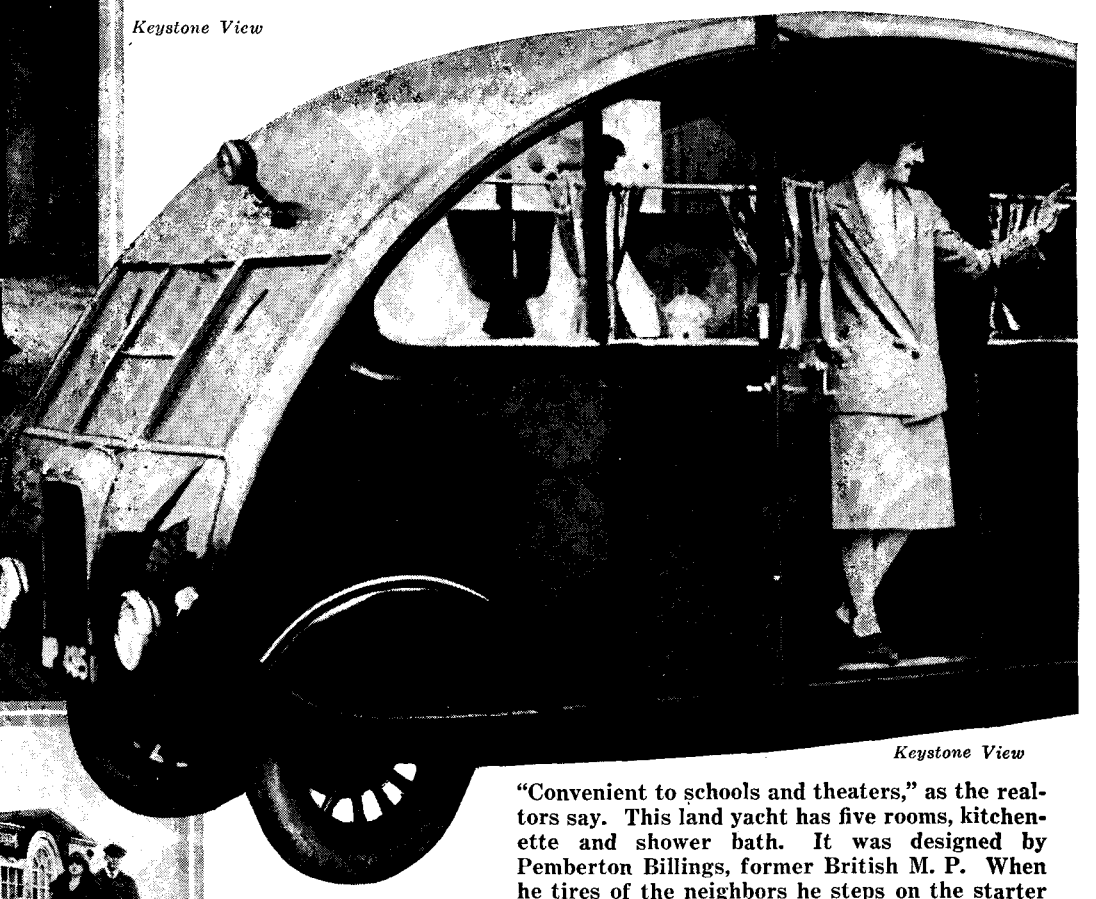
Rolling

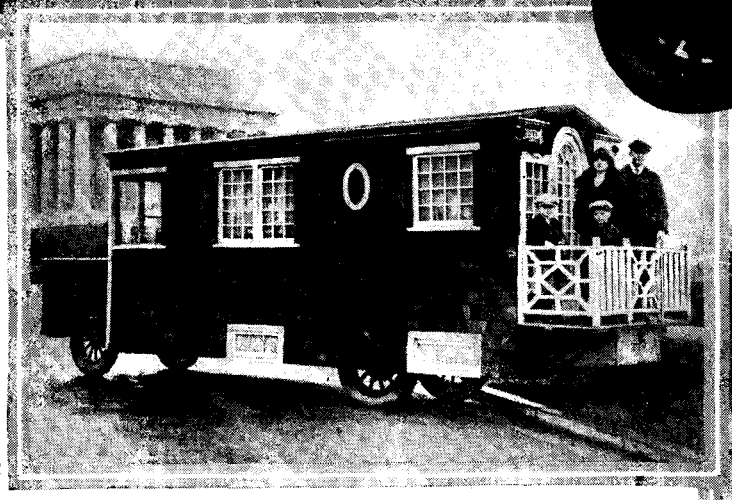
Every street is Main Street when you've got your home along. Sinclair Lewis and his bride went honeymooning over Great Britain in a roadster with a caravan astern

Keystone View



Keystone View

"Convenient to schools and theaters," as the realtors say. This land yacht has five rooms, kitchenette and shower bath. It was designed by Pemberton Billings, former British M. P. When he tires of the neighbors he steps on the starter

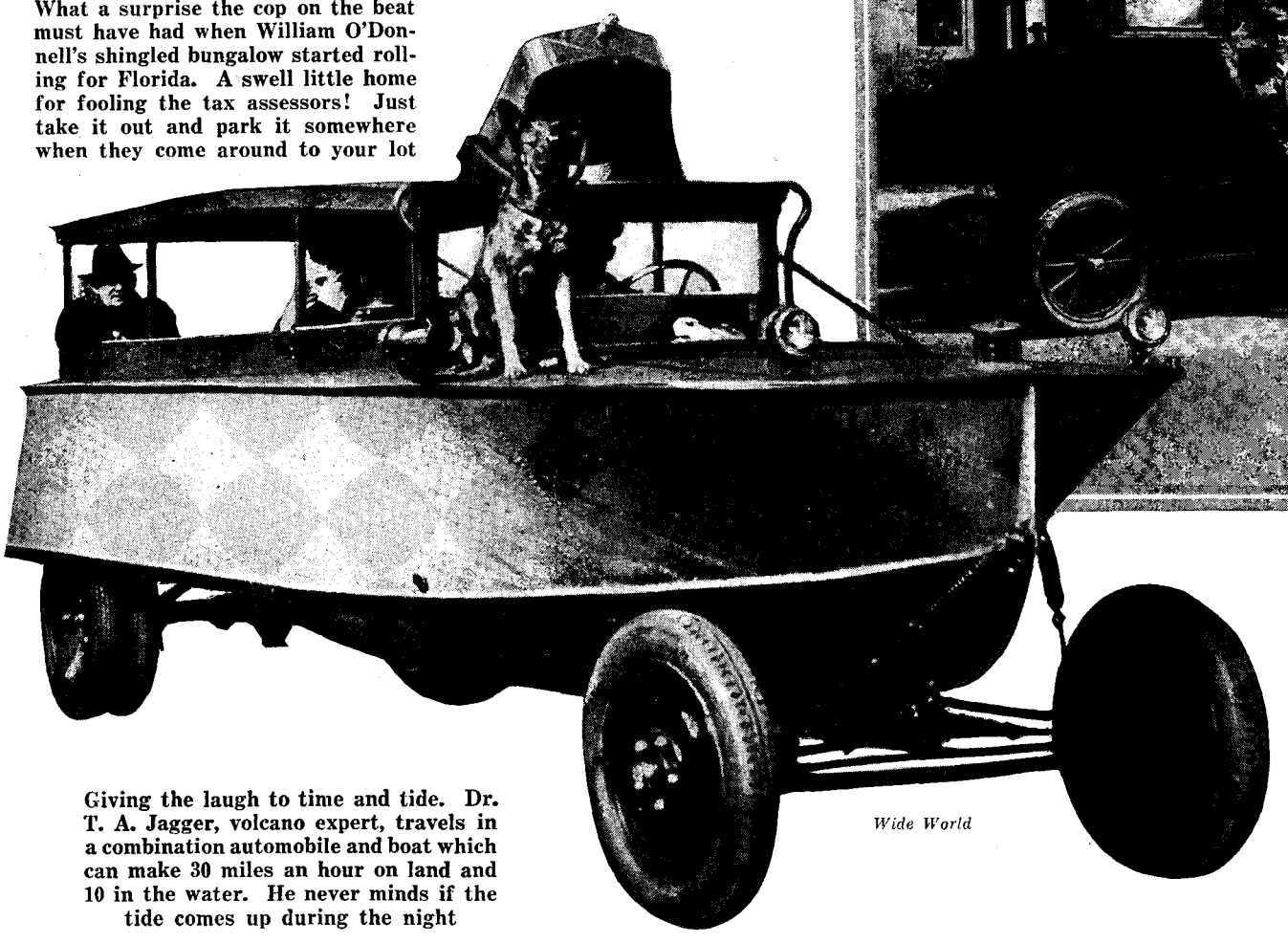


Wide World

Wide World

Here's an auto-pullman that A. L. Campbell of Chicago assembled at a total cost of $82.50 and 1,400 hours' labor, in his back yard. It has a dining table, bathroom and four berths. Mr. Campbell, as you might have guessed, is a salvage engineer

What a surprise the cop on the beat must have had when William O'Donnell's shingled bungalow started rolling for Florida. A swell little home for fooling the tax assessors! Just take it out and park it somewhere when they come around to your lot



Wide World

Giving the laugh to time and tide. Dr. T. A. Jagger, volcano expert, travels in a combination automobile and boat which can make 30 miles an hour on land and 10 in the water. He never minds if the tide comes up during the night

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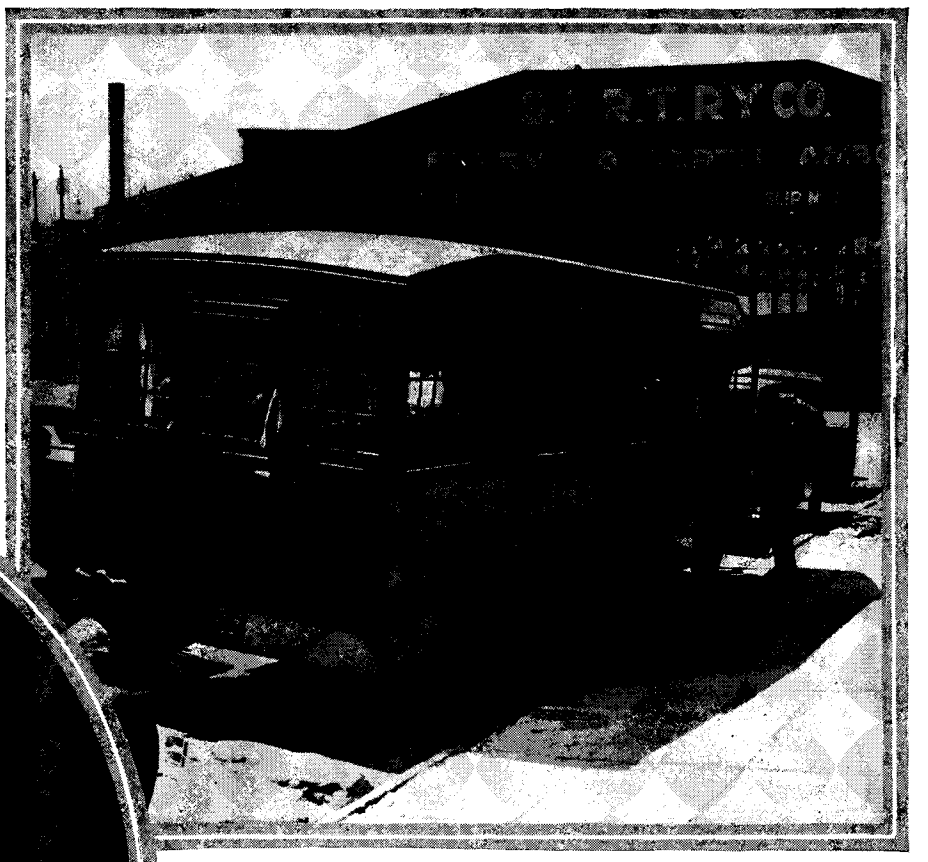
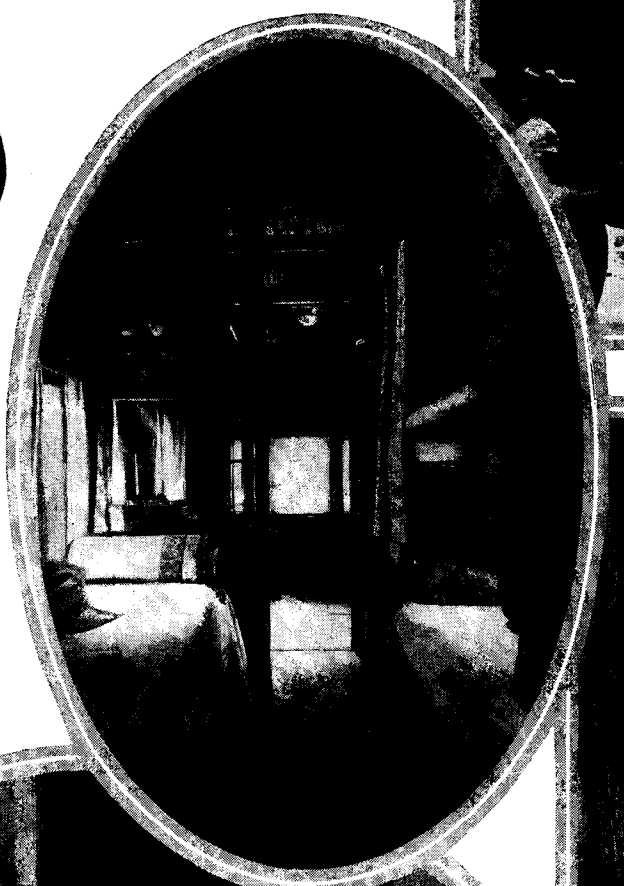
Home

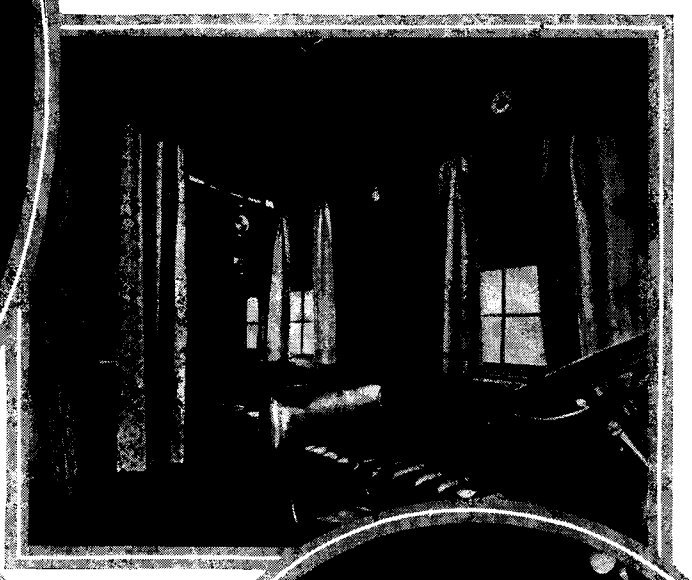
The Gypsy Trail is a pattern of tire-treads these days when ingenious tourists are carrying their homes along with them wherever they wander

A prairie schooner was home to Ezra Meeker, who once crossed the continent in a real one. So he couldn't feel at home in a motor car until it had been made to look more natural

Herbert Photos







Photos by Charles Phelps Cushing

Dr. J. G. Kimpel's touring country home is a comfortable affair. At the top is a photograph of it heading for the ferry. In the oval upper left, is a shot amidships with the berths made up. Beside that is the drawing-room and driver's seat. Just above is the kitchenette. Everything aboard, you might say, *including* the kitchen stove

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The Somebody Man

By Roark Bradford

Honey words, and sin songs, and a big fast-talking gal can cause a mighty heap of trouble

"Don't never ax me whar I been at," he admonished. "De main thing is, hyar I am." He pulled a sizable wad of bills from his pocket

THE only thing that Bubber asked of the world in general and of the women folks in particular was that he be left alone. He spent his days conscientiously at work in the field when the other negroes were off drinking and fishing; he spent his nights in bed, resting, when the others were out dancing and good-timing; on Sunday he went to church, while the other men went over to the sawmill to shoot dice and coon can with the sawmill boys. He lived strictly alone in his house, paying old Aunt Sookie two bits a week to come in and cook for him while the other unmarried men spent their money paying board and buying fancy stuff to make an impression. And he wanted to be left alone.

On the other hand, Bubber was nobody's hermit. He "socialized" heavily at the church to-dos. Not like that rogue, Champ, who had just returned from the Angola prison farm, where he'd been sent for stealing a hog. Champ brought back lots of sweet talk and jokes to dazzle the women with. But Bubber had a steady, friendly word for everybody, man and woman. And it was an open secret that he was being considered favorably for a deaconcy in the church, despite his youth and bachelorhood. Bubber socialized. But in a general way. There wasn't a woman on the place who ever considered him as material for a husband.

"Bubber, he's a good'n," the young women said. "Bubber, he's all O. K." That was all the women ever said about him, and they didn't trouble to say that unless they were asked.

THEN, one Spring when the crab grass was about to choke the cotton to death, Lillie came, along with several other hoe-women. She was tall and big-boned, with a warm smile on her face and a good word on her tongue. She was clearly the best-looking one in the bunch, but Bubber did not notice that. To him, she was just another woman with a dress on.

The second day after she arrived, however, Lillie became something more than that. Bubber was plowing along in the field, oblivious of the existence of anything but his mule, his plow, himself and the grass, and was singing a good church song:

Ain't it a shame to do a sin on Sunday!
Ain't it a shame! Ain't it a shame!
Ain't it a shame to do a sin on Sunday!
Ain't it a shame! A sin and a shame!

The words meant nothing to him; he merely was singing them because they were the words to a soothing, restful tune that fitted in with his slow gait;

When you got Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday-y-y-y,
Thurs-r-r-r-sday, Friday, Saddidy too.
Ain't it a shame to do a sin on Sunday!
Ain't it a shame! Ain't it a shame!

"Dat's a mighty purty song, Bubber," Lillie called. "Whar'd you git it at?"

Bubber stopped his mule and looked with surprise—not because a practically strange woman had addressed him in such a friendly tone, but because anyone had noticed what he was doing.

"Dat song?" he asked. "Well, hit was one I was jest singin'."

"Sho' is purty," declared Lillie. "And you sings hit right well."

Bubber was rather proud of his singing, and since the hoe-women mentioned it, he decided he did sing that particular song pretty well. "Git up Starlight!" he commanded. "Got to git dis cotton scrope down so's de womenfo'ks kin chop out'n de grass. Git up!"

ANOTHER round and he tried another verse:

"Ain't it a shame to love a gal on Sunday—"

"Sho' is," Lillie called. "Sho' must be, ef'n you sing hit out like dat." She stopped and leaned against the hoe handle. "But today is Chuesday," she added. "What do de song say 'bout Chuesday?"

Bubber's mind worked steadily but slowly. He began explaining: "De song say hit's a shame on Sunday, but hit allows you Monday, Chuesday—" Then it soaked through that the woman's question was plainly an invitation for him to make some love to her. His voice dried up and he blinked his eyes. "Git up, Starlight! Git up! Git—!" He couldn't get away fast enough.

That was the beginning, but it wasn't the end. Round after round Bubber plowed, fully conscious of the fact that Lillie was after him.

"I don't see how come she got to pick me out," he mumbled. "Hit's a heap er yuther gooder lookin' mens den me."

It seemed perfectly natural that a woman would "pick out" a man and go after him; women acted like that. Some were more subtle, of course, but it amounted to the same thing in the end. When a woman went after a man she got him. The very thought of it made Bubber panicky. "She's big and I'm little," he argued to himself. "She got a fast tongue and I got a slow tongue. Why don't she pick out a big man wid a easy jaw? Like Champ? He all de time funnin' wid womenfo'ks."

When night came he put the matter up to Aunt Sookie. He seldom spoke to Aunt Sookie; he just came in about the time she put his supper on the table and ate. But tonight his soul was heavy with worry.

"Hit's one er dem new womens name Lillie—" he began. He was at the little table in the kitchen and Aunt Sookie was dishing up his supper from the black kettles on the stove.

"Yeah?" Aunt Sookie turned, full of interest. "She axed me about you, last night."

"Naw?" Bubber was more frightened than interested. "What did you told her?"

"I told her good," Aunt Sookie declared proudly. "I told her you was a man dat minded yo' own." That was a fact and Bubber knew it. "I told her you c'd git more commissary credik den ole Jay Gould." Bubber's chest expanded at that. He was proud of his standing at the store. Interest replaced his fear.

"What did you tell her some mo'?" he pressed.

"I told her," Aunt Sookie beamed, "dat you was de bestest man on de place for a gal like her to marry up to."

THE bottom dropped out of Bubber's interest. "You said dat?" he demanded.

"Cou'se I did," Aunt Sookie declared. "She axed me and I told her. And hit's a nachal fack."

"Dey's lots er yuther mens," protested Bubber. "Dey's Champ—"

"Champ!" snorted Aunt Sookie. "Humph! Ef'n a gal married Champ she'd starve to death. Champ couldn't buy nobody a dime's worth er nothin' ef'n he had a dime."

"But de gals like Champ," insisted Bubber, rather weakly.

Aunt Sookie snorted again. "Crazy gals might," she admitted contemptuously, meanwhile mechanically gathering up the scraps of food and stacking the dishes. "But son, a gal like Lillie ain't got no time for a nobody like Champ." She placed four crisp slices of fried side meat into the little black pan and set it back on the stove where Bubber would find it in the morning. "She a big woman and she got to eat." Four slabs of hoecake were put into the cooling oven so they would be dry and crisp for Bubber's breakfast. "She work hard and she eat hard." The boiled rice went into the little bowl and was placed on the shelf, just so. "She tole me dat last night, and dat's how come I p'inted you out."

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Illustrated by Harry Barnes

Bubber batted his eyes meekly. He wanted to say something about the boll weevils eating up the cotton, and the low price in the fall which would cut his commissary credit until there might not be enough rations for both him and Lillie, but he didn't say it. He merely worried about it long after he should have been asleep.

THE next morning he awoke more or less reconciled to the idea that Lillie was going to marry him. He didn't want to get married, but when a fast-talking gal like Lillie got after a slow-talking man like him the best thing to do was holler "calf rope," and go on and marry her. It all was a matter of a man's ability to feed a woman, anyway, and undoubtedly he could do that better than anyone on the place, with his credit at the store.

While he was catching his mule he struggled with the idea that he probably would be better off if he had wasted his time and money shooting dice instead of going to church. That would have ruined his credit. But doggone it, it was something for a man to have a heap of store credit, even if he didn't hardly ever use it.

"And I got credik, too," he couldn't help remarking to himself. "Heaps and heaps. I kin buy anything I wants and de man don't never have to look in de book to see how I stands. He knows I'm all O. K."

He scrambled to his mule's back, hung a leg over the hames, and started to the field. The sun broke through the tree tops and a new day blossomed like a rose.

"Plenty credik," he reiterated. "And den some." He felt proud of it. He always had figured that he was a pretty good man, but no one ever took the trouble to confirm his view and the idea had been more or less neglected. Now, however, it surged forward in his mind. Aunt Sookie had said words about him being the best man on the place for a girl to marry up with, and the words reëchoed in his ears like a happy song.

When he got to the field he was so proud of himself that he stuck out his chest and strutted.

But the strut was doomed. Champ, it seems, had spotted Lillie and was doing a little strutting on his own. And how Champ could strut! And make sweet talk come off his tongue! Champ wouldn't think of telling his mule to "git up" when there was a bunch of women listening. Not Champ. "Rock away, baby," was the way Champ talked to his mule. "Let big papa see you stretch yo' se'f. I got a good mind to put some silk stockings on you and den marry you." Honey words for the womenfolks that he had learned up at Angola. He was a case!

Of course the womenfolks giggled at that. But Champ had no words for them. Merely, he cut his eyes at Lillie, grinned and addressed his mule: "Dese ole ugly gals is too slow for a fast man like me."

"You tawk to dat ole jackass like he was yo' lady friend," giggled Lillie.

"I done change his name dis mawnin'," Champ explained. "I done name him Lillie." And to prove it: "Git up Lillie gal. Git me on away f'm hyar befo' somebody changes my mind!"

The other hoe-women immediately became stonily silent. Champ's words clearly were meant for Lillie.

"Listen *at* dat man!" laughed Lillie. "Ain't he a sight! A sight in dis world!"

Bubber didn't think so. He thought it was foolish to change a mule's name from Aleck to Lillie and then talk to him like he was a woman. But foolish or not, he rather regretted that he had not thought of changing Starlight's name to Lillie, just to fun a little bit.

But it was all the same to him. Yesterday, Lillie had "picked him out." Today, it was Champ.

"Ef'n she want to starve to death wid Champ," he consoled, "well hit ain't no skin off'n my commissary credik." It was a pure fact, but some way or other the consolation did not console. Aunt Sookie had said words about him being the best man on the place. Instead of being the plantation nonentity, he was somebody. Aunt Sookie had told Lillie. And Lillie had confirmed it by picking him out. It was something.

But now she was flirting with Champ who, unquestionably, would starve her to death.

"Jest like a fool woman," he declared. "Ain't got no sense like a man."

But even that conclusion did not ease his mind. He was not studying Lillie and her acting-up with Champ. Still, when he drove by her again, he did something he hadn't done in years. He sang a sin song:

Treat me right, baby, I'll git you a brand new bed,
Git you a feather pillow, to rest yo' weary head.

But if Lillie heard the song she paid it no mind.

Bubber's disappointment was disturbingly keen, and to that was added the remorseful consciousness of having done a sin by singing a sin song to a woman.

THAT night he explained it to Aunt Sookie. They were in the kitchen. Bubber was seated at the table with food spread about him, but he wasn't eating. Aunt Sookie stood at the stove, watching and listening.

"I sung a sin song at her," he confessed.

"Naw! And you mighty nigh a deacon?" Aunt Sookie was dumbfounded.

"Hit won't be no sin ef'n I buys a new bed," Bubber said. "Hit's some good beds at de store." But the confession of sin did not ease his mind.

"She'll like dat bed," Aunt Sookie approved. "You got to buy a woman a heap er stuff."

"I ain't studdin' what she like," Bubber protested. "I ain't got no time for no woman."

"Hmmm," speculated Aunt Sookie.

"All de womens I know," insisted Bubber, "I likes dem all gooder den I do dat long-laiged fool." He was making a desperate effort to convince Aunt Sookie.

(*Continued on page 48*)

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Illustrated by John H. Crosman

Sue's conscience was fighting a grim battle against heavy odds. "I do want to see you again," she said hesitatingly

Summer Lightning

IV

The Story Thus Far:

IN BLANDINGS CASTLE, England, lives Clarence, ninth Earl of Emsworth, whose chief interest is the Empress of Blandings, his prize pig.

With Lord Emsworth lives his sister, Lady Constance Keeble; his niece, Millicent; his brother, the Honorable Galahad Threepwood, engaged in writing his Reminiscences to the dismay of many respectable men in England whom he knew in their young and wild days; and his secretary, Hugo Carmody, recently co-proprietor with Ronald Fish, nephew to Lord Emsworth, of a night-club in London, the Hot Spot, which failed. Hugo and Millicent are secretly engaged. Lady Constance wants Millicent to marry her cousin Ronnie, and would like Hugo replaced by Lord Emsworth's former secretary, the efficient Mr. Baxter, dismissed by his lordship. She tells Millicent that Hugo is entangled with a chorus girl, Sue Brown, but Hugo convinces Millicent this is not true, and promises not to see Sue again.

Ronnie and his mother, Lady Julia, have been at Biarritz where they met Myra Schoonmaker, a wealthy American girl, whom Lady Julia invites to visit soon at Blandings.

Ronnie, on his way to Blandings to get some of his capital from his trustee, Uncle Clarence, so that he can marry Sue to whom he is secretly engaged, meets her at the stage door where he is jealous to see flowers, sent her by Pilbeam, whom she has never met. They go to the town house, supposedly empty, for tea, but meet Lady Constance in front. Ronnie introduces Sue as Miss Schoonmaker. They escape as soon as possible and wire Miss Schoonmaker in Lady Constance's name that an epidemic has broken out at Blandings so that she must not come.

At Blandings Ronnie finds Baxter, who has come at Lady Constance's secret request to steal Galahad's manuscript since she fears if it is published they will have no friends left.

Unable to impress his uncle by saying he would like to return to the Land and start a pig-farm, Ronnie decides to steal the Empress and secrete her in a disused cottage; then later to "find" her, thus gaining his uncle's undying gratitude and a share of his own capital. He must find an accomplice to feed the pig during her captivity.

IN HIS pantry, in shirt-sleeved ease, Beach, the butler, sat taking a well-earned rest. Suddenly he rose, palpitating. A sharp rap had sounded on the door, and he was a man who reacted nervously to sudden noises. There entered his employer's nephew, Mr. Ronald Fish.

"Hullo, Beach. Just thought I'd look in."

"Yes, sir."

"For a chat."

"Very good, sir."

Although the butler spoke with his usual smooth courtesy, he was far from feeling easy in his mind. He did not like Ronnie's looks. It seemed to him that his young visitor was feverish. The limbs twitched, the eyes gleamed, the blood pressure appeared heightened, and there was a super-normal pinkness in the epidermis of the cheek.

"Long time since we had a real, cozy talk, Beach."

"Yes, sir."

"When I was a kid, I used to be in and out of this pantry of yours all day long."

"Yes, sir."

A mood of extreme sentimentality now appeared to grip the young man. He sighed like a centenarian recalling far off, happy things.

"Those were the days, Beach."

"Yes, sir."

"No problems then. No worries. And even if I had worries, I could always bring them to you, couldn't I?"

"Yes, sir."

"I shall never forget your kindness in those dear old days, Beach."

"Extremely good of you to say so, sir."

"Later, as the years went by, I did my best to repay you, by sharing with you such snips as came my way. Remember the time I gave you Blackbird for the Manchester November Handicap?"

"Yes, sir."

"You collected a packet."

"It did prove a remarkably sound investment, sir."

"Yes. And so it went on. I look back through the years, and I seem to see you and me standing side by side, each helping each, each doing the square thing by the other. You certainly always did the square thing by me."

"I trust I shall always continue to do so, sir."

"I know you will, Beach. It isn't in you to do otherwise. And that," said Ronnie, beaming on him lovingly, "is why I feel so sure that, when I have stolen my uncle's pig, you will be there helping to feed it till I give it back."

The butler's was not a face that registered nimbly. It took some time for a look of utter astonishment to cover its full acreage. Such a look had spread to perhaps two thirds of its surface when Ronnie went on:

"You see, Beach, strictly between ourselves, I have made up my mind to sneak the Empress away and keep her hidden in that game-keeper's cottage in the west wood; and then, when Uncle Clarence is sending out S. O. S.'s and offering large rewards, I shall find it there and return it, thus winning his undying gratitude and putting him in the right frame of mind to yield up a bit of my money that I want to get out of him. You get the idea?"

The butler blinked. He was plainly endeavoring to conquer a suspicion that his mind was darkening. Ronnie nodded kindlily at him as he fought for speech.

"It's the scheme of a lifetime, you were going to say? You're quite right. It is. But it's one of those schemes that call for a sympathetic fellow-worker. You see, pigs like the Empress, Beach, require large quantities of food at frequent intervals. I can't possibly handle the entire commissariat department myself. That's where you're going to help me, like the splendid fellow you are and always have been."

The butler had now begun to gargle slightly.

"An enormous quantity of food they need," proceeded Ronnie. "You'd be surprised. Here it is in this book I took from my uncle's desk. At least six pounds of meal a day, not to mention milk or buttermilk and bran made sloppy with swill."

Speech at last returned to the butler. It took the form at first of a faint sound like the cry of a frightened infant. Then words came.

"But, Mr. Ronald . . ."

Ronnie stared at him incredulously. He seemed to be wrestling with an unbelievable suspicion.

"Don't tell me you're thinking of throwing me down, Beach? You? My friend since I was so high?" He laughed. He could see now how ridiculous the idea was. "Of course you aren't! You couldn't. Apart from wanting to do me a good turn, you've gathered by this time with that quick intelligence of yours, that there's money in the thing. Ten quid down, Beach, the moment you give the nod. And nobody knows better than yourself that ten quid, invested on Baby Bones for the Medbury Selling Plate at the current odds, means considerably more than a hundred in your sock on settling-day."

"But, sir . . . It's impossible . . . I couldn't dream . . . If ever it was found out . . . Really, I don't think you ought to ask me, Mr. Ronald . . ."

"Beach!"

"Yes, but, really, sir . . ."

RONNIE fixed him with a compelling eye.

"Think well, Beach. Who gave you Creole Queen for the Lincolnshire?"

"But, Mr. Ronald . . ."

"Who gave you Mazzawattee for the Jubilee Stakes, Beach? What a beauty!"

A tense silence fell upon the pantry.

"And it may interest you to know," said Ronnie, "that just before I left London I heard of something really hot for the Goodwood Cup."

A low gasp escaped Beach. All butlers are sportsmen, and Beach had been a butler for eighteen years. Mere gratitude for past favors might not have been enough in itself to turn the scale, but this was different. On the subject of form for the Goodwood Cup he had been quite unable to reach a satisfying decision. It had baffled him. For days he had been groping in the darkness.

"Jujube, sir?" he whispered.

"Not Jujube."

"Ginger George?"

"Not Ginger George. It's no use your trying to guess, for you'll never do it. Only two touts and the stable-cat know this one. But you shall know it, Beach, the minute I give that pig back and claim my reward. And that pig needs to be fed. Beach, how about it?"

For a long minute the butler stared before him, silent. Then:

"Tell me just what it is you wish me to do, Mr. Ronald," he said.

The dawn of another day crept upon

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By P. G. Wodehouse

Blandings Castle. Hour by hour the light grew stronger till, piercing the curtains of Ronnie's bedroom, it woke him from a disturbed slumber. He turned sleepily on the pillow. He was dimly conscious of having had the most extraordinary dream, all about stealing pigs. In this dream . . .

He sat up with a jerk. Like cold water dashed in his face had come the realization that it had been no dream.

"Gosh!" said Ronnie, blinking.

Few things have such a tonic effect on a young man accustomed to be a little heavy on waking in the morning as the discovery that he has stolen a prize pig over night. Not since he had left school had Ronnie "sprung out of bed," but he did so now. Bed, generally so attractive to him, had lost its fascination. He wanted to be up and about.

HE HAD bathed, shaved, and was slipping into his trousers when his toilet was interrupted by the arrival of his old friend Hugo Carmody. On Hugo's face there was an expression which it was impossible to misread. It indicated as plainly as a label that he had come bearing news, and Ronnie, guessing the nature of this news, braced himself to be suitably startled.

"You know that pig of your uncle's?"

"What about it?"

"It's gone."

"Gone!"

"Gone!" said Hugo, rolling the word round his tongue. "I met the old boy half a minute ago, and he told me. It seems he went down to the pig-bin for a before-breakfast look at the animal, and it wasn't there."

"Well, I'm dashed!" said Ronnie.

He was feeling pleased with himself. He felt he had played his part well. Just the right incredulous amazement, changing just soon enough into stunned belief.

"You don't seem very surprised," said Hugo.

Ronnie was stung. The charge was monstrous.

"Yes, I do," he cried. "I seem frightfully surprised. I *am* surprised. Why shouldn't I be surprised?"

"All right. Just as you say. Spring about a bit more, though, another time when I bring you these sensational items. Well, I'll tell you one thing," said Hugo with satisfaction. "Out of evil cometh good. It's an ill wind that has no turning. For me this startling occurrence has been a life-saver. I've got thirty-six hours' leave out of it. The old boy is sending me up to London to get a detective."

"A what?"

"A detective."

"A detective!"

Ronnie was conscious of a marked spasm of uneasiness. He had not bargained for detectives.

"From a place called the Argus Inquiry Agency."

Ronnie's uneasiness increased. This thing was not going to be so simple after all. He had never actually met a detective, but he had read a lot about them. They nosed about and found clues. For all he knew, he might have left a hundred clues.

"Naturally I shall have to stay the night in town. And, much as I like this place," said Hugo, "there's no denying that a night in town won't hurt. I've got fidgety feet, and a spot of dancing will do me all the good in the world. Bring back the roses to my cheeks."

"Whose idea was it, getting down this blighted detective?" demanded Ronnie. He knew he was not being nonchalant, but he was disturbed.

"Mine."

"Yours, eh?"

"All mine. I suggested it."

"You did, did you?" said Ronnie.

He directed at his companion a swift glance of a kind that no one should have directed at an old friend.

"Oh?" he said morosely. "Well, buzz off. I want to dress."

A morning spent in solitary wrestling with a guilty conscience had left Ronnie Fish thoroughly unstrung. By the time the clock over the stable struck the hour of one, his mental condition had begun to resemble that of the late Eugene Aram. He paced the lower terrace with bent head, starting occasionally at the sudden chirp of a bird, and longed for Sue. Five minutes of Sue, he felt, would make him a new man.

It was perfectly foul, mused Ronnie, this being separated from the girl he loved. There was something about Sue . . . he couldn't describe it, but something that always seemed to act on a fellow's whole system like a powerful pick-me-up. She was the human equivalent of those pink drinks you went and got—or, rather, which you used to go and get before a good woman's love had made you give up all that sort of thing—at the chemist's at the top of the Haymarket after a wild night on the moors. It must have been with a girl like Sue in mind, he felt, that the poet had written those lines "When something something something brow, a ministering angel thou!"

AT THIS point in his meditations, a voice from immediately behind him spoke his name.

"I say, Ronnie."

It was only his cousin Millicent. He became calmer. For an instant, so deep always is a criminal's need for a confidant, he had a sort of idea of sharing his hideous secret with this girl, between whom and himself there had long existed a pleasant friendship. Then he abandoned the notion. His secret was not one that could be shared. Momentary relief of mind was not worth purchasing at the cost of endless anxiety.

"Ronnie, have you seen Mr. Carmody anywhere?"

"Hugo? He went up to London on the ten-thirty."

"Went up to London? What for?"

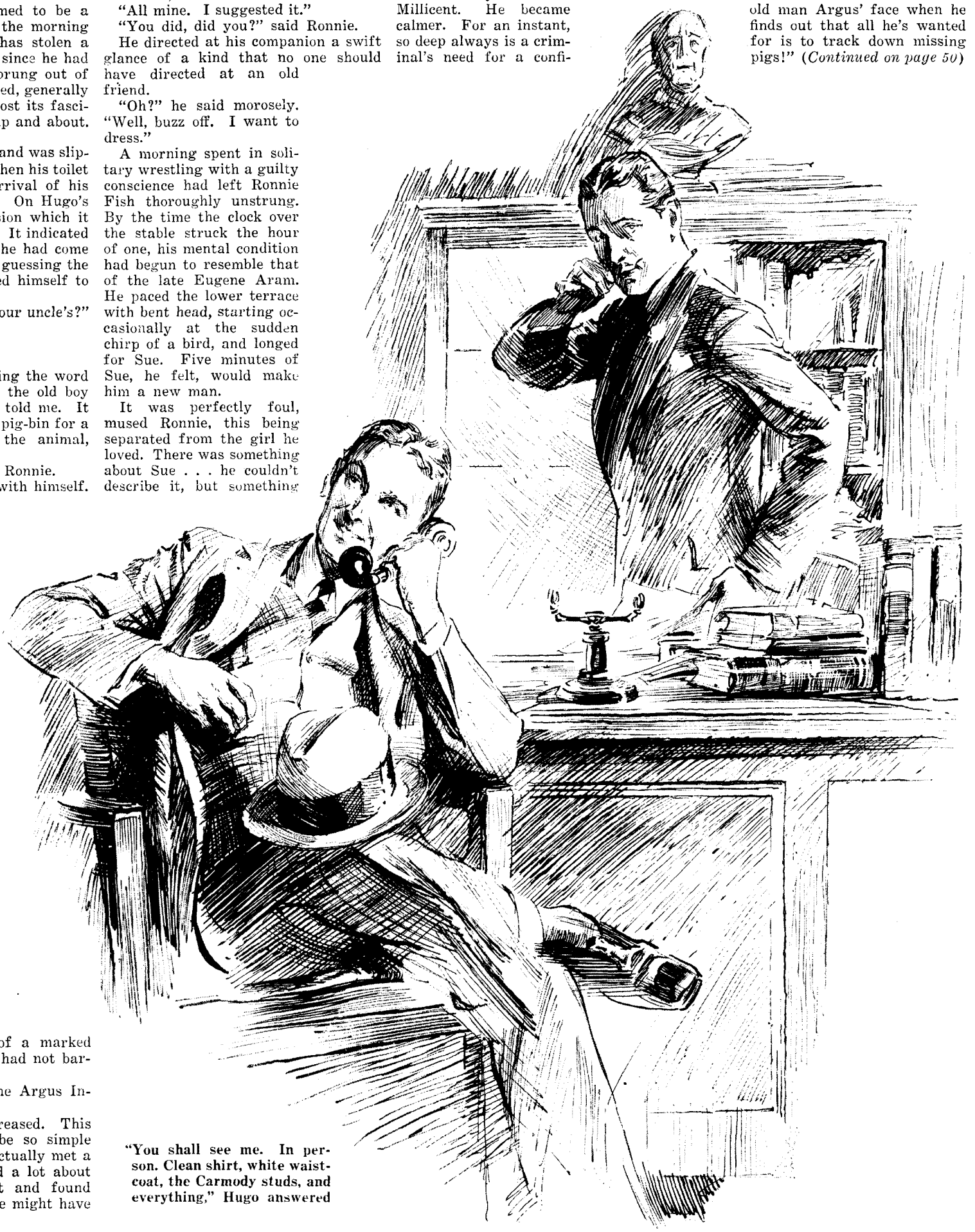
"He's gone to a place called the Argus Inquiry Agency to get a detective."

"What, to investigate this business of the Empress?"

"Yes," said Ronnie.

Millicent laughed.

"I'd like to be there to see old man Argus' face when he finds out that all he's wanted for is to track down missing pigs!" (*Continued on page 50*)



"You shall see me. In person. Clean shirt, white waistcoat, the Carmody studs, and everything," Hugo answered

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War takes the Air

By Lieut. Bert Hall as told to Lieut. John J. Niles

Tragedy and comedy alternate in this record of desperate combat in the air—the engagements fought by the first flyers of the Lafayette Escadrille

III

ONE of the most spectacular victories I ever had in aërial combat happened early in July, 1916. It was one of my first experiences with the Vickers gun.

My orders indicated a patrol between Fort Douaumont, Fort Veaux and Hill 304, known to us as "Dead Man's Hill." It was all of that! Beneath me the earth was pock-marked from countless thousands of exploded shells. Occasionally there were green patches, where grass and other vegetation grew in spite of the war.

At 5,000 meters I felt quite safe from land batteries and set to cruising about studying the ground. One of my objectives was a point about 10 kilometers inside the German lines. Headquarters had expected a movement of troops at this point. If there were any troops moving I knew that there would be a patrol of German planes out to keep away any French observers or photographers. Just before I arrived over my objective I noticed three German planes some distance below me. I changed my direction slightly, hoping they would pass me up or at least lay off until I could gain some additional altitude. At first I thought they had turned back and then, all of a sudden, I saw that all three of them were headed for me. Afterwards I discovered that the patrol was made up of two single-seaters and one double-seater. As they came closer I picked out one of the Boche planes and maneuvered into the best position for the attack.

A Bullet in the Mouth

Before I knew what was happening, both single-seaters were upon me. One of them pulled off for a moment, and in that instant I caught the other at exactly the right angle for my style of attack. At a distance of 20 meters I let him have a long burst from my new Vickers gun. Almost at once flames burst from the cockpit of the Boche machine. Next thing I knew he was on his way down.

But it was no time for idle observation. The other single-seater was having engine trouble, but the double-seater was on my neck in a flash. The pilot opened fire from his front guns at rather a long distance. This is a sign of nervousness. I was very much encouraged. What luck it would be to bring back two scalps from an early, almost before-day patrol! Just then I noticed that the Boche pilot had gotten my range to some extent; at any rate, his stream of fire was cutting across my left wing.

It takes a lot of something not to shoot too soon. I only had 1,000 rounds of ammunition and although that sounds like a lot it goes in a whale of a hurry when you are shooting it in a machine gun. At last I opened up on him, and we both continued to fire as long as we could without colliding. I was so close that I could see the face and the square head of the observer as the machines rushed past one another.

International Newsreel

Prince (left), Nungesser (center), Mason (right) at Bar-le-Duc in 1916 with the Lafayette Escadrille. Below, Raoul Lufbery, famous American ace

I looped the loop and they passed under me. As I came out of the loop I put a few shots into them for good luck. Then the two-seater looped and I passed under. With a half-roll and fast turn, I was on his tail again, but it was a dangerous position. The observer was holding his gun on me with a cool, steady hand. We must have begun firing at exactly the same moment.

Suddenly everything went black before me, and I felt a terrible pain in my mouth. I held onto the gun trigger and, although I couldn't see, I knew I was shooting—shooting wildly at something. When I recovered my eyesight, which was possibly five seconds later, I saw that my hands were covered with blood. As I looked out over the hood of my little Nieuport I caught sight of the square-headed German observer slumping down out of sight.

By that time I had given up firing and, pulling off my glove, I put my hand up to my face. Everything was covered with blood. My mouth felt as if it were on fire and the back of my neck was being tortured with a thousand agonizing pains. When I tried to move my jaws I found that I had a mouthful of loose teeth. I had undoubtedly been shot in the mouth.

Meanwhile, I had lost sight of the Boche planes; in fact, I had forgotten entirely about the war. It was twenty-five kilometers back to the flying field. My one idea was to get back before I bled to death or fainted in the air and crashed to my death. God! Those twenty-five kilometers!

After a bit my eyes got hazy. I took to blinking and finally struck myself in the face with my free hand so as to shock myself back into a semblance of consciousness. As I approached my field I cut my motor and landed with a dead stick. Leon rushed over to me yelling something about a citation, but when he looked at my face he screamed to the other mechanics for help—screamed like a mad man.

Balloon Jumping

They surely gave me wonderful attention. The bullet had made a perfectly clean wound. It had entered my mouth on the right side and gone out the left side of my neck. Beyond a certain amount of stiffness and a diet of soft food for a while, I really suffered very little. The French army dental outfits in Bar-le-Duc fixed me up with some false teeth and in two weeks I was ready to go again. The new teeth were not ready as soon as that, but I flew anyhow. I discovered that a few teeth more or less didn't affect an aviator's technique at all.

On the first of August, 1916, I had a new experience, balloon jumping. Nimmie Prince was the jumper, and I was sent out to protect Nimmie while he was performing his little act. Prince's machine was equipped with six big sky rockets, three on each side. They were attached to the struts and arranged so that they went off by an electrical contact. They would burn for two hundred meters, and, if one of them struck the balloon, the observer would jump and the balloon would go up in a cloud of black smoke.

Up at headquarters we were shown on the map where the balloon was supposed to be. Of (*Continued on page 20*)

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Sturdy Brother to the Famous "Moly"

Wood's BIG FIST Shovel

The Hardest, Toughest Shovel in its Price Class

THE makers of the famous "Moly" (H. K. Wood's Mo-*lyb*-den-um Steel Shovel) have produced in "BIG FIST" a new shovel superior to any in its price class. The "BIG FIST" has been a knockout from the start. Shovel buyers and users, everywhere, like it. They have needed a shovel that would be exceptionally strong and tough, and yet sell at a medium price. Wood's engineers answered with the "BIG FIST"!

More than three years of experimenting—preceded by ten years of tests on the "Moly" shovel—went into the development of the "BIG FIST" heat-treating process. As a result of this newly perfected process, the steel in the "BIG FIST" shovel is the toughest and hardest shovel steel available at the price. The "Moly" alone exceeds it in wearing qualities.

The "BIG FIST" shovel has our famous "MOLY-D" handle and the patented Wood's Turned Step to protect the shoes of the user. Finally, it is triple-branded with the trade mark of the "BIG FIST" . . . for your protection.

With this newest addition, Wood now offers: "MOLY" the world's best; "BIG FIST" the best in the medium price class; and "PIQUA" best of the low priced shovels.

THE WOOD SHOVEL AND TOOL COMPANY
Piqua, Ohio—U. S. A.
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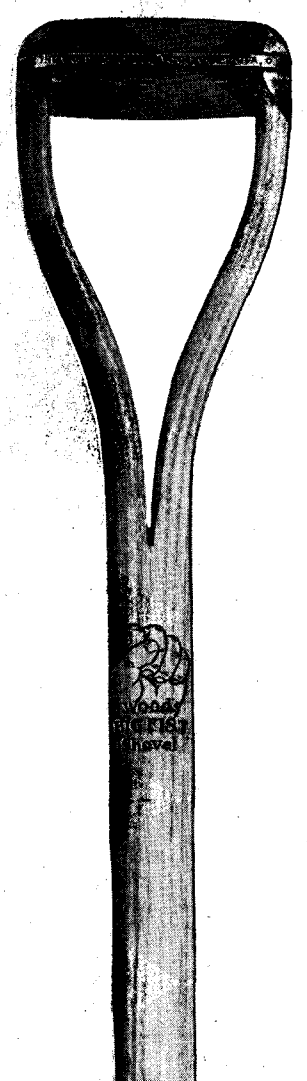

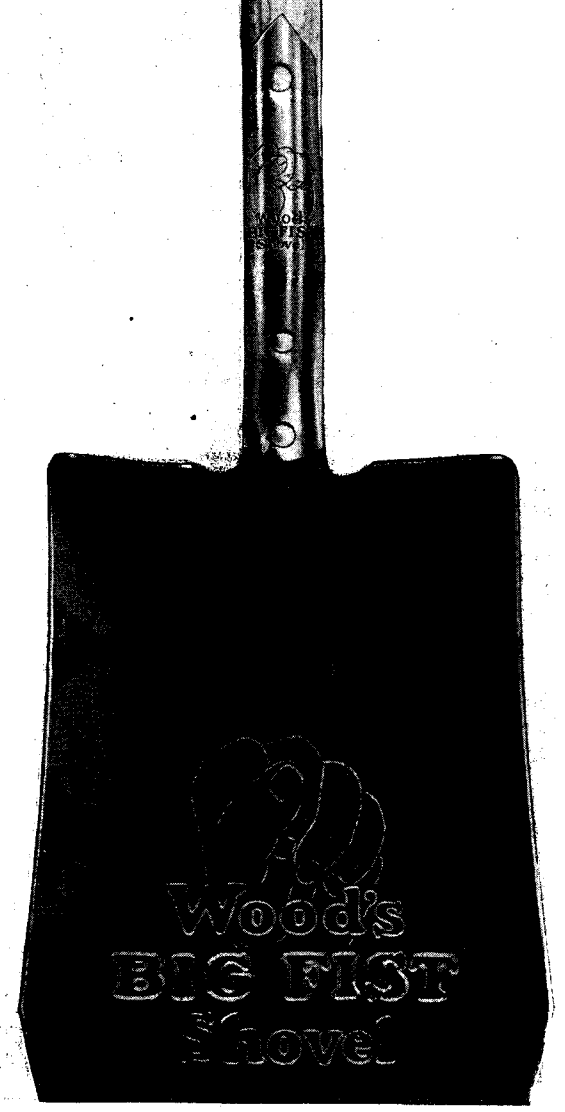

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Photo by Paul Thompson

A squadron of Bristol fighters of the British air force in flight over the Alps on their way to Italy

course they showed us where the balloon had been. Balloons were being constantly moved about. We knew this, but we didn't say so. The officers at headquarters knew it also. When we took off, Nimmie and I agreed to get a balloon —it might not be "the" balloon, but just the same it would count.

As we expected, the balloon indicated by headquarters was not to be seen, but there was another, tugging at its steel cable made fast to a motor truck on the Montfauçon-Varennes road. It was a perfectly clear day and, realizing this, we went as high as our Nieuports would carry us so as to fool the German observers as long as possible. When we got into the right position we nosed over and started diving. A balloon job is either a success or a failure the very first time you try, as the crew on the ground haul in their "sausage" at the first note of warning from the observers.

Sailing Down to Safety

In this case, we were diving with the sun at our backs and were not observed until we had gained a great speed. When at last the warning was given and the ground crew began to reel in the steel cable, every anti-aircraft battery in the neighborhood opened up. It was a veritable hailstorm of bullets. But there was nothing for us to do, now that we had started. Down, down, down we went, until we came within range of the great lumbering gas bag. The reeling-in speed of the balloon was nothing to the speed of our dive, and so, of course, we overtook the thing very promptly. Nimmie withheld his rockets as long as he could. Once I thought the electrical fusing contraption had gone out of order, and then, all of a sudden, a streak of fire shot ahead of us. It was Nimmie's sky rockets. From where I was, they seemed to have landed in the very middle of the balloon. Then I saw both German observers go over the side. The next moment their parachutes opened and they sailed down to safety.

As I pulled away, a long column of fire shot skyward. We had jumped our first balloon, but not without considerable risk to ourselves. Nimmie's plane had been hit slightly, but my plane was hit more than slightly. I was flying left wing low and, on examination, I saw that the fabric on the top of my center section was badly frazzled. If we had been attacked by German airplanes at that moment, we would have been shot down without doubt. At least, I would have, because the anti-aircraft and the machine-gunning I had gone through had riddled my plane.

All I know about the trip back home is that I had motor trouble and flew along near the ground in case the wings came off. I landed without mishap, but when the plane rolled to a stop the wings collapsed around me as if they were made of cardboard.

There was a considerable celebration over the balloon. Nimmie had a long conversation with someone at headquarters. He finally convinced them that balloons could be moved and could also be shot down if the pilots had guts enough and didn't mind flying in a barrage as thick as pea soup.

From what I have observed in air fighting, I believe that the rapid decisive attack is the thing that wins oftenest in the long run. Nungesser, Lufbery, Guynemer, Dorme, Herteaux, Deullin—I have seen them all in action and I am forced to admit that combating around one's antagonist is a very dull and exasperating procedure, compared with the quick dive, fire, and pull-away method. Usually it's all over in twenty seconds—either it's a victory or you go down afire. For, if you live to pull away at all, you must have fired with great precision and, having fired, you must have pulled away with everything you have.

Collisions in the air were more frequent than one might think, and I do not refer to the many unfortunate collisions caused by inexperienced pilots at flying schools. I shall never forget one day in the early summer of 1916 when we were in the very middle of the Verdun offensive. I was flying along with a French captain—a man I had known in civilian days back in 1912. We were not so very far from Fort Douaumont, when we ran into two two-place Aviatics. I took on one of them and, after my first burst, something seemed to have happened to the motor on the Boche plane—at least, my antagonist dropped down as fast as he could with the propeller standing perfectly still. I lost him in some clouds and presently gave up the chase.

When I got back to where I had left my French captain friend I saw that his ship had gone afire. Before I could do anything to help square the situation by attacking the victorious Boche, the French captain dived his burning ship full into the German plane. For a moment the wings of the two planes held together. Then they fell apart and fell to the ground, a swirling mass of flames and smoke.

Dorme, "The Unpuncturable"

Captain Georges Guynemer used to say that the first 15 to 20 seconds of fighting should turn the trick. He used to dive on his antagonist and hold his fire until the last possible moment. If his antagonist was firing all the while, Guynemer dived just the same. He had no idea of protecting himself. René Fonck, on the other hand, was a master of self-preservation. His ship was never shot up. In fact, after countless combats, his Spad was still intact, while Guynemer had to have an entirely new outfit every two weeks. His mechanics were working over "Vieux Charles," as he called his plane, all the time.

René Dorme, or "Père" Dorme, as we called him, was known as "the unpuncturable." He used the same tactics employed by Guynemer. Several times his Spad held together by luck and the grace of God and brought him home to the landing field of the famous Cigognes (the Stork Escadrille, originally N-3). But Dorme went down ultimately to the very same fate that caught the miraculous Georges Guynemer, and Dorme's loss was a great one to French aviation.

Diary note, August 8, 1916: Lufbery had another success today. And Lieut. de Laage de Meux did a very heroic thing. He was out on a patrol with Nimmie Prince and Kiffen Rockwell. Kiffen became disconnected from the patrol and Nimmie was attacked by three Boche. Lieutenant de Laage, although he had exhausted his ammunition, dived into the fight and saved Prince at a moment when there were two Boche on Prince's tail, each pumping a stream of lead into the poor boy. Of course it was a bluff, but the Boche never knew that. They beat it back to Germany, and Nimmie Prince lived to tell the story. Incidentally, Lieut. de Laage never mentioned it and even now denies that it ever happened.

Diary note, August 14: That was a great gag I worked on the French authorities: it lengthened out my leave five days. Originally, I was supposed to have only one day, but Lufbery put me onto a good one and I worked it to a standstill. You see, the French Intelligence Department knows that I have traveled all over the world and have spent a lot of time in Germany, so when I called one of their operators on the telephone and told him that I had just seen a German officer dressed up like a middle-aged French business man, they took the bait, hook, line and sinker.

They proposed that they supply me with a shadowing expert and let both of us get on the job, but I discouraged the idea. All I needed was time and a little cash. Headquarters supplied both of these commodities, and for six days I did all the cafés and restaurants in Paris looking for my fugitive.

Of course, Margot helped me spend the money. She was originally a seamstress. Later she married a French officer who was killed in 1915. She came into his money and now she owns a little hotel on the Boulevard Montparnasse. When in Paris, Margot's hotel is "home" for "papa," and one of the distressing problems of travel is thereby solved—namely, the expense of hotel accommodations.

Diary note, Sept. 22: This morning I slipped over a good one. While I was out walking I passed by the little trout stream. As I watched several of the trout, I saw one of them come up to the bank and go into a hole between the rocks. This was old stuff for me. I had caught fish this way back in Missouri many times. As quick as a flash I was on my knees and quietly plunging my hands into the water. I stopped up the mouth of the hole. Half a minute later I had my fingers locked in Mr. Trout's gills.

He was a beauty. Weighed about three pounds and how he did fight! And how I did hold on! As I came through the edge of the village on the way back to the flying field, I bought a piece of silk fish line and a cheap fishing pole so as to make the boys believe I had caught the prize in the orthodox manner.

An hour later, every boy in the outfit except Lufbery had bought himself a complete fishing outfit, expensive ones too; but they never caught a thing. An old Frenchman on the field tells me that the trout in that stream are

(*Continued on page 34*)

Photo by Paul Thompson

A German air-cooled, belted gun, mounted in rear cockpit, the type of gun which shot out Lieut. Hall's teeth

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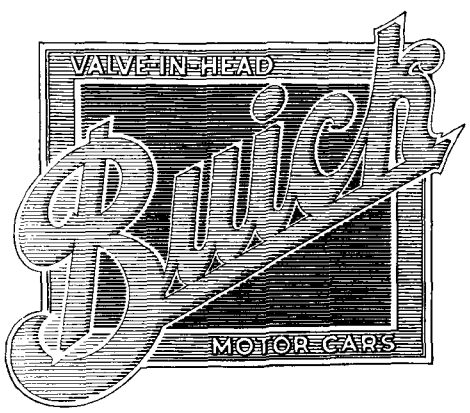

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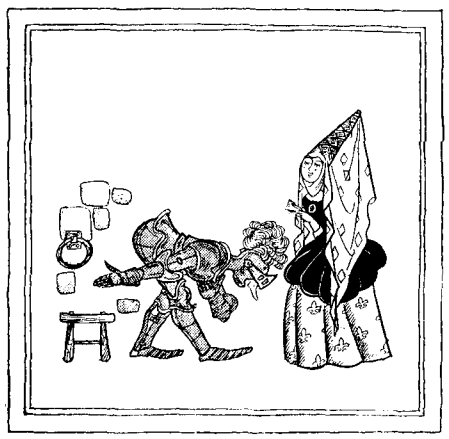

HARRY HALNIGSEN

Take My Seat Madam

By DeWolf Hopper

What's happened to chivalry? DeWolf Hopper, who knows so much about such things, doesn't believe it's entirely lost. But it certainly seems to be taking a long rest. And the fault is largely yours, madam

I LOVE and respect American womanhood. I'll fight and die for American womanhood. But if this dam' war is ever over—no, no. That's another line, entirely. But anyway, what I'm trying to get over is that something's happened to chivalry and maybe you and I together sitting here talking things over can find out what and why. Assuming that anyone still cares.

Never in all my life have I been deliberately rude to a woman. I was brought up in a day and age which held women in high esteem and observed all the rules of etiquette and chivalry in dealing with them; indeed, I never asked a woman to marry me until I was reasonably sure she was willing to.

But, alas, woman is changing. And I can readily understand it if the young male of today is inclined to be less courteous and less chivalrous to her. Myself, while I still try to respect her, I'm developing a grudge against woman. I think it is almost brutal that she is allowed all the liberty and freedom that makes for comfort in dress, while man is still hampered by clothing that lacks imagination and offers little comfort.

But that's digressing. That grudge isn't the answer to why few young men are saying "Take my seat, madam," in the subways and street cars, these days. No indeed, there's a sounder reason; by her actions and her dress, woman today has largely forfeited her right to those little attentions which were once her prerogative.

Understand, I'm not posing as a moralist—not DeWolf Hopper. Nor is all this a sign of advancing years, either. I'm temperamentally a kid and the same things move me now that did when I was actually a kid.

What I mean is, a man used to speculate a little as to the physical charms of the woman he was going to marry. Reality never did approach suggestion save in a few exceptional cases. When women wore long skirts, the tantalizing disclosure of just a little bit of ankle as she tripped across the street on a rainy day made strong men totter. Now men gaze brazenly upon great lengths of leg and without delight. For, while a neatly turned limb may be pleasing there is not one (or should I say two?) beautiful legs in eight million.

To a very great extent, I think women ought to be giving up their seats to men in the subways and street cars. They're our superiors, in their own esteem and quite probably they're right. I'm not upholding man as opposed to woman, Heaven knows. But woman isn't doing her share. Chivalry never was a matter that depended entirely upon the man. Woman, by her graciousness, her sweetness, her reserve, contributed to it, too. Nowadays, however, she lacks those qualities and man can't carry the burden alone. Any blooms of chivalry he might put forth would waste their sweetness on desert air.

To live as I have for an entire summer at Atlantic City (kept there by a theatrical engagement) is an awful strain on a man's respect for the fair sex. To gaze day after day on the pearl-gray faces and the gangreney yellow legs was a terrible thing. The prevalence of nudity by day and necking by night was just a little more disturbing to a healthy man than the roughest crossing from Dover to Calais.

And women on the highways! No authority on etiquette has yet laid down rules for the proper procedure to be followed when a woman, without signaling, cuts across your car in traffic, perhaps nipping off a bit of the front fender. Most of them are rotten drivers. There are exceptions, and *they* are marvelous drivers. Like the little girl in the nursery rhyme: when they're good they're very, very good; but when they're bad—they're terrible.

Men have spoiled women so much that they can't make good automobile drivers. Women lack that concentration and that consideration for others that are the requirements of a good driver. They have always been used to getting all the consideration, to having everything made easy and comfortable for them and they seem determined to keep right on expecting this even when they're at the wheel of a ninety-horsepower car.

Courtesy is Out of Place

At that, I'd rather have to cope with a woman in an automobile than a woman in a revolving door. When they're not standing lazily waiting for someone to twirl them into the building, they're slamming through to the distinct discomfort if not loss of life of whoever is in the slot ahead of them. Or else they're holding small Tuesday bridge club discussions in such a position that no one else can get in or out.

We were trained to stand aside at a doorway and allow the fair ones to pass through ahead of us. Try doing that today. Try it at the entrance to a department store. Let a man stand respectfully aside, hat in hand, to permit a woman (or, worse still, *two* women) to precede him and he'll still be there at midnight. Of course, he can always set his alarm clock for early the next morning. If luck is with him he'll beat a woman to the gong. Otherwise his chivalry is very likely to be tossed to the ground and trampled under the very feet of the fair sex.

Of course, modern conditions of rush and bustle have had something to do with the passing of chivalry. Your true gentleman, encountering a woman acquaintance on the street, would remove his hat, click his heels together and bow gracefully from the waist. Let him try that today and if he's not arrested for impersonating a dancing teacher, he'll be knocked head over teakettles into a lamp-post by a hurrying pedestrian or a taxicab.

Do I wax bitter? Forgive me, mesdames. These are not the women we used to know. Nor, thank Heaven, do I believe that they are the women the world will know twenty years from now.

In twenty years women will be much better. They will claim and rightly, once more the chivalrous attention that once was their due and gladly will it be offered to them. For it is my belief that when even the most neckable and most exposed young ladies of today reach mental maturity—which comes long after physical maturity—their eyes will be opened and they will realize the great mistake they made. And if they have children, those children will be brought up according to a sterner code—a code such as that which produced the charming ladies of a decade ago. The pendulum is about to swing.

They won't, for instance, be doing so much drinking by then. They don't know how to drink at all, but they've attacked it with all the furious fervor of one approaching sweets long forbidden. As I say, I'm going to keep right on trying to be a gentleman, but it is a little bit hard to rise gracefully and respectfully to your feet when a seventeen-year-old imp tumbles into the drawing-room and demands another cocktail in a bold, if somewhat unsteady voice.

And the stories some of them tell! Politeness requires that when a lady addresses a gentleman he should give her his undivided attention. But some of the stories I've had to listen to from ladies (and I'm sure the dear but misguided little things didn't understand half of the ones they related so brazenly) would seem to call for a new rule.

Oh well, it'll probably turn out all right in the end. And who are we men that we should criticize? Nor is this intended as a sermon. It's just the low, feeble moan of a baffled knight.

An attempt at chivalry would today be greeted with hoots of derision

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Stimulants Sedatives or Food~

from a Health Standpoint

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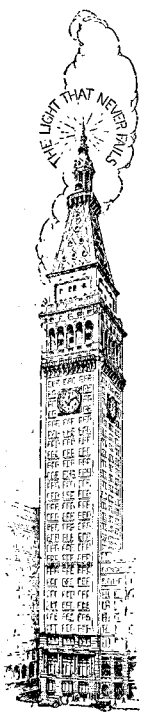
THE desire for extreme slenderness is bringing serious consequences. When stimulants, sedatives or drugs are substituted for the food needed to build health and strength, the penalty is certain and severe—frequently broken health and sometimes death.

Half-truths are often more dangerous than falsehoods. While it is true that an excess of fat is undesirable and frequently dangerous in the later years of life, it is not true that young people—under thirty years of age—can ordinarily expect to have good health if they avoid wholesome body-building foods and persist in a rigid "reducing" diet. There are certainly more cases of tuberculosis among young "underweights" than there are among those of normal weight.

During childhood and the early adult years, Nature demands a bodily reserve upon which she can draw in time of need to fight disease. In youth a few pounds of excess weight are a valuable protection against physical breakdown. The sacrifice of this needed tissue may result in permanent injury, although the accounting may not come until years later.

Despite the claims of faddists and selfish interests, there is no mystery today in what constitutes an intelligent diet. The doctor who would not hesitate to prescribe a stimulant or a sedative in case of emergency, would forbid their use in place of needed foods.

A famous health expert was asked bluntly, "Do you think stimulants are harmful to everybody, no matter in what degree the stimulants are used?" He said, "Not always, but everyone should try to put himself in such fit physical condition that he will not need or desire artificial stimulation. The hunger for stimulants is an indication of weakness and evidence of improper diet or other incorrect living habits."



Certain practices trick the appetite and dull the desire for nourishing food. When the demands of a normal appetite are too frequently denied, the appetite may be lost and food be made repugnant.

Perhaps it is too late to talk to older people stubbornly set in wrong habits, but if the fathers and mothers of tomorrow will eat properly, exercise properly, work properly, sleep, breathe, stand, walk—yes—and *think* properly, they and their children will have better health and longer lives.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has the privilege of consulting the world's most famous specialists on important questions of health. While the Metropolitan wishes to point out most emphatically the danger of too strenuous dieting at the earlier ages, it also wishes to stress, no less emphatically, the danger of overweight at the older ages.

Our booklet, "Overweight", tells the best methods to control these evils. It also tells what you should weigh considering your age and height. Ask for Booklet 59-C which will be mailed free. Address Booklet Department, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York, N. Y.

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The Gringo Privateer

By Peter B. Kyne

The Story Thus Far:

BRADLEY BARDIN, the Cattle King, owning many ranches, is visiting his favorite, El Ranchito, in New Mexico.

Young Ken Burney, the son of a once wealthy California ranch owner, whose ranch had been taken over by Bardin, arrives straight from two months of work for Martin Bruce, who with the help of Miguel Gallegos had been stealing Bardin's cattle. Burney has a fight with Bruce, who threatens to kill him when next they meet, and Burney leaves and asks Bardin for a job so that he can rid him of Bruce and Gallegos.

Bardin is greatly attracted to this boy and when he has proved himself a cowman Bardin makes him manager of El Ranchito, promotes the present manager, Graydon, to be his own assistant, and requests that Burney be kind to Tom Bledsoe, who had been next in line to Graydon. Bardin then agrees to stock up Ken's father's ranch for him at a fair rate of pay if Ken succeeds in his undertaking.

Ken and all his men start off for El Cajon Bonita, the range from which Bruce has been stealing the cattle, where they engage in a terrific battle with Gallegos. There are a great many casualties on the Mexican side but Gallegos himself escapes.

Ken returns, finds the king much pleased with his success and finds Muriel, the king's lovely daughter, much perturbed at the dangers Ken has been in and is still to experience. She is in love with him and her father, because Ken has confessed to him that he picked out a year ago the girl he is going to marry, is heartsick over it.

The following Thursday is the day set for the decisive battle between Bruce, Gallegos and their gang and Ken and his gang. Ken, who has sold Bruce his horse, Rowdy, has promised to deliver him Wednesday.

When Ken Burney called very briefly to say good-by to her she could scarcely restrain her tears until his departure

VII

BURNEY gave Martin Bruce a week in which to mature a plan of campaign, and that was a hard week on the princess. The general manager avoided the castle as he would a pestilence. On Tuesday afternoon she saw Burney saying good-by to his horse and wept a little for both; she knew Rowdy would be delivered to Martin Bruce on Wednesday morning and that the horse, like its late master, might not survive beyond Thursday. And when, after luncheon on Wednesday, Ken Burney rolled out with his little army in motor trucks once more and called very briefly to say good-by to her and the king in a very jolly and informal manner, she could scarcely restrain her tears until his departure.

An hour passed and the king could stand her woe no longer. "Now, now, honey," he soothed, "nothing is going to happen to the boy. He'll out-fox both factions and be back here tomorrow night as pert as a butcher's dog. He isn't a bit worried."

"I know he isn't. He's an old soldier. He's gone to the assault in a hundred fights. But I'm worried."

"So am I," His Majesty admitted.

"Then why will you persist in permitting him to do this thing, Dad?"

"The Lord knows I have tried to stop him, honey. But he'll not be stopped. He is obdurate and holds me to my contract—and a verbal contract with me is as sacred as a written one. I offered to make good as I promised, provided he abandoned his end of the deal, but he declined on the ground that he had to win the aid I offered him or forever remain unhappy; yet he could not accept my aid without having given value received. He assured me there was no danger to be apprehended for him or his men. He outgamed me. He has me foul. He realizes I can't repudiate my agreement and he will not release me."

"IT WAS wrong of you to suggest the enterprise to him," the girl quavered. "And now, if he's killed the memory of it will always be between us."

To hide his discomfort and contrition His Majesty elected to pretend anger. "Why should it?" he charged. "He wouldn't be the first man to be killed in my employ in the discharge of his duty; the men on my payroll may not select the peanuts and leave the hard walnuts to somebody else. I pay accordingly."

"But he's such a splendid young man to be asked to risk his life to save you some more filthy dollars. As if you haven't got more money now than you know what to do with."

"It isn't the money. Money means nothing to me. Forty years ago I started playing a game and now the game is playing me. I can't let go. I have many mouths to feed and my honor is at stake. Twenty years ago I would have washed my own dirty linen in El Cajon Bonita, but now that I'm old I have to hire it done. I tell you, Muriel, I'd rather lose every dollar I have and start in all over again with tubercular scrub cattle, leased land and outlaw horses than take orders from two crooks and pretend I like it."

"I can understand that, Dad, but oh, it does seem too terrible to send a man like Ken Burney to do the job!"

"My dear," the king sighed, "I've got to send him. He's the only man I've been able to find with any relish for the job and the only man I think who stands a chance of putting it over. It *would* be murder to send anybody else."

"The only capital he has is his life and you're asking him to invest that in your business. It isn't fair."

The king realized he had to be rough with her. "What the devil causes you to think so well of this wandering troubadour?" he roared.

"HE'S a man. At first I suspected—almost believed—that he was all on the surface—a cheap movie-actor-hero type, so I did not hesitate to high-hat him. But after he showed me I couldn't walk on him and get away with it—when I realized he wasn't the sort of man who would admit an error he hadn't committed to tickle the vanity of a capricious woman—the sort of man who would never be a door-mat—well, I just couldn't help comparing him with other young men I know.

"No girl with a sense of fairness could help appreciating his manly qualities. And after he mopped up El Cajon Bonita with that odious Miguel Gallegos I knew he was real. There are so few *real* men in the world—and besides, he's such gorgeous company. Really, Dad, he's quite an old-fashioned gentleman. You just know he isn't the type that thinks that every girl that looks at him is his slave."

"Oh, my great patience, Muriel. First you couldn't bear the thought of him having human blood on his hands and yet the minute he admits having knocked off eight men you cheer for him."

"That was a fair and open fight, in self-defense, with the odds seven to one against him." She mopped her eyes, led him to a big overstuffed chair, made him sit down and then sat down on his lap with her arm around his neck. She was smiling whimsically now through a film of tears.

"I have a report of Ken Burney, Dad," she confessed.

"The devil you have. Where'd you get it?"

(*Continued on page 52*)

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Not until the last vestige of dandruff is gone, can you be considered a fastidious person acceptable socially
A New Delight!
Cools as you shave—and the coolness lingers!
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Dandruff? *Not a trace!*

IF you, or any member of your family have the slightest evidence of dandruff, we urge you to try this treatment, which has benefited thousands:—

Simply douse Listerine, full strength, on the hair. Vigorously massage the scalp forward, backward, up and down. Repeat this treatment for several days, using a little olive oil in case your hair is excessively dry.

You will be amazed at the speed and thoroughness with which Listerine gets rid of dandruff. Even severe cases that costly so-called "cures" failed to improve, have responded to the Listerine method. We have the unsolicited word of many to this effect.

There is no mystery about Listerine's success used this way:

Dandruff is an infection caused by germs. Full strength Listerine is powerful against germs—though so safe it may be used in any body cavity.

Indeed, Listerine's germicidal action is so intense that it kills 200,000,000 of the virulent M. Aureus (pus) and B. Typhosus (typhoid) germs in 15 seconds—both noted for their resistance to antiseptic. Yet its effect on tissue is healing.

Naturally then, Listerine is effective against other infections of lesser nature. Use it at the first sign of dandruff. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

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THE new G-E cleaner takes all the grief out of spring house cleaning. Get your dealer or central station to tell you how easily it can be bought. The G-E monogram on either appliance or motor is a safe guide to electrical dependability.

GENERAL

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

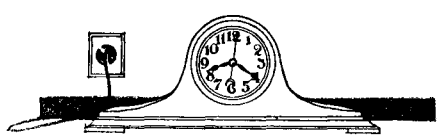
can make electricity

do all of her cleaning in half the time for a few cents a day

HERE is a whole page of practical ways to put your electrical servants to work. Cleaning is only *one* of the tiresome household chores which are done easily, quickly, and economically in the completely electrified Home.

Scrub electrically
Save your knees

Front porch, back porch, kitchen, bathroom—they are all forever needing a scrub. But spare your knees from now on—and your hands too, from dirty water. Just attach the special brush to your floor polisher and stand up to your scrubbing. There's more elbow grease in 5 minutes of that motor-run brush than you put in a whole hour's cleaning. And all for only about 2½ cents an hour.

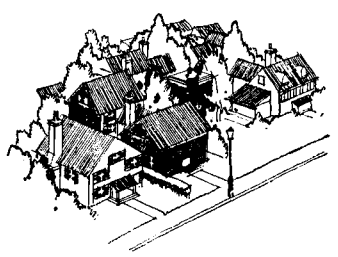


Observatory time from your electric outlet!

Did you know that the alternating beat of the current that lights your home, powers your radio, and cooks your food, will also tell time for you? True time—observatory time! The Telechron springless electric clock is directly driven by a tiny motor. It requires no winding, no oiling, no regulating, and no cleaning. Many dealers are now featuring the Telechron. There are beautiful and appropriate models for every room in the house.

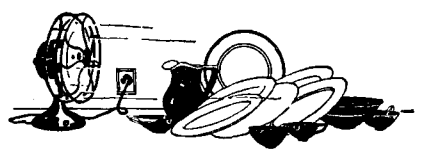
Exit the mop . . .
enter the electric polisher

Once, only mansion floors were waxed, because polishing was back-breaking. Now water treatment for wood floors is obsolete. Even linoleums are waxed because with the new electric floor polisher it's the easiest way to keep them clean and shining. It runs as easily as a vacuum cleaner. If your budget doesn't permit you to own one yet, you can rent one for a nominal sum.



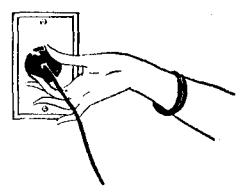
Every third wired home has a washing machine

To-day in some six million American homes "blue Monday" has been electrified, and the former dread and burden have been banished. The electric washing machine has been steadily improved: some models dry the clothes as well as wash them. Your electrical company or dealer will be glad to show you facts and figures which prove the economy and convenience of the electrified wash day.



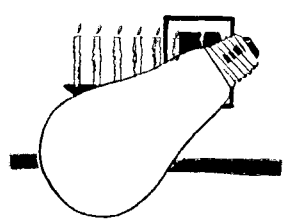
The Electric Dish Towel

Many housewives have eliminated one more tiresome kitchen chore by using the G-E electric fan as a dish-drier. It works, and works well. Place your fan so that it blows across the sink and on the piled dishes. In five minutes the job is done at a cost of about ⅛ of a cent for every dish washing.



Electricity where and when you want it

No house is satisfactorily electrified unless the electric outlets are numerous and located where they are most useful. New outlets in the average house cost surprisingly little. They mean convenience, comfort, leisure, and happiness. G-E Wiring System specifications are your guide to adequacy, quality, and convenient control



Only the rich can burn candles

A candle can give you only its one candle power of light—and it costs a cent an hour to burn it. A G-E MAZDA lamp gives you a hundred candle power for the same cost per hour. Electricity is not merely cheaper—it saves much strain and weariness and may add years to the life of your eyes.

95-616

Any woman who does anything electricity can do for her is working for a few cents a day.

ELECTRIC

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Anything can Happen

By Grantland Rice

Every golf game is an essay in adventure, with the unexpected not only possible but likely. Here are some extraordinary freaks of play: Balls that stuck in mules' ears, critical drives that caromed from out of bounds into the cup and half-inch putts that were missed

THERE is no other game in the world in which as many weird and uncanny incidents can occur as in golf where four or five miles of open country give ample opportunity for the display of astonishing mixtures and medleys of form and style.

This applies not only to the stars but also to that vast army of duffers, millions strong—or weak, who often achieve results beyond the dreams of a Hagen or a Jones. For example, hundreds of these duffers have scored holes in one stroke.

Flying golf balls have killed robins, rabbits, chickens, larks and squirrels. They have gone down chimneys, lodged in trees, popped into open bottles and cans and old shoes, disappeared in hip pockets and stuck in mules' ears. They have taken unbelievable journeys into unbelievable places.

Every round of golf is an adventure into the unknown. In the Open Championship played over the Columbia course near Washington, Bobby Jones set sail on his last round in an attempt to cut down part of the gap that separated him from Jim Barnes, who was leading the field. Jones started 3-3-4-3, and then—9! And this 9 was within a few inches of being a birdie 4 on a three-shot hole. In a desperate attempt to get home in two, Jones' brassie shot rolled across the corner of the green and was out of bounds by just four inches. His next attempt was out by almost the same margin.

In a certain team match Snake Ames and his partner were in a hard battle. On one of the holes a member of the other side drove the green. Mr. Ames' partner put three balls out of bounds, yet won the hole. How? He hooked his first two drives out of bounds and started to walk away, conceding the hole. "Take another shot," advised the old-time Princeton star, who doesn't know what surrender means, "anything can happen in this game." The third attempt also sailed out of bounds but struck a telephone pole, caromed back upon the green and popped into the cup for a 3. Whereupon his opponent took three putts to get his 4.

There was considerable interest last summer in the Open Championship at Olympia Fields in the rival duel between Walter Hagen and Archie Compston, the British star. Compston had beaten Hagen in their challenge match by 18 and 17, the most crushing defeat ever administered in a match of this sort. Starting either the second or third round Compston, the smashing British hitter, was four strokes to the good. He picked up five more strokes over Hagen on the first nine of that round. He was then leading Hagen by nine strokes at the tenth tee.

At this moment a combination hurricane, downpour and thunderstorm struck the course. As the British play a lot of their golf in heavy winds and heavier rains, everyone figured this break in the weather would favor Compston and increase his lead. What happened? On the last nine under these conditions Hagen came home in 32 and Compston staggered back in 45.

In the Open at Skokie, Jock Hutchison started with a good gallery. From the first tee he topped his drive. He topped his second. He missed his third. He scrambled up his fourth. His fifth barely straggled on the green. Hutchison started with either a 6 or a 7. His gallery also started in other directions. But in spite of this start the Scot, now thoroughly aroused, turned and handed in a 67, four strokes better than anyone else.

Stirring Up the Soul to Revolt

In a match at Belleair, Fla., in one of the winter tournaments, Clarence Budington Kelland and his opponent were all square coming to the eighteenth green. Here Bud ran into trouble and found his fourth shot up against the side of a tree, in heavy rough, with his opponent on in two. Mr. Kelland, having played four, was still eighty yards from the green after some serious bunker trouble on his drive. "I give up," said Bud; "I'm through."

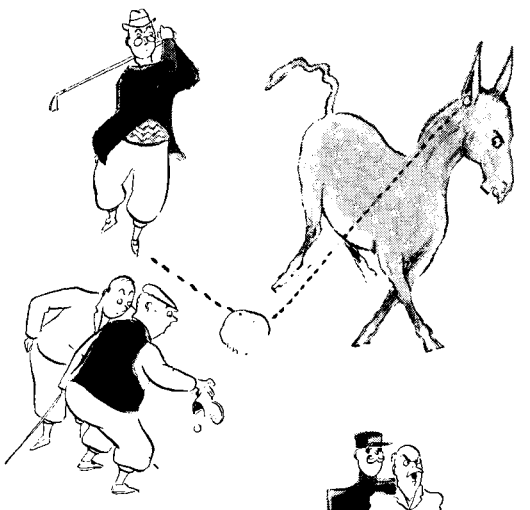
His opponent happened to be quite deaf. "You're away," he said, "it's your shot." Whereupon the well-known author took a belt at the ball with a niblick firmly grasped in one hand only. The ball bounded away from the tree, out of the rough, skipped across part of the green and dropped into the cup for a 5. After which, it is hardly necessary to say, Mr. Kelland's opponent took three putts.

The match went to the twenty-third green where the author, after his miraculous, impossible shot, lost by missing an eighteen-inch putt. These things can happen easily and often.

In a tournament at the National Golf Links, Lee Maxwell, one of the best of the week-end business-men golfers, failed to qualify on a play-off by taking three putts from less than two feet, finally missing a putt of less than half an inch.

Figure that one out.

He had two putts to qualify from twenty inches away. He merely tapped the ball at the cup and the ball circled around and hung on the lip. He then reached over with his putter and tapped again with one hand. But the blade of the putter caught the ground back of the ball and never touched it. And Mr. Maxwell is just about as good a putter as you're likely to run into.



It is occasions of this sort that stir up the soul to revolt. In the championship at Garden City, Jerry Travers came to the last hole with six strokes left in which to qualify. And this is a par three hole, only 145 yards in length. Before the hole was over Travers had to sink an eight-foot, side-hill putt for a seven, which threw him into a tie for last place with thirteen others. He then proceeded to win his fourth and final amateur championship.

Apparently there isn't any answer to such dizzy turns. A bunker can make an amazing difference. It was at this same short 145-yard hole that Marshall Whitlach became bunkered and finally emerged into the open light of day with a total of fourteen strokes, just eleven over par on one hole at a time when he was one of the leaders of the field.

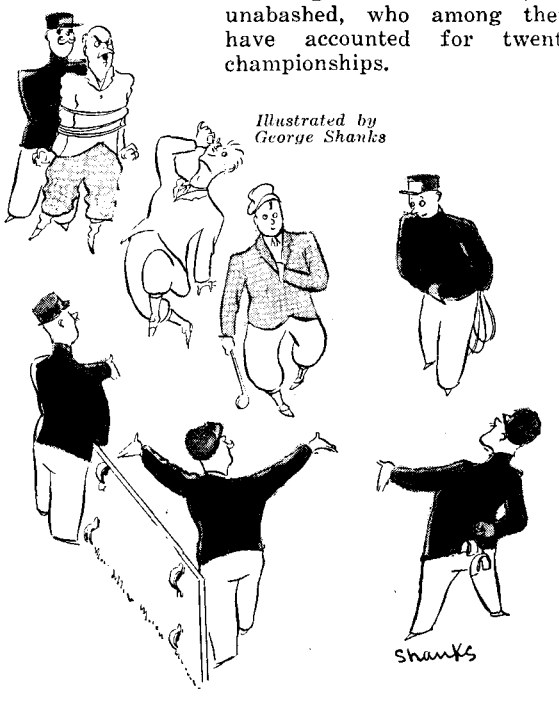
Just a short while ago two well-known New York golfers were playing off a half-grudge match for a considerable stake. Mr. A was two up and three to play when they came to the short sixteenth hole. At this hole A planted his tee shot just ten inches from the cup. "I think," remarked A, "that one puts you in the sack." B's only chance was to hole his tee shot, which he did. Again it is hardly necessary to remark that after this turn A could not have hit a football with a broom. He was in a daze as B went along to win the last two holes and the match without even half a struggle.

A Philosophy Worth Having

These sudden turns and twists of golf again bring back Jerry Travers' philosophy, a philosophy that helped a lot to win five championships when his wooden-club play was all out of focus. "The only shot I am interested in," he used to say, "is the next one I have to play. The ones already played are gone forever. You might as well forget them, the good and bad alike."

Using this philosophy at Baltusrol in his last Open Championship he stood on the tenth tee of the last round, needing even par to win by a stroke. At the tenth tee he put his drive out of bounds and hooked his next to heavy rough. At the eleventh tee he topped his drive. Yet he got par on both holes through two great recovery shots because in each case, apparently, he put his mistakes behind him and went along calmly and coolly to do the best he could with the next stroke to be played.

Few philosophies have enough fiber to stand up against this hammering, but the right mental attitude has played a big part in the careers of Travers and Hagen and John Ball, the unabashed, who among them have accounted for twenty championships.



Illustrated by George Shanks

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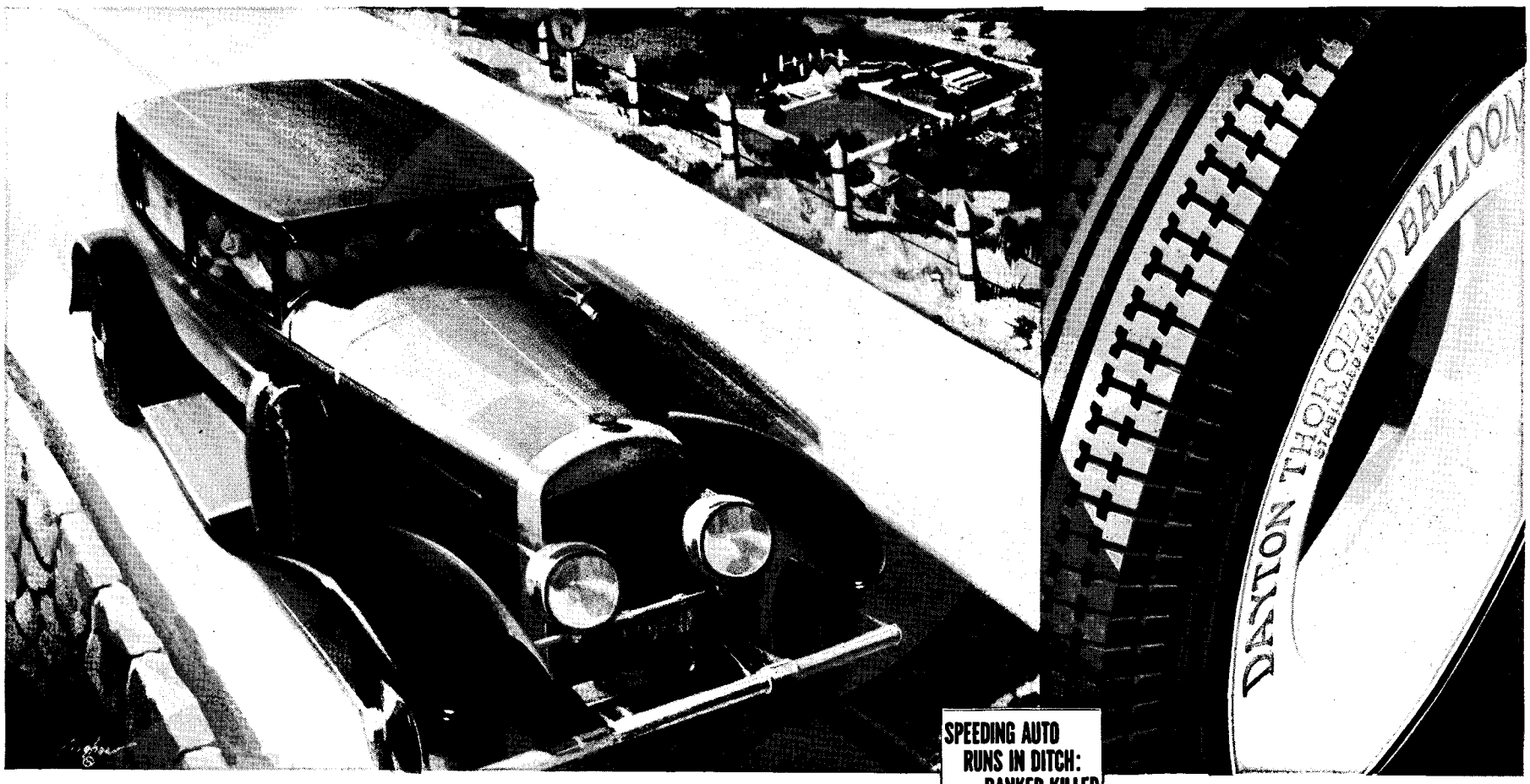
When you're making 80 with a ditch on the side... *don't trust your life to weak tires*..equip with this better tire before too late!



SPEEDING AUTO RUNS IN DITCH: BANKER KILLED

Tire Gives Way, Sending David Horne's Car Off the Road

David Horne, investment banker, was killed, William McCulloch, Chicago, a friend, and Harrison Smith, chauffeur, were injured, when their car ran into a ditch on the Princeton [illegible] this morning [illegible]

Made with a margin of safety that also adds a multitude of extra miles . . . . . .

HERE'S a tire that goes far beyond the needs presented by today's fast and merciless driving. A tire that anticipates the needs of tomorrow.

A big and mighty tire . . . a tough and rugged tire . . . a tire that offers you the last possible ounce of safety . . . *and mileage that is unheard of in ordinary tires.* A thrilling and fitting climax to Dayton's achievements in the past.

Six years ago Dayton gave America the Pioneer Low Air Pressure Tire. Three years later the Dayton Thorobred Stabilized Balloon. One year ago, a Dayton Thorobred built for safety at high speed. And now . . . this year . . . the greatest Dayton of them all . . . the greatest tire that has ever been built . . . a tire that can and will meet every demand and emergency of high speed driving and at the same time deliver astounding mileage . . . mileage . . . mileage!

The Dayton DeLuxe Thorobred Balloon is thicker, wider, heavier, sturdier. It is Stabilized. It is Dayton built . . . as a master watch or the finest motor car is built . . . with materials that meet the most rigid chemical and physical tests . . . and with an unhurried attention to detail such as has never before entered into the construction of a tire. It is Dayton's masterpiece.

The Dayton DeLuxe Thorobred Balloon is not a mass production tire . . . nor a price-built tire. Yet Dayton's renowned manufacturing efficiency and long experience in the making of superlatively fine products enables you to buy these tires at prices amazingly attractive . . . at little more than the cost of ordinary tires. The highest class of tire dealers in America handle Dayton Thorobreds. The Dayton Rubber Manufacturing Company, Dayton, Ohio.

THOROBRED

Dayton

De Luxe

THE NEW STABILIZED BALLOON TIRE

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You can't paint a house with APPLESAUCE

When a "low-price" paint is offered to you with the assurance that it isn't a "cheap" paint, it's time for a good laugh. That's the latest style in "cheap" paint applesauce.

A "low-price-per-gallon" is always a dead give-away. It indicates "price" paint—designed to mislead you as to economy. And "price" paint is always cheapened to make the low price possible. It saves you a few cents on the gallon. But, oh, how it eats up your money on the wall!

Only one thing is more costly than "Cheap" Paint and that is "Cheap" Painter.

He's the fellow who tells you he will do a beautiful job for you at a suspiciously low price.

Steer clear of "Cheap" Painter if you don't want to lose money. To make his low price he does a careless, slipshod job. He leaves nothing but grief, dissatisfaction and expense behind him. His "applesauce" is a costly luxury.

To be economical a paint must have exceptional "covering" qualities—a tough, durable film—colors that do not fade. These qualities can be produced only with finest materials, which are expensive, and a scientifically "balanced" *formula*.

Fine old SWP House Paint is a super-quality product. It may cost slightly more per gallon—BUT—

—where eleven gallons of "cheap" paint are required to paint an average house (2 coats), only 7 gallons of SWP are needed.

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To save money on your painting *use the best paint and hire a good painter*

That four gallon difference makes the "material cost" about the same.

And please remember that it costs just as much to apply "cheap" paint as good paint.

"Cheap" paint has no stamina—no durability. Repainting time comes soon and often. In five years you pay that labor charge from two to five times, in addition to the expense for new paint.

Avoid this heavy repainting expense

SWP, being a quality paint, has wonderful stamina. When applied by a master painter—a man who is an artist at his profession—who uses fine equipment—who prepares the surface skillfully—who takes pride in his work—it assures you many years of beauty and service.

You pay the material and labor cost only once in five or more years. And your house always looks good.

In other words, a master painter and fine old SWP House Paint are the most economical house painting combination you can use.

It means not only the lowest paint cost per square foot of wall—but by far the lowest labor cost per year.

The "Master Touch"

Men may argue about formulas and get nowhere. The formula is only one of several important factors in paint. Anyone can copy the formula of SWP. It is publicly printed, and has been for many years. Still SWP will remain unchallenged as to quality.

That is because there are other vital factors in SWP. One is the superfine quality of materials specially made for SWP.

The other is the "Master Touch" of the men who make it—which defies successful imitation.

These scientific men of Sherwin-Williams are to "paint" what Edison is to Electricity—what Marconi is to Wireless.

Their "Master Touch," a combination of genius and long experience, is what makes SWP different from all other paints. It is a human touch—that none can exactly copy. It is the spirit of Sherwin-Williams.

See Paint Headquarters and save money

Before you let out your painting job see Paint Headquarters—the Sherwin-Williams dealer in your town. Get an estimate on the amount of SWP required. Call in a responsible master painter. Get his estimate on the job. Only by using the best paint and a good, reliable master painter can you save money.

And the same is true of any refinishing job whether you use paint, enamel, varnish or lacquer. "Cheap" stuff is always too costly.

If you want the name of a reliable painter who will apply SWP for you write us. We will send his name and a copy of our famous Household Painting Guide which saves costly mistakes in painting.

S-W Paint Products are sold the world over under this famous trade-mark

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.
Largest Paint and Varnish Makers in the World
CLEVELAND, OHIO

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS SWP HOUSE PAINT

PAINTS
VARNISHES · ENAMELS
LACQUERS

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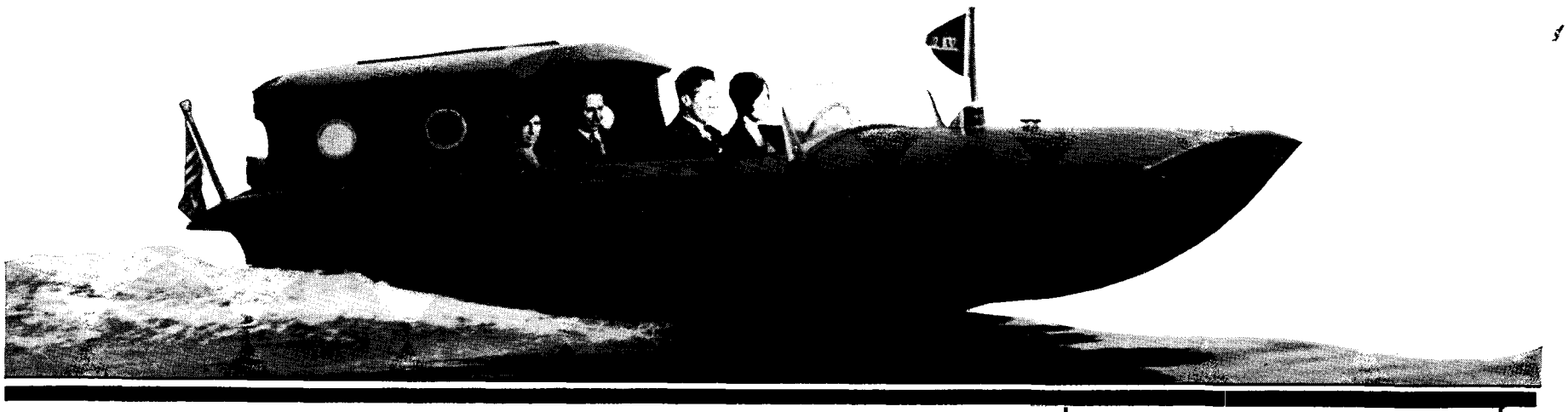
Here She is



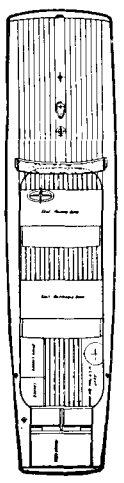
Model 18—The New Sea Sled Outboard Express Cruiser—slips smoothly away with two at 27 miles per hour

The Hull that fits the Big Outboard Motor

SEA SLED—Model 18—"Outboard Express Cruiser"—that's her!

Model 18 is so sturdy that you can open up one of those whopping big new outboard motors and let her go full tilt into most any summer sea that comes your way. She not only fits the bigger outboards—"like the paper on the wall"—but she's the only craft that does. She's made for them, and they for her. She's got trustworthiness built right into every last plank and frame.

She is finished so well that eight out of ten cheer for her on sight. She has deft shaping of underwater design which lets her slip smoothly away with two at 27 miles an hour with reliable comfort and safety. She's got the grace of a Venetian gondola.



And with all this, she has a quickly adjustable, weather-proof cabin, demountable at will—sleeping accommodations for two—kitchenette—toilet—auto steering control—electric running lights—automatic bailer. Water tight bulkhead and fuel capacity for a hundred mile cruise.

You have only to study her points to realize that when folks say, "She's the marvel of the season"—*they mean what they say.*

***P. S.** This is the finest outfit in sight for any dealers who can get enough powerful motors to equip the Outboard Express Cruisers.*

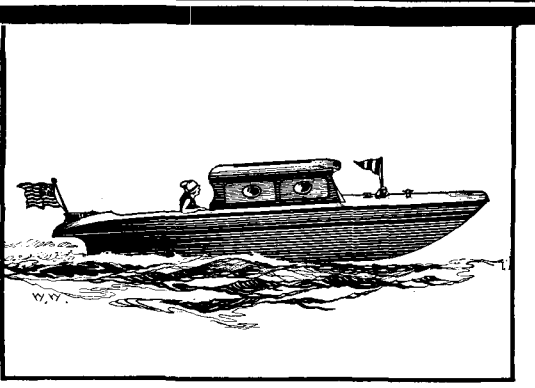
TRADE-MARK REG. **SEA SLED** U. S. PAT. OFFICE

THE SEA SLED CORPORATION

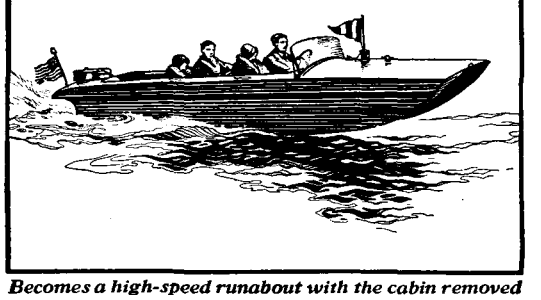
Sole Licensee under Hickman U. S. Patents

226-228 Fourth Ave. at 19th St., New York

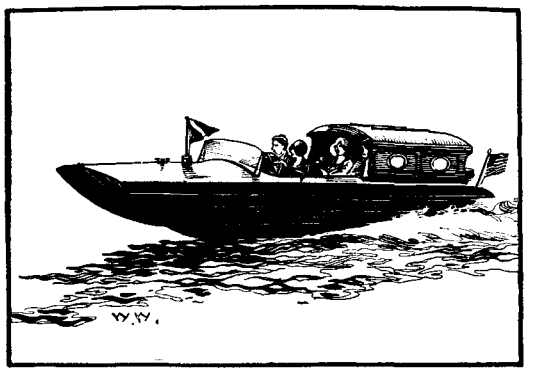
Yards at W. Mystic and Groton, Conn.



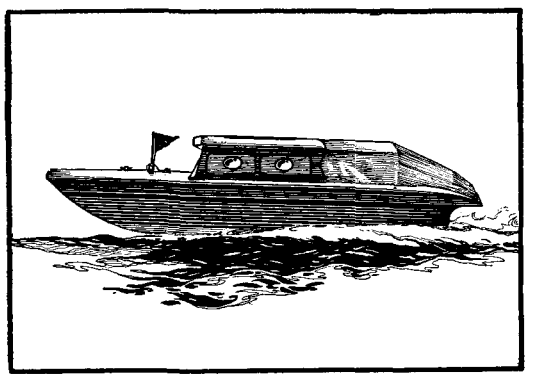
Cabin slides forward against the windshield



Becomes a high-speed runabout with the cabin removed



Cabin moved aft, but ready if needed



Curtains in place, completely enclosed for stormy weather

The New Model 18 Sea Sled offers more real boat for the money than any other craft.

SEA SLED

SPEED · · · WITH COMFORT AND · · · SAFETY

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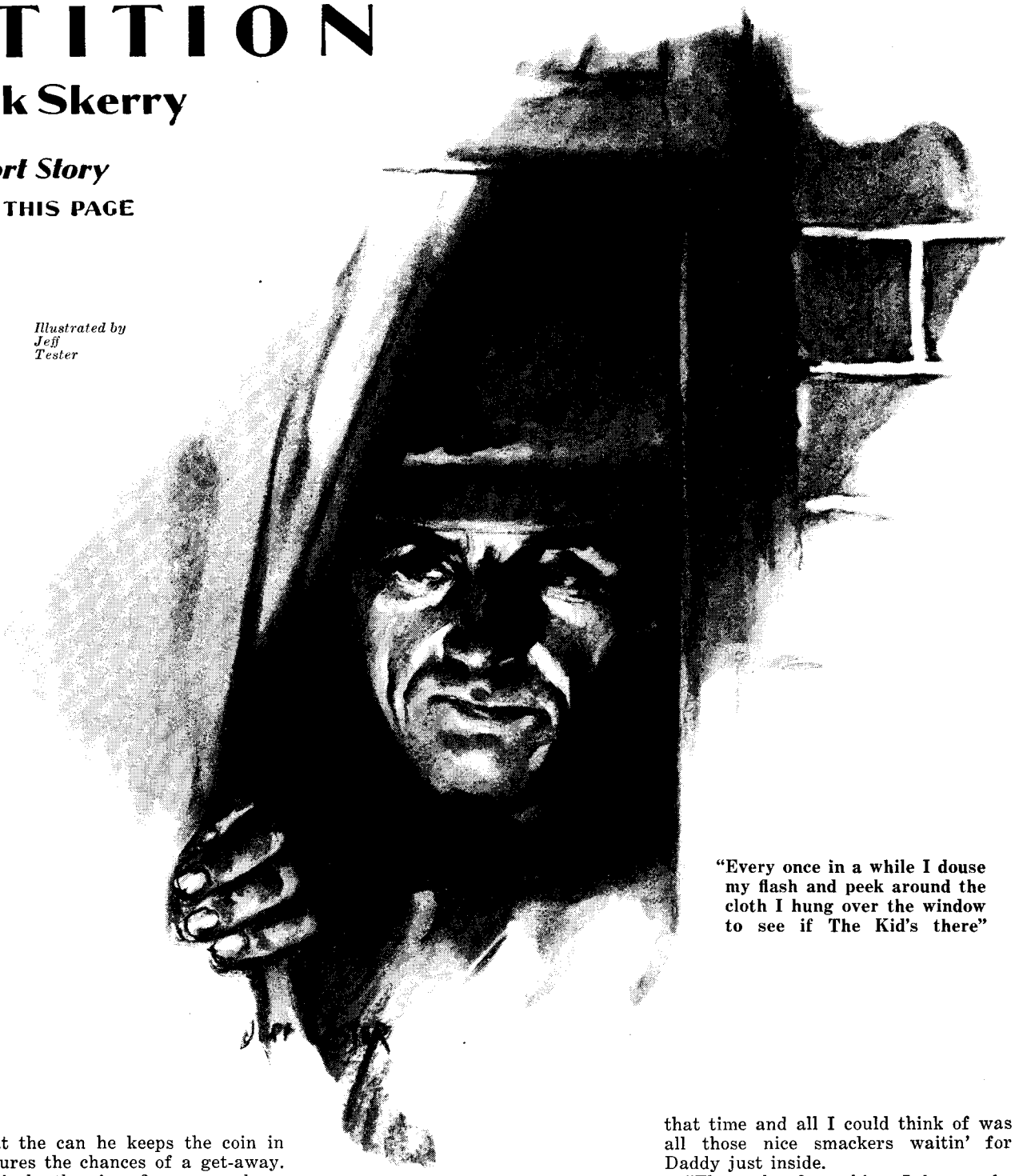
COMPETITION

By Frederick Skerry

A Short Short Story

COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

Illustrated by Jeff Tester



"Every once in a while I douse my flash and peek around the cloth I hung over the window to see if The Kid's there"

"NO, COUNSELOR, you couldn't do a thing. They had me cold. And I had this stretch comin' to me. I got no kick."

Lefty Hamp's grim mouth was distorted by a sardonic smile, an unpleasant grimace which, reflected by the glint that showed through his narrowed lids, denoted small respect for himself. He had just been convicted for his fourth felony and sentenced to life imprisonment under the Baumes Law.

"Well," he ruminated, "if they wear shoes in the next world, I'll be all set with a trade, anyhow—y' see, shoemakin's my specialty up the river. One thing I'm glad about, though, is The Kid. They didn't get *him*. I got nothin' against The Kid except that he never *reminded* me. But, if I ain't got sense at my age, I guess I can't hold *that* against him.

"I've heard tell that crooks' brains is warped—that bein' why they're crooks. The breaks go against us. I guess it's true, all right. I know *I'm* a dumb-bell. That judge in there don't know the counts I got against myself, see? But there was no sense in tellin' him what I'm goin' to tell you. Besides it would've got The Kid in wrong. The bulls think they made a smart pinch. Let 'em think so. I'll take the rap. But listen.

"I PLAN this job careful, see? It's worth it. This Greek has a chain of candy stores all over the city, and the Sunday business is big. Every Monday afternoon the cash comes in to the office, and he banks it Tuesday mornin'. Oh, I size it up all right. I watch that Greek for a couple weeks, see him go to the same coffee shop—kind of a Greek club—I guess—every night reg'lar and stay till midnight.

"Then I go through the buildin'—it's an old one—sellin' blotters to get a slant at the can he keeps the coin in and figures the chances of a get-away. It's a cinch; there's a fire escape down the back, with an easy drop into a court, and half a dozen ways out of the court.

"Why, the whole business was as easy as pie. I oughter be sittin' pretty now, with five or six grand in my kick, instead of headin' up the river for the rest of my natural.

"Anyhow, the job has to be pulled off Monday night, y' understand. That's all I think of—the day. I never give the *date* a thought. Not a thought, so help me! That's why I'm a dumb-bell. The Kid might 've thought of it, but he didn't. Anyway, as I said before, if an old egg like me couldn't think of it, I couldn't hardly expect him to.

"Well, that Monday night I'm locked in the buildin' after everybody's gone, sittin' on the stairs to the roof, right against the door. But I don't figure on startin' anything till eleven o'clock when things'd be quieted down—that buildin' is right off the main stem, but the street is pretty quiet, no theaters or night clubs or nothin'. At that, some bird lets himself in about nine-thirty and stays till quarter of eleven.

"At eleven The Kid's across the street on the look-out. He's got a leash and, if anything goes wrong, he's goin' to start whistlin' loud—like he's callin' a dog, see? Anybody'd think, seein' the leash, that his dog got loose. That was his idea. He's smart enough. One whistle from him, and I'd be down that fire escape. Before anybody could get upstairs I'd be through a garage and lost in the crowd on the main stem.

"WELL, the Greek's can is a tougher baby than I figured. Why, I've opened bigger ones in half the time. I damned the thing up and down while I sweated over it. And I got a little nervous. I know now that it was a hunch tellin' me to chuck the whole thing and beat it—I've had 'em before, and it paid to listen to 'em. But here's five or six grand, maybe more, only inches from my hands, so I stuck.

"I got uneasy about The Kid, too—it's the first time he's on a job, y' understand. This office I'm in is on the street side, so every once in a while I douse my flash and peek around the cloth I hung over the window to see if The Kid's there. He's there, all right. Sometimes he's standin' right across and sometimes he's walkin' up and down. And I can see the shine of the dog chain swingin' in his hand.

"The hullabaloo outside scares me stiff at first, but I had the door cut by that time and all I could think of was all those nice smackers waitin' for Daddy just inside.

"Then, the first thing I know, the office door comes bustin' in, and the bulls has me cold.

"When we get outside The Kid is gone, of course. He was wise enough to beat it.

"You know what happened. Well, I must have been nervous—and careless. It ain't like me to leave a crack at a window for light to get through. And that watchman in the loft buildin' across the street ain't tendin' *his* job any too well when he can spend time rubberin' round the neighborhood.

"But that don't help much now. Neither does findin' out that the Greek stuck his Sunday receipts in the bank before I'm even in the buildin'.

"What worries me now is The Kid. I'm afraid he thinks I'm sore. And I don't want him to think I blame him for anything. If you run across him, Counselor, tell him that. Tell him that everything is jake between me and him. And tell him I said for him to go straight—there's nothin' in this game, except maybe a trade, like shoemakin', that you can learn on the outside and get paid for reg'lar. Say that I know he was right on the job that night.

"The poor kid. Gee! I could almost laff when I think of him out there in the street whistlin' his head off—and every whistle and siren and auto horn in town blowin' like mad the minute twelve o'clock come. You tell him I never expected him to put his whistle up against the New Year's Eve racket."

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Dark Doings Again

YOU'LL never know what astounding results you can get out of the little black Colliergraph pieces. You'll never know 'til you try. And then they won't be able to drag you away for meals or business or party calls. See what someone has done in the way of an ingenious cat, below. And when you try your hand at Colliergraphs, do please see if you can't be equally original.

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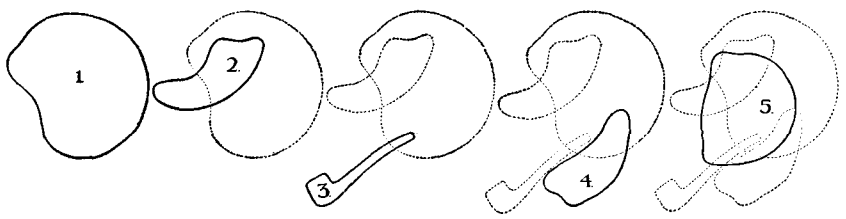
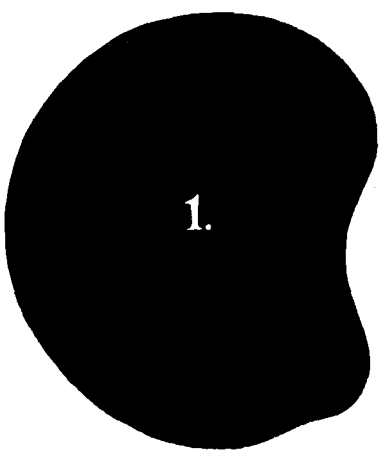


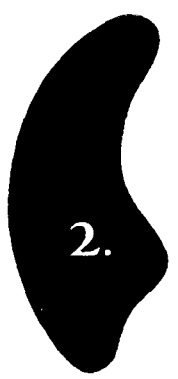
How to Do It

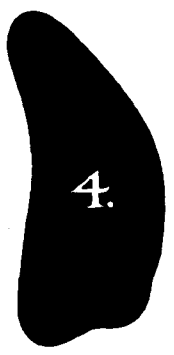
Cut out the five black figures below. You might mount them on cardboard separately. When you've laid them on top of one another,

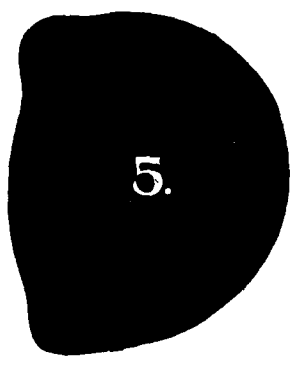
shift them about until you have a portrait. Hold them down and with a pencil trace the outline. Remove the pieces and fill in the silhouette.

Here are the pieces—cut them out









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Remember you must send in the separate pieces actually pasted to a sheet of paper. No Colliergraphs can be returned.

War takes the Air

Continued from page 20

educated trout; they will not take bait. Flies, and spinners, and artificial June-bugs mean nothing to them. Lufbery was the only one who didn't fall for my yarn. He went out mushroom hunting.

The next afternoon, Lufbery, Lieut. de Laage, Pavelka and I were given orders to convoy a group of bombing planes over to a German railway center where some troop movements were reported.

A Near Catastrophe

The bombers were all English. We gave them 45 minutes to get their altitude and arranged to meet them over the city of Thann. But when we arrived at the city of Thann, there were no bombers in sight. So we flew over to the field at Fontaine and held a council of war. Lieut. de Laage divided up the front into several sections and gave each of us a part. We were to patrol back and forth until we saw the Britishers and then help them all we could. I was directed to fly south in the direction of the Swiss frontier. The others took to patrolling the more northern parts.

About ten minutes after I had taken the air, I saw a string of dots streaking across the sky far to the south of my position. At first I thought they might be a Boche patrol, returning from some form of deviltry. Then I counted them and found to my great surprise that their number corresponded exactly to the count of the bombers. I don't remember exactly how many there were, but they were considerably numerous and they were making for Switzerland like hell beatin' tan bark.

At that particular moment we were between Altkirch and Ferrette. Now the only good-sized target in that neighborhood is the town of Basle. And Basle is in Switzerland.

To this very day I can remember the agonized thoughts I had as I looked across the mountains and saw the smoke from the factories of Basle. If those Britishers couldn't be stopped before they dropped their bombs, we would have Switzerland on our neck. The Lafayette Escadrille would be in disgrace and the Royal Naval Air Force would possibly be court-martialed from hell to breakfast. For me, that was one of the most exciting moments of the war.

As soon as I caught up with the British bombers, the leader of the flight waved to me and was very much pleased, but he kept right on going. Basle, Switzerland, in ten minutes! I fired my guns and did acrobatics to attract their attention. They wiggled their wings and waved at me. It was a jolly fine show of aërial acrobatics. I wanted to strangle every one of them.

Finally, I flew in front of the flight leader and pointed back to Luxeuil. He nodded and flew on. I repeated this procedure at the risk of colliding with his machine until I was quite exasperated. I wish I could remember the things I called those fellows. And they were all friends of mine too. But they were lost and were about to bomb Basle, Switzerland, instead of Mülhausen, Germany.

At one time I really considered the possibility of diving at the leader and colliding with him full on or shooting him down rather than allow the unnecessary slaughter of innocent Swiss citizens. But finally something snapped. And it wasn't until we were over the edge of the city too! The tall stacks were as plainly visible as the Woolworth Tower is nowadays when I fly over Manhattan Island on a test flight.

The flight leader fired a Very pistol signal. The bombers turned around as one man and flew back to Luxeuil as fast as they could. We passed over the front between Illfurth and Ammertzwiller, and there the flight leader must have spied a target. When the signal was given every bomber let go, and what a racket they caused on the ground! The leader must have had an awfully good eye, because next day it was reported that a camouflaged supply depot had been struck and was still burning; but it was just dumb luck, as far as I could tell.

When we got back to the field, I landed first and waited for the Limeys, to see what sort of a story they would put up. Finally they came, Sopwiths, Farmans, and all. Still I waited. Do you know, those Limeys weren't even going to mention what had happened. When I broached the subject, one of them said:

"Oh, yes, old man, thanks awfully for putting us wise. It would have been awful to crash in those poor Switzers. They would have been writing diplomatic notes two years from now."

Norman Prince was the person who conceived the idea of the Lafayette Escadrille. We knew him as "Nimmie."

In November, 1915, Nimmie was at Marblehead, where he attended the Burgess Flying School and gained his first knowledge of flying. He and Frazier Curtiss talked over the idea of an American flying outfit in the Allied Armies. Curtiss was in favor of joining such a group, but wanted to make one more try at signing up with the British Flying Corps; if this failed, he would join forces with Prince.

On January 20, 1915, Norman Prince sailed for France and there he went to work at once on his Escadrille idea. The first actual plans were discussed on July 8, 1915, at a luncheon in the home of Senator Menier in Paris, where General Hirchauer agreed to form what was then referred to as the *Escadrille Americaine*. It would be an outfit operating under French officers, manned by American pilots flying French equipment.

Only Two of Us Remain

Dr. Edmund Gros arranged the details of the luncheon. Dr. Gros ultimately became the father of the American Escadrille and his name is inseparably connected with its glorious accomplishments.

You see, to begin with, there were only three of us Americans in the French Flying Corps — Bill Thaw, Jimmy Bach and myself. As 1915 wore on and the war really got under way, four others joined the ranks of the American Pilots. On the 9th of March, Nimmie Prince, Frazier Curtiss and Elliot Cowdin enlisted and were sent to Pau in the county of Basses Pyrénées for flying training. The other two Americans were Raoul Lufbery, who had been attached to a Voisin Bombardment Squadron, and Didier Masson, originally a Frenchman, naturalized an American and an experienced war pilot, having flown in the Mexican troubles against Carranza.

So that made seven of us heading toward the ultimate *Escadrille Americaine*. (The name Lafayette Escadrille was finally chosen because of the fact that the Germans back in the States made a row over using the name *Americaine*.)

(*Continued on page 36*)

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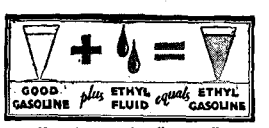

Knocks out that "knock"

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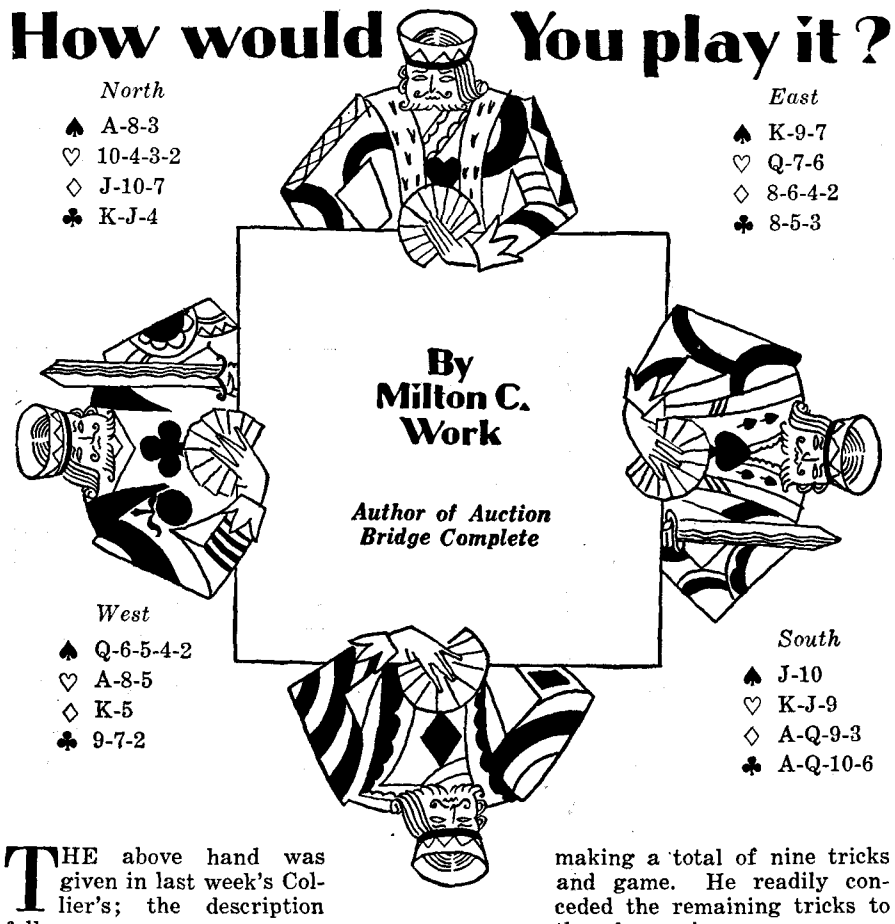
How would You play it?



THE above hand was given in last week's Collier's; the description follows:

The Auction

The bidding at Auction Bridge would be South one No Trump, the other three hands passing.

At Contract South would have the "count" for two No Trumps but not the stoppers, consequently he should bid only one. West would pass South's one No Trump and North would bid two No Trumps. His hand counts 4 for his Ace, 3 for his King, 2 for his two Jacks, and 1 for his two Tens, or a total of 10; and 9 is enough to jump partner's one No Trump to two.

After North's jump, East would pass and South would bid three No Trumps. A player who had bid one No Trump and has been jumped to two is justified in bidding three No Trumps wherever his count is 15 or more (South's is 18), the chance being, even when the original bidder has a defenseless suit, that the partner's strength will stop that suit at least once, as it does in this case.

The Play

When I saw the hand played it was managed as follows:

West's initial lead was the Four of Spades; North played the Trey, East the King, and South false-carded, playing the Jack. When returning partner's suit and having two small cards of it remaining the recognized convention is that the higher should be selected; following this rule, East led his Nine of Spades to trick 2. South played the Ten, West the Queen and North the Ace. North then led the Jack of Diamonds and South finessed by playing the Trey. West provided a disappointment by turning up with the King of Diamonds, so that the finesse lost; but the Declarer was not greatly perturbed at this hard luck as his game still was assured.

To trick 4, West led a Spade and established that suit in his own hand, hoping to save game by getting in with his Ace of Hearts and cashing his two remaining Spades.

North's Eight won the third round of Spades, South discarding the Nine of Hearts; and it was then a simple matter for the Declarer to add to the two Spade tricks he had already won, three good Diamonds and four good Clubs, making a total of nine tricks and game. He readily conceded the remaining tricks to the adversaries.

Before you read what follows, see if you can find a way in which either side could have improved their play.

The Correct Play

When East saw West lead the Spade Four at trick 1, and South play the Jack, he might have drawn several important inferences: (1) Dummy (North) showing the Trey, West must have the Deuce as South would not have sacrificed the Jack if he had had the Deuce to throw away; (2) as West's lead was his fourth best, and as West held a lower card, West must have led from a five-card suit and South must have had just two Spades; (3) the Rule of Eleven showed that there had been seven Spades higher than the Four out against West (11 minus 4 equals 7), and South must have one of them left; (4) South's one remaining Spade must be the Queen or Ten.

Reasoning as above, East can see that he should break the usually sound rule of returning the higher of his two Spades. South may have false-carded and have the Ten remaining; in which case, the lead of East's Nine, establishing the Eight in Dummy, would be giving away a vitally important Spade trick. Consequently East should lead the Seven of Spades to trick 2. South would play the Ten, West the Queen, and North probably would hold up his Ace to avoid establishing the suit for East and West. Whether he did or not would be immaterial; if he did, West would clear his suit and be in position to run his remaining Spades as soon as he obtained the lead; if Dummy won the second trick and tried the Diamond finesse, West would win and lead a third Spade which East would win. East then would lead a Heart and the adversaries would make four Spade tricks, one Diamond and one Heart.

This hand presents a problem of defense. An East who blindly followed the convention usually employed would allow Declarer to go game, while a varied defense required by the exigencies of the situation would hold him to one-odd.

Next week we will publish the first of a series of articles in which Mr. Work discusses the various phases of Contract Bridge.

War takes the Air

Continued from page 34

I should like to correct the erroneous belief that the French Government mistreated us. Never were men given more consideration by any Government than we were by the French. There are only a few of us left to make these statements. In fact, of the original line-up only two remain, so it's up to us to raise our voices and declare the truth.

Norman Prince had the idea. William K. Vanderbilt supplied the financial backing to get the thing under way and also made up the prize money and helped with the monthly mess. Dr. Edmund Gros, with the help of M. de Sillac and Commandant Féquant, unraveled the French army red tape. We signed our names and did the fighting.

A Breach of Neutrality

The actual date of the official roster of the Lafayette Escadrille was March 14, 1916, and these are the names it contained:

Norman Prince, transferred from French Flying Corps.
William Thaw, Pittsburgh, Pa., formerly of the Foreign Legion.
Bert Hall, Bowling Green, Ky., formerly of the Foreign Legion.
Elliot Cowdin, New York City, transferred from French Flying Corps.
Kiffen Rockwell, Asheville, N. C., transferred from French Flying Corps.
James McConnell, Carthage, N. C., transferred from French Flying Corps.
Victor Chapman, New York City, transferred from French Flying Corps.

I received my orders on the 16th of April. The meeting place was Luxeuil-les-Bains, in the county of Haute Soane. Some of the pilots were sent to Luxeuil by way of the French Aviation Instruction and Supply Center at Le Plessis Belleville, but I went from Avord to Paris and from there direct to Luxeuil.

Our equipment was all brand-new. Every detail was complete. The planes were 13 and 15-meter Nieuports. These were set up at once.

We wanted to get on with the war and the Local Bombardment Groups wanted to have our assistance on some pill-dropping escapades far inside the German lines.

The Lafayette Escadrille was technically known as N-124. Our field was about one mile northeast of Luxeuil.

The first introduction we had to the war in that part of the line was a visit to the headquarters of Captain Happe, the commanding officer of a very famous Farman Bombing Squadron. The old captain was packing war crosses in tiny boxes as we came into his office.

"I am sending these," he said, "to the families of the men who were killed off in my last raid. The raid was very successful, but we lost some good pilots."

The boys looked at one another. "Lost some good pilots!" There were four tiny boxes containing war crosses. At that rate it would take just two raids to finish off the entire Lafayette Escadrille.

It looked like a shame that we would be cut off in our prime almost before we did anything that would repay the folks up at Paris for organizing us. But we tightened up our belts and went out on the field for our first patrol.

It was old stuff for some of us, but the newcomers were considerably thrilled. The orders on that first "sortie" covered a patrol between Cernay and the Swiss frontier. We flew between 10,000 and 15,000 feet. The event of the trip was that Jimmy McConnell got lost. He found himself wandering around over Switzerland and finally recovered himself in time to get back before his gas ran out.

Next morning we received a billet-doux from the Swiss Government. They were irate because we had committed a breach of neutrality and flown over their country.

Nothing happened in the way of battles on that first "sortie."

It was more or less a joy ride to look over the country, the entire squadron participating.

Diary note, May 12, 1916: Got back the morning of the 10th from a three-day trip to Paris. The official reason was to ferry back a new ship. Heard a lot of talk at Le Bourget about a new Spad. Laurence Slade says the Americans will get into the war, hook, line and sinker before the year's out. Had dinner with several pilot friends. Among them was Charles Nungesser. He is supposed to be convoying bombers at Luneville, but he said he intended to join the Lafayette some time next month. He can't actually join us, but we'll be glad to have him go on our patrols as he is a fine lad and a good pilot. At a table near-by was Mata-Hari (she is said to be a German spy, and they watch her all the time). Nungesser told her that I was the illegitimate son of a millionaire New York banker and that back in the States I wore suits of clothes with dollar marks all over them. Thereupon, I paid the bill. Mata-Hari is a beautiful woman. She may be a spy, but as long as I have known her, she has never asked me a single question about the war. She is damned clever, but if she is really as dangerous a spy as they say, she'd better watch out—the French will get her.

Diary note, May 18, 1916: Today Kiffen Rockwell got the first German plane ever credited to the Lafayette Escadrille. It happened not far from the city of Thann. He afterward told us that he first saw the German (it was an L. V. G.) about 700 meters below his altitude; that he dived and withheld his fire until he was about 50 meters away, then he fired. He was so close that he could only get in a burst of four bullets, and by the time he had pulled off and recovered, the German had turned over and was going down in flames.

Officially on the Map

Think of it—a confirmed victory with only four bullets! And then consider a combat where a pilot exhausts an entire drum of ammunition with no results!

What Kiffen Rockwell had was marksmanship and a cool steady control of his plane. The advance French observation posts had watched the battle and had seen the German go down afire, so Kiffen had his confirmation before he arrived at our field.

Before nightfall everyone in Luxeuil had heard the good news. Kiffen was a popular hero—the girls gave him bunches of flowers and the hotel-keepers sent him bottles of champagne. (The champagne came in very handy with the other members of the Escadrille who didn't care for floral tributes.) At last we were officially on the map!

THE END

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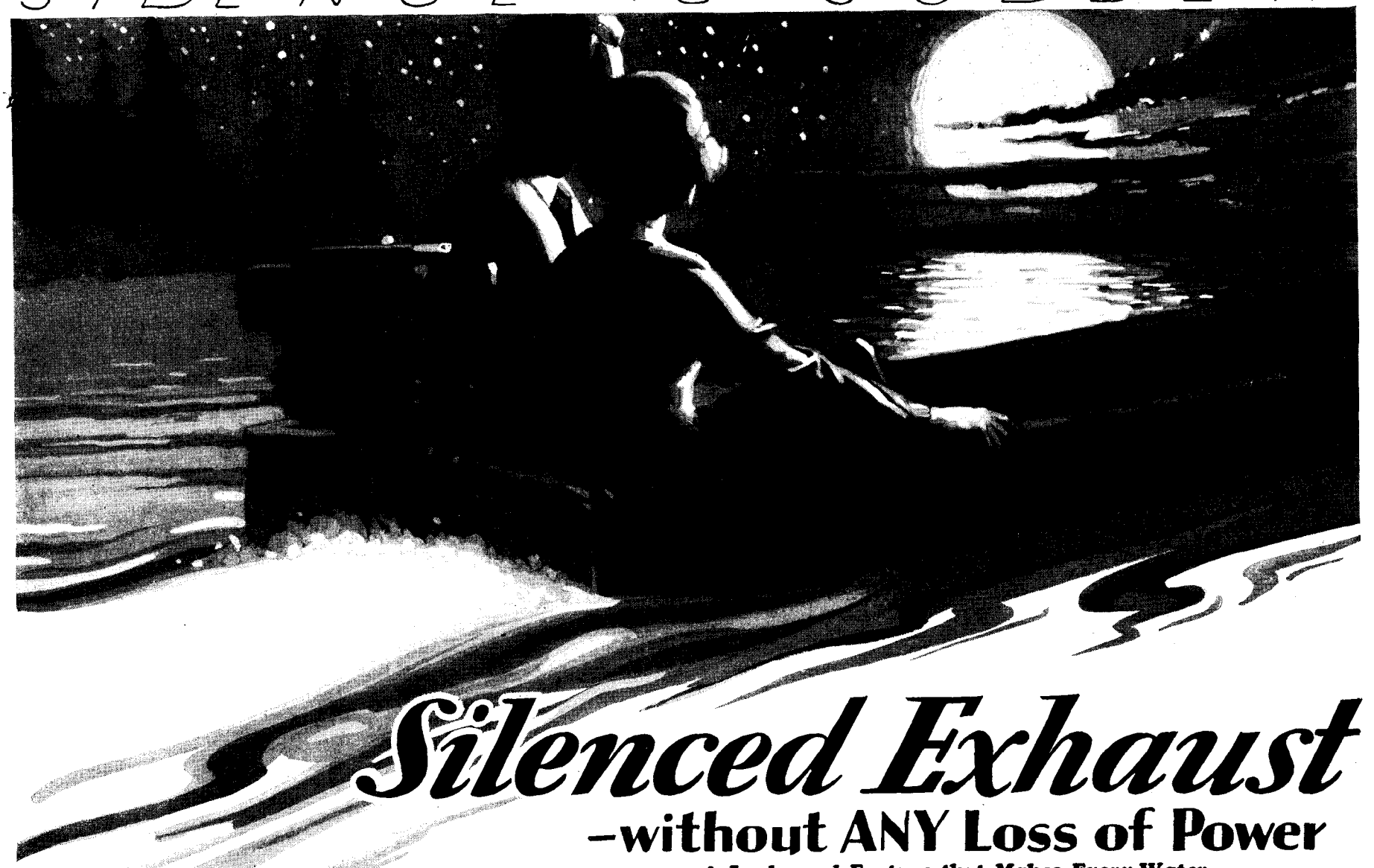

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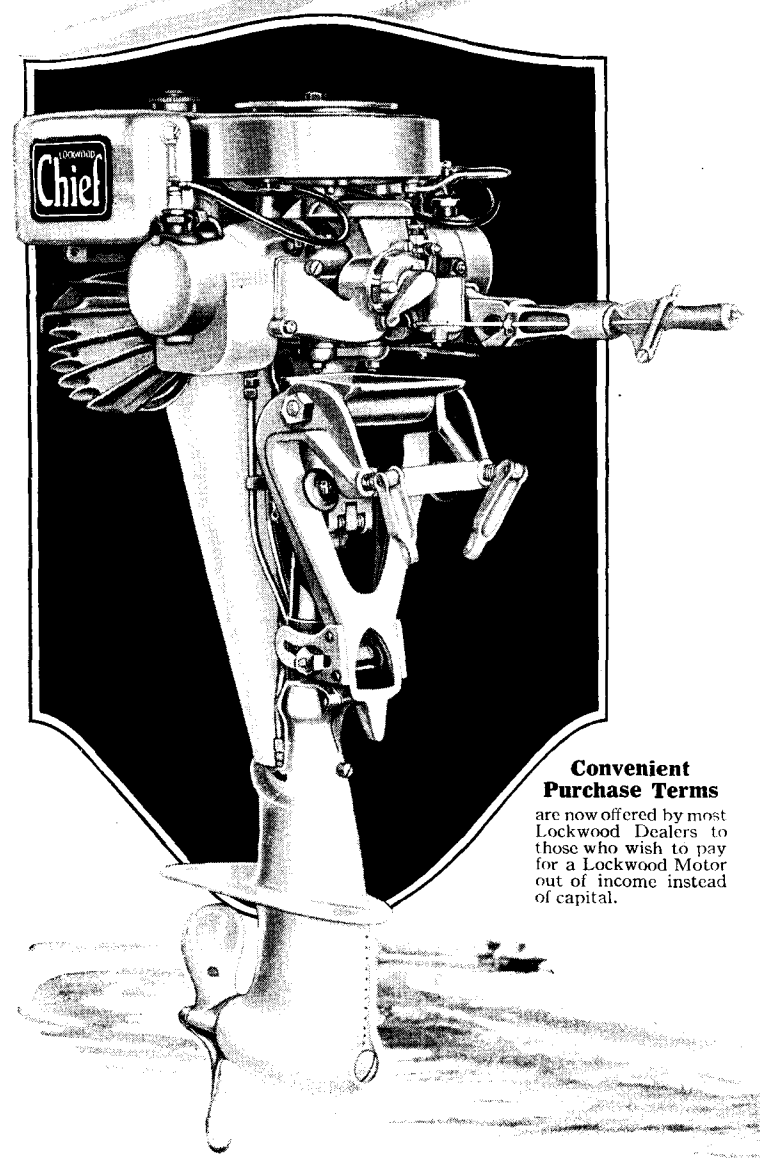

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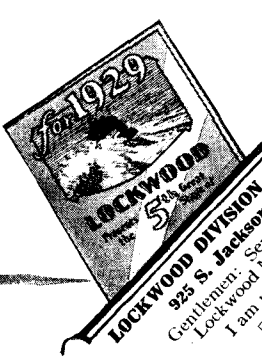

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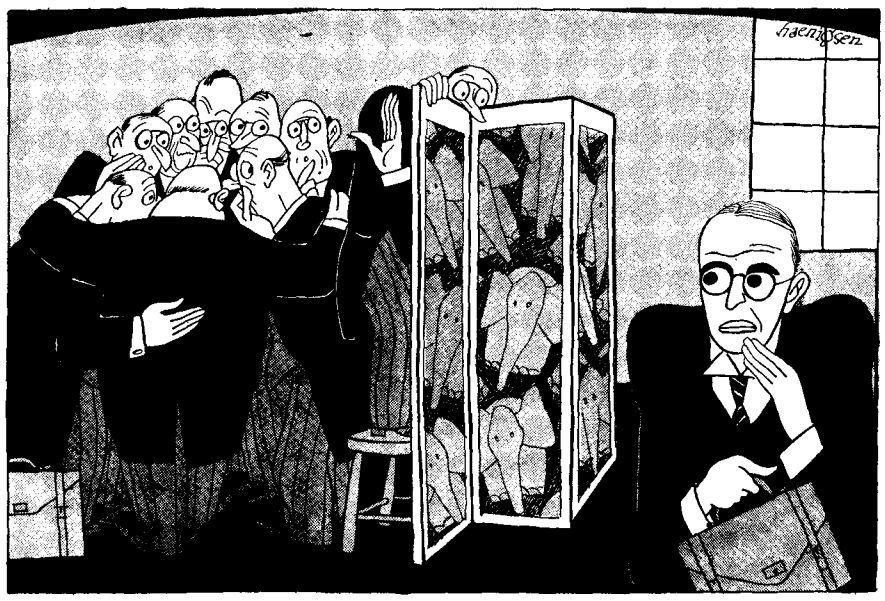

Just a Real Good Man

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

WHEN one looks at the list of recent Attorneys-General one can't help feeling that it is something in the nature of a miracle that so good a lawyer and so honest a man as Colonel William D. Mitchell heads the Department of Justice. One wonders just how his appointment to this office will work out. In the first place he is a Democrat, probably an independent one, but still a Democrat. And in the next place he is not a politician. So his appointment is a good deal like setting an angel down to live with ordinary mortals, which is very likely to make the angel wing his way back to heaven in disgust.

There is a pretty good reason why a Republican President should not appoint a Democrat to his Cabinet or vice versa. Such an appointment is hardly fair to the member of the other party, in either case, who receives it. And this is true though we all applaud the noble zeal for the public service in which the appointment is made. A Democrat in a Republican Cabinet or a Republican in a Democratic Cabinet suffers from an inferiority complex. He does not belong. Whispers go on just out of his hearing. He does not know the grip or the password. It is difficult for him to act surely and with a sense that he is fully supported unless he can persuade himself that there is to be no politics in the Administration of his department.

Purely a Matter of Politics

And there is not any department in Washington that is so largely political as the Department of Justice. That is why the Attorney-Generalship is practically always filled by a man who is more of a politician than a lawyer. Attorney-General Stone was the only head of the Department of Justice who was not a politician and, I should guess, was hastily promoted to the Supreme Bench by President Coolidge, precisely because he was no politician.

If you should ask any political boss what is most essential to him, he would say that it was control of the processes of justice, the bench and the public prosecutor's office. And all that a boss controls in controlling the processes of justice is picayune compared to what is controlled in the Attorney-General's office. Here indulgences to business are granted or refused. And all that Attorney-General Mitchell knows about running his department, being no politician and an outsider in the Administration, is to run it without regard to politics. The chief business of an Administration is to secure its own reëlection to office, and then the return of its own party to power. So one wonders. One rubs his eyes and asks if this is Washington, D. C. I am not criticizing Colonel Mitchell's appointment. It is ideal from the public standpoint. Perhaps a hasty translation to the Supreme Bench awaits him.

An Exceptional Incumbent

What manner of man is this that has been made Attorney-General, by a Republican Administration, being a Democrat and no politician? The son of Minnesota's most distinguished judge, he is more of a judge by temperament than a lawyer. A Democratic advocate might take the case of a Republican Administration and go through with it. But Colonel Mitchell is not by habit of mind an advocate. He is unlikely to appear in a case just to show how clever he is in making the worst appear the better reason. He is a favorite of the United States Supreme Court just because his argument is the kind that the court might accept as its opinion.

He is by nature very simple, direct and frank. He is never trying to persuade a court to an opinion that he does not himself hold. And he has not that habit which is so common among lawyers, and human beings generally, of persuading himself that his side is right, once he has accepted a retainer and put his mind to it. He has very little capacity for self-deception, which is quite exceptional. In the law firm of which he is the head in St. Paul, Minn., they have the habit of saying, "We can win this case if we can only beat Mitchell."

The result is that he is never taken by surprise in court by his opponents. He has prepared himself with their argument fully in mind. In appearing before the Supreme Court, therefore, when he has said what he has to say he almost never rises to reply to the argument of the other side.

He talks to the court instead of making speeches at it. In this respect he resembles Owen Roberts, who was counsel for the government in the oil cases. Mr. Mitchell is not an aggressive. He does not throw a bluff. His confidence is not in himself but in the law as he sees it.

Well, I have painted the portrait of the last man you would expect to find in the Attorney-Generalship, but there he is!

Good-By, Broadway!

Continued from page 11

around on 48th Street. I was there last night with one of our vice-presidents. I've got some news myself, Cress—big news."

Its bigness silenced him; it was nothing to talk about on the street. She was silent, too, and rather resentful, till he led her aside, down into an areaway, and pushed the bell at an iron grille.

"This place is pretty select," he told her proudly as a stout man opened the door. "Hello, Armand!" They went in, and Cressida gasped.

"Of all things! Didn't expect to see me back so soon, did you, Armand? . . . Ted, this is the very place where I had tea with Mr. Sirrine!"

HE STOOD still in the narrow entry, glowering at her.

"Sirrine? Not Joe Sirrine, the speculator? Yes, I've heard he finances some of Wallfish's productions. Good God, Cress! Why, he's rotten—the worst woman-chaser in Wall Street! If he's talking about a part for you, in a show he's interested in. . . ."

"Do you think after five years on Broadway I don't know how to dodge woman-chasers, and parts with strings on them? Besides, there's nothing like that at all; I've met Mr. Sirrine before, and he's charming. He said they'd had trouble casting the part, but I was the type. Now are you going to sit down and order me a drink? Because if you won't I'll order one myself, and you can go out and eat at Childs'."

That brought him down, as she knew it would. Presently, over their hors d'œuvres, he began to tell her his big news.

"Our company's going in for a big expansion, Cress—opening new offices all over the country. That's why they've delayed that promotion we've been waiting for; they're going to make me manager, at Little Rock! I get a percentage of the profits, over a certain amount; but the salary, from the start, is enough to marry on—comfortably—"

"Little Rock," she interrupted. "That's in Texas, isn't it?"

"Arkansas. Why?" The violet eyes were moist, starry, pathetic.

"But, Ted! I'd have to give up my career! You always said—"

"I know; but I hadn't foreseen this. . . . It's all right, Cress. If I make good there they'll bring me back to New York in a few years—"

"Do you think I'd be able to pick up my contacts again, after years—years—in Little Rock? It would have been lovely, if we could have gone on working together, here in New York. Can't you refuse this—wait for a promotion in the Wall Street office?"

"Good Lord, no! If I turn this down I might as well resign. This is my big chance, you see, in my career—"

"And you wouldn't give it up for me," said Cressida. "But you expect me to give up mine for you. That's not fair!"

Because that was unanswerable he gave her the worst possible answer.

"Well, you haven't got anywhere with your career. You might as well—"

"If you loved me," she said with a catch in her voice, "you wouldn't insult me by practically saying I'm no good." She stood up. "I don't want any dessert and coffee; I'm going home. . . . No, I don't want you to take me home; I won't let you take me home. Don't you think I can go home alone, after five years on Broadway?"

That was on Friday. The Saturday morning papers carried the announcement of the opening of a dozen branch offices, from coast to coast, by the Cameron Securities Company. On Saturday evening, Sirrine took Cressida to dinner at the Ritz, and to a revue, and to a party afterward at somebody's studio. Much can be made out of a $14.75 evening gown reduced to $9.95, if you know how; especially if you have wistful violet eyes, and a desperate feeling that the only thing left, is to laugh and have a good time.

On Tuesday Cressida had tea with Sirrine, in his apartment, where the cold sunlight drifting in through the tall windows was paled by the glow of a log fire. He was suave, amusing, faultless. He kissed her—but not in his apartment; not till he had taken her home, and stood with her in the vestibule. He kissed her gravely, reverently; she could see him wishing he had met a girl like her before he got into that unfortunate marriage he had told her about.

On Wednesday she dined with him, and went to a play, and to a night club afterward. She was feeling rather desperate, for she hadn't heard a word from Ted; if Sirrine had kissed her then—but he didn't; he stood an instant in the vestibule, obviously wanting to kiss her, and then turned away with a stifled groan. Cressida felt sorry for him.

The next day she was sorry for herself. No bright cold sunlight that morning; from dark gray skies fell a wet snow that turned to slush underfoot. Her high overshoes were trim and smart, but they leaked; her feet were wet through by the time she had walked from the subway to Mrs. Eier's. And there she learned that Mrs. Eier had decided that peace could be advocated just as well from Palm Beach in this weather; also that she would not feel justified in paying a part-time secretary's railroad fare and living expenses at the Breakers.

If it had been Ted who came to see her that afternoon—but Ted was in conference with executives; the man who came, and took her to tea in his apartment, was Joe Sirrine. . . . He agreed with her, looking out of the tall window while she sat beside the fire, that New York in the slush was unendurable; he had decided, he said, to go down to Havana for a month or so—till rehearsals started on that Carter play. And then, turning back to her—

"You know how I wish I could take you with me!" he said savagely. "Cress, I love you, I need you, I'm wild about you—but I'm not free."

SHE needed somebody to need her—somebody who wasn't so intent on his own career that he despised hers, who was mature enough not to let a silly quarrel end everything . . . Of course she was going to refuse, but—

But he gave her no chance. He had picked up the telephone.

"Have my car sent round, please." He came back to her, but he didn't touch her. "Dearest, I'm going to send you home—alone. I—I can't trust myself, just now. But tomorrow we'll have tea, if you like—at Armand's. There's only one thing I ask of you, Cress, in these few days we have left. Just let me see you, talk to you, look at you—"

Not like Ted, who wouldn't talk to her unless she would agree with him. . . . She was desperately sorry for Sirrine, but he wouldn't let her kiss him good-by . . . "Protecting me," she thought miserably. "He's had lots of girls; he wouldn't act like this unless he was really in love."

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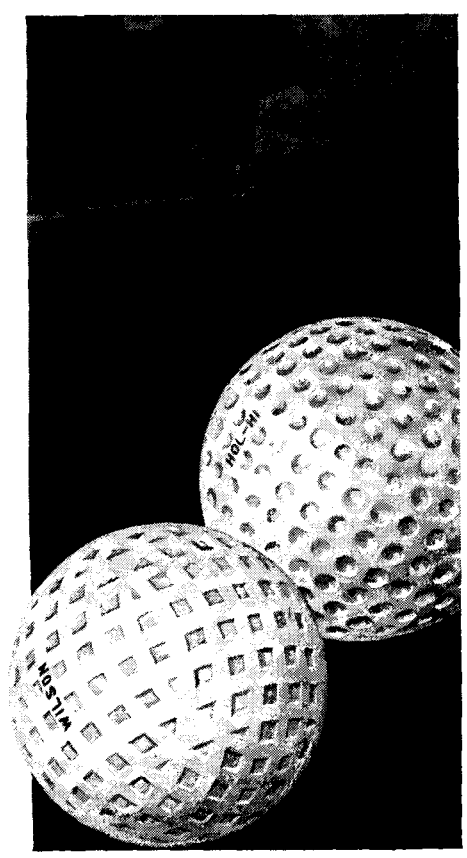
L. B. ICELY, *President*
Wilson-Western Sporting Goods Co.

What the World's Greatest Golf Ball Owes to the Tire Industry



Wilson
GOLF EQUIPMENT

WHEN today's fine automobile roads were still a dream of the future . . . tires were far less perfect than now. Yet the important tire companies fell into the competitive sales policy of making definite mileage guarantees.

Impressive, they sounded at first. But the man who lived near good roads exceeded the guarantee no matter what tires he used. And the man on bad roads usually fell far short—and he felt cheated.

It was proven an unsound and limited policy at best. When roads and tire construction both improved the manufacturers issued broader guarantees for better tires instead of trying to *guarantee the roads!* This policy based upon fair dealing was not limited to a number of miles but to the satisfaction of the user.

In offering the American public the amazing new Hol-Hi Golf Ball, Wilson-Western is adopting this sound policy. In the Hol-Hi ball are combined, at last, the tremendous distance of the high-compression ball (never possible to guarantee before)—and the tough cover heretofore valuable mainly as a background for guaranteeing a specified number of holes per ball. It is offered to the public on a basis of superior value, without limiting this value to play over a specified number of holes.

The Hol-Hi swept into nation-wide popularity last year at $1.00. Improvements have been made in this year's product, manufacturing costs slightly increased—and yet the demand for this sensational ball is now so great that, by quantity production, we have been able to reduce the price to 75c.

HOL-HI

OUR GUARANTEE

This Hol-Hi Ball is guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction—no matter how many holes you choose to play it—for the length of its life in the hands of the original purchaser. It is entirely guaranteed for durability, playability and uniformity. It will not duck or wabble in the air. It is guaranteed to retain its shape, not to crack, and to retain its paint. If not entirely satisfactory, it will be immediately replaced.

WILSON-WESTERN SPORTING GOODS CO.
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Catching up with the World

By Edwin E. Slosson

Director Science Service

The Stamp that Won Panama

NOW that Congress is again considering a bill to start constructing a canal across Nicaragua, it is amusing to recall the stirring summer of 1902, when Senator Morgan of Alabama was making his famous fight for Nicaragua, and was foiled by one-centavo postage stamps. His opponent in the Senate was Mark Hanna, but the power behind Hanna was a clever French engineer, Philippe Bunau-Varilla, who was in Washington on what seemed a desperate mission; namely, to sell the French concession in Panama. The canal scheme had appealed to the French for patriotic and pecuniary reasons, and the renowned builder of the Suez Canal, Ferdinand de Lesseps, then seventy-three years old, was persuaded in 1879 to head the enterprise. But twenty years later it collapsed with a horrid stench of corruption in French financial, political, and journalistic circles. The concession from Colombia, to which Panama at that time belonged, was to expire in a couple of years, and the investors' only chance to get anything out of the wreckage was to sell to the United States, and that right quickly.

The American Canal commissions and press generally favored Nicaragua, and the House of Representatives voted almost unanimously in its favor; but in 1902 the Third Commission changed its decision to Panama, for it was estimated that a canal could be constructed at Panama for $140,000,000, while at Nicaragua it would cost $200,000,000.

The strongest card in M. Bunau-Varilla's hand was the argument that Nicaragua was in a country of active volcanoes and that an earthquake might at any time break the locks and let out the water from the lake or jam the gates, perhaps imprisoning the American fleet in transit. Bunau-Varilla figured out that the Nicaraguan volcano Cosegüina in its last eruption had poured out more stones and ashes in six minutes than all the earth to be excavated from the canal prism in eight years. The eruption of Mount Pelée and the destruction of the city of St.-Pierre occurred in time to play into his hands, and just on the eve of the vote came what he naïvely calls in his reminiscences the "Providential Eruption of Momotombo," a volcano at the Pacific terminus.

But this interposition of Providence on the French side was met next morning by Morgan with a cablegram from the President of the Nicaraguan Republic, stating that the news was false and that there had been no recent eruptions in Nicaragua. But the ingenious Frenchman was not defeated. He hastened to call on all the postage-stamp dealers in Washington and was lucky enough to find ninety Nicaraguan stamps, one for each senator, showing the volcano Momotombo sending up a beautiful cloud of smoke above the port. He pasted these on separate sheets of paper, wrote below, "An official witness of the volcanic activity of Nicaragua," and mailed them to the Senators. Three days later the vote was taken and Panama won by the narrow majority of eight.

Then Bunau-Varilla went to New York and bought volcanic stamps for all the Representatives. "The impression," he says, "was as immediate as would have been produced by the apparition of a Medusa's head." When the Hay-Herran treaty with Colombia came before the Senate, the indomitable Morgan, then seventy-nine years of age, carried on a talking filibuster that lasted till March 4th and prevented its ratification; but President Roosevelt promptly convoked a special session, and when the Senator's strength was exhausted the treaty passed. Then Colombia refused to confirm the treaty; Panama revolted, and the United States built the Canal.

Climbing Stairs

HOW much harder is it to go up stairs than to walk on the level? This is the question that has been answered by Francis G. Benedict and Haveltine Stedman Parmentier, who have had a dozen Mount Holyoke girls ascending a mountain stairway of 522 steps and have measured their production of heat and consumption of oxygen. They find that you expend the same amount of energy in walking up a flight of stairs as in walking on a level fifteen times the distance represented by the height of the staircase. The easiest rate for walking on a level is from 2 to 2½ miles per hour. It takes three times as much work to go up stairs as to go down the same stairs.

Continuous Gasification

A NEW process for the continuous conversion of coal into gas and coke proposed by Professor A. H. White of the University of Michigan has been tried on various kinds of commercial coals by Professor D. J. Demarest of Ohio State University. The apparatus consists of a vertical retort heated to 2,200 degrees Fahrenheit, into which coarsely ground coal is dropped at the rate of a ton an hour. About half of the volatile matter is given off in the passage through the hot cylinder. The gases driven off from the coal in transit are drawn out as soon as expelled instead of being decomposed by remaining in contact with red-hot coal. Consequently the gas produced has a higher heating power than ordinary gas. The process produces about five thousand cubic feet of gas besides 150 pounds of tar and two pounds of ammonia.

Good-By, Broadway!

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She didn't know that the experienced Mr. Sirrine felt sure she would take five cocktails, or more, at Armand's tomorrow; or that he had called up Mrs. Eier's that morning, and learned that she was out of a job.

TED called her up the next afternoon. "Cress, they've just told me I've got to start for Little Rock tomorrow. I'm coming right up town; let's go to tea, and—"

"I've got a date for tea." That was automatic; her mind had been paralyzed ever since she heard his voice.

"Break it, then. If you're coming with me, we won't have time—"

"What makes you think I'm coming with you?" she asked, but he ignored that opening. "After the way you acted the other night—" she said. "And you never even called me up, all this week!"

"I thought I'd let you cool off—see things sensibly. I'm sorry I was so—so tactless; but you see I'm right, don't you? There's no sense letting people like Wallfish keep you dangling, with promises that never come true."

"I thought," she said, "that when you asked me to give up my career for you, you were paying us both a compliment. Asking me to give up something of value, because something else might be worth still more. But if you don't think it would be anything to give up—well, you're wrong, that's all. And if you think I'd give up a good part in that play of Carter's, for a man who despises me and my work—"

She discovered that she was shrieking that. She slammed the receiver on the hook and leaned shuddering against the wall.

If only Ted had been beside her—But Ted was down in Wall Street. Wearily she went back to her room, to dress up and make up for Joe Sirrine.

And Ted Briscoe, as he came up town in the subway, suspected that he had made an ass of himself.

So he got out of the subway at 50th Street; and two minutes later ran up a stairway, strode past Izzy the office boy, and walked into the presence of Louis Wallfish.

"My name's Briscoe," he announced. "I want to know if it's true that you're going to give Cressida Parr a good part in your next play."

"And what is that to you?" asked Wallfish blandly.

"We're engaged. My firm has sent me to Arkansas, and I want to take her with me. I don't believe she'll ever get anywhere as an actress, but because you keep telling her to come back next week she thinks she's got a future. And if she has—"

"She won't go to Arkansas with you?" Wallfish suggested.

"She's got to go! But if she has any prospects, I've been using the wrong arguments. I've told her she was a fool to keep on hoping; but you tell her to come back next week, and a man named Joe Sirrine tells her you're going to give her a good part in your next production—"

"Oh, he does, does he? I pick my own casts—not Joe Sirrine!" And then Wallfish looked out at the sunshine, chill but bright, that had come back to Broadway. "But as to Miss Parr," he said. "I don't know whether she has a future—I don't even know whether I have a future. But she has promise—yes, talent. And as for prospects—well, I tell you that if I produce Carter's play, she shall have a good part. . . . Unless," he added, "you take her by storm and carry her off to Arkansas."

"And that," Ted told him, "is precisely what I'm going to do. Let me use your phone! Without waiting for permission he leaned across and picked it up. "Circle 11291!" he snapped; then—"Miss Parr, please." He replaced the instrument and looked dully at Wallfish. "She's gone out to tea," he said. "Probably with—" He choked off the rest.

"Cheer up. She is the kind of girl who comes back for dinner."

"Dinner?" Ted cried. "But that's two hours! While I'm waiting—"

"While you are waiting," said Wallfish, "you had better go somewhere and have a drink. You need it. I would buy you one myself, but I have a date to meet a man over at the Park Lane at five o'clock."

"I guess you're right," Ted agreed. "If she—if she should happen to drop in, tell her she can find me at Armand's, on 48th Street."

He went out; and Wallfish, taking his hat and overcoat off the rack, caught the last of a vanishing grin on the face of Izzy, the office boy.

"Izzy!" he said severely. "Some day you will be a producer yourself, and maybe a better one than I am; so I will give you some advice for your future career. You know Cressida Parr; you have heard me talk to her, and about her. And now you think I am crazy. But I am not. It is all girls like her have got—this faith in themselves. Sometimes I think it is about all any of us have got. If she marries this boy, as I hope to God she does, it will always do her good to think how much she gave up for him; yes and it will keep him up on his toes, too. And if she doesn't marry him—well, this faith keeps her happy; it makes her a good trouper even if she is a bad actress. We must all keep up a front in this business, Izzy; remember that. You may double-cross men and women and get by with it; but you can't throw down the show business. . . . And if Joe Sirrine calls up, you tell him I want to see him."

Joe Sirrine must learn, he reflected as he went out to Broadway and hailed a taxi, that Louis Wallfish picks his own casts.

FROM the stream of automobiles speeding eastward on 48th Street toward the green light on the Broadway corner, a limousine drew out, and disembarked Joe Sirrine and Cressida Parr on the curb before Armand's.

"Come back at six-thirty," he told the chauffeur, "and take Miss Parr wherever she may want to go."

He had no doubt that by that time she would be willing to go back with him to his apartment.

Armand's iron grille opened as they stepped down into the areaway; a man and a woman came out. Sirrine knew them—a Mr. Ballard who had profited greatly from the bull market, a girl named Yvonne Something-or-Other who had profited greatly from Mr. Ballard.

"Goin' in?" Ballard asked. "We'll go with you. Buy the girls a li'l drink. Li'l drink never hurts a girl. Livens 'em up."

Over his shoulder, Sirrine saw disgust in Cressida's eyes.

"No, you two run along, Ballard. Miss Parr and I. . . ."

"Never mind where Miss Parr and you are goin' afterward. You can have a li'l drink first, can't you?"

Cressida shuddered; Sirrine tried to draw away. But just then a blond young

(*Continued on page 42*)

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A FRANK MESSAGE

To those men who want to wear RAYON UNDERGARMENTS — and don't dare

Have you worn inferior rayon underwear? Or have you heard that it is impractical---is fragile---falls apart in laundering---suffers easily broken threads---sags out of shape---doesn't hold colors?

Those faults were common to the first rayon undergarment production. And, regrettably, they continue to exist in the merchandise accepted by incautious retailers from incompetent or irresponsible makers.

BUT THOSE FAULTS *have been eliminated by manufacturers who follow right principles.* Today's rayon underwear, correctly knit and finished from the best of raw material obtainable, is revolutionizing men's underwear preferences.

CHAMPKNIT is the triumph of rayon specialists using advanced machinery and processes. It has been the outstanding leader in this new apparel field for nearly two years. It has set highest standards of perfection, bringing inimitable underwear joy to hundreds of thousands of men who are satisfied with nothing less than the best.

Skilled tailoring of smoothly soft and elastic fabric achieves supreme comfort and style. Never-clinging, airily cool, unrivaled luxury—and so much more! CHAMPKNIT laughs at laundry perils, holds its shape and colors, and wears and wears and wears. It is teaching men to demand underwear qualities found only with the CHAMPKNIT label. They are proud of its richly lustrous appearance. They appreciate its economy. They are amazed by its endurance. They can safely smile at the complaints by wearers of less worthy brands.

Or are you afraid of being suspected of effeminacy? Some men are, as amused haberdashers tell us. And women, thousands of fastidious misses and matrons, wear men's CHAMPKNIT gym shirts, shorts and union suits rather than the models actually designed for them. But so do traffic cops and other hard-boiled he-men.

Joe Ruddy, holder of more than seven hundred trophies in twenty-six fields of athletic endeavor, and including two Olympic championships, wears CHAMPKNIT. So does Tom Thorpe, football authority and referee. So do such famous golfers as Willie MacFarlane, Johnny Connell, Willie Klein and Tom Kerrigan. So do many of the brawniest men you meet in your travels.

Just forget your fears, try CHAMPKNIT and write us all about it. You'll be grateful enough to do that.

NORWICH KNITTING CO.
of Norwich, N. Y.

SALES OFFICES:
366 Broadway, New York City

Proof!

When---in club locker rooms, Pullman dressing rooms, or elsewhere---you hear a man speak of rayon underwear, ask him to tell you the name on the label.

If he condemns rayon, says it's unsatisfactory---refers to runs, to weakness in washing, to harsh feel, to fading colors or to other faults, the name will not be CHAMPKNIT.

If you listen to boasts of rayon advantages, its marvelous comfort and wearing qualities, the name, five out of six times, will be CHAMPKNIT.

Champknit

for Men, Young Men & Boys
WORTHY *of* CHAMPIONS

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Good-By, Broadway!

Continued from page 40

man came down into the areaway, and started to push past them toward the iron grille—and then halted, staring incredulously.

"Cress!" he cried. She turned to him in unconcealable relief; he caught her hands. The bibulous Ballard turned on him, red with rage.

"Here, you! Keep your hands off our women!"

"Your women?" Ted screamed furiously.

For what followed, Joe Sirrine could hardly be blamed. He wanted to knock Ballard down, but the girls were between them; and before he could hit Ballard Ted Briscoe had gone into action—but not against Ballard; against the man who had let Cressida be proclaimed his woman. Ted's fist smashed on Sirrine's nose; Sirrine staggered, he felt blood in his nostrils—and then he forgot everything but his pain and his chagrin. Ted had flung himself on him; but Sirrine blocked his wild swings with the cool masterfulness of the expert boxer; he drove into Ted, a directed whirlwind of lashing fists. Ted was rocked from side to side; he staggered, he went down. On the cold asphalt of the areaway, he lay still.

From the motionless cars that packed the street, halted by the red light on the Broadway corner, a dozen people looked out as Cressida gave one shrill despairing scream; Louis Wallfish, from the taxi that was taking him to the Park Lane, looked out in time to see her fall on her knees beside Ted. She looked up at Sirrine with the cold, proud defiance of a woman whose lover had done his best for her and himself—a best that was not good enough. . . . The red light turned green; the motionless cars leaped forward, sped on; Wallfish's taxi had passed Broadway before he came out of his trance and began to hammer on the closed window behind the driver.

"Hey! Hey! Stop! Let me out!" But the car had passed Seventh Avenue before the driver heard him and drew in to the curb. Wallfish flung him a dollar bill and turned back running. But the light had turned red again; and it isn't so easy to cross Broadway and Seventh Avenue against the traffic, at the rush hour. When at last he came back to the areaway in front of Armand's no one was in sight.

TED BRISCOE came out of his daze to find that he was in a taxi that had stopped in front of an old brownstone house. His eyes wouldn't open, there was blood in his mouth, his head and body ached in a dozen places. But somebody's arm was around him; somebody, warm and fragrant, was helping him out. Cressida.

She held him up on the sidewalk while she paid the driver; she helped him up a long flight of steps.

"Where are we going?" he muttered as she opened the door.

"Up to my room, darling. I'm going to take care of you. Don't worry, now; just hold on to me."

More stairs—they seemed endless; but at last she opened a door, he stumbled into the room and fell on the bed. She took off his overcoat, his coat, his collar; she bathed his face with witch hazel, cool and soothing; he breathed the stinging reek of smelling salts and sat up, his eyes half open at first.

"There!" she said cheerfully. "Feel better?"

"I never felt worse in my life!" he groaned. "To fight for you—and then let him lick me—"

"You needn't be ashamed of that; he's won all kinds of amateur boxing championships. The dirty coward! The low beast! I told him what he was, while I was getting you into the taxi! I'd have hit him myself, if I hadn't wanted to take care of you!"

"Then I—then I've done some good," he groaned. "Cress, if you were playing around with him because you thought he could help you . . .well, you don't need any help. . . . Cress, I owe you a million apologies. I've been a fool. I thought you'd never get anywhere—but I saw Wallfish this afternoon. He told me he picks his own casts—not Sirrine; and he promised me you'd get a good part if he puts on this piece of Carter's. He said you had talent. . . . So I don't blame you for not wanting to give up your career. I've been rotten about it because I didn't understand what it was worth. But now—"

"Yes?" said Cressida. "Now?"

"Well, I—I couldn't expect you to give up a prospect like that. But they won't keep me in Little Rock forever. And when I come back to town, and you've got your name in electric lights, I hope you'll let me see you, and—and—Well, maybe by that time you—"

She burst into sudden soft laughter.

"Ted, I'll never have my name in electric lights on Broadway."

"But you will! I tell you Wallfish said—"

SHE sat down beside him and put her arm around his shoulder.

"Darling, I'll never have my name in electric lights; because I'm going to Little Rock with you. My career— Well, I won't mind giving it up so much, now that I know I could really put myself over if I stayed here. But if you think I'd let you go off to Little Rock alone, where I wouldn't know what was happening to you— Oh, my dear, my dear! When you went down this afternoon, and I didn't know how badly you might be hurt, I didn't care about anything else, I knew then that the career I wanted was helping you."

"But I can't ask you to give up what Wallfish—"

"I don't know whether you can ask me or not, but you can't stop me from giving it up. I'm rather proud, Ted darling, that I can give up something worth while. Because now, you see—"

Now, indeed, he saw; his lips were cut and bruised, but he forgot that when Cressida kissed him.

Scowling and sullen, Sirrine came next day to Wallfish's office.

"I got blotto last night," he announced, "and when I came to this morning I found about twenty phone calls from you. What do you want?"

"I was trying to find out where I could reach Cressida Parr."

"The last I saw of Cressida Parr, the last I hope I ever see of her," said Sirrine viciously, "she was throwing that goofy lover of hers into a taxi. What did you want with her?" Wallfish sighed.

"Joe, I am a fool. I have made the mistake of my life. This girl was like a thousand others; but she had something."

"A lot," Sirrine agreed. "Including a most astonishing vocabulary."

"That is not all she had. You could get plenty of women, Joe, who are more attractive; yet there was something about her that made you want her. Something that made me think of peach blossoms, and a girl I used to meet in a peach orchard back in Sedalia. If she could do that to a couple of old-timers like you and me, Joe, she has got all we need for the first two acts of that play of Carter's. For the lead! She could walk through those first two acts, just being herself!"

"BUT the third act—" Sirrine began. "There too she could be herself! Joe, let her give such a scream as she gave when you knocked that boy out; let her look as she looked at you, let her fall back on her dead lover's body as she fell on him—Joe, she would be a smash! Oh, what I missed!"

"You can have her. I don't want her; but if she's as good as that somebody else will buy into Carter's. Call her up—"

"Do you think I haven't. But I missed her everywhere last night; and now she is gone. Joe—gone to Little Rock. . . . But maybe it is just as well," he finished with a sigh. "She wasn't acting, she was just being herself. And I could hardly have you beat up her lover in the wings every night, just so she would *let out that scream.*"

But when Sirrine had gone Louis Wallfish shook his head sadly; and presently he went out to the outer office, in time to catch the last of a vanishing smile on the face of Izzy, the office boy.

"Yes, Izzy, you are right," he admitted. "I ought to have been a rabbi. Then maybe I could have performed the marriage ceremony, and got a ten-dollar fee. I am likely to need ten dollars before long, if I go on pulling boners like that. . . . Izzy! Call up Mrs. Hoppner—Rinelander 12476. Ask her if she will come down this afternoon, to discuss with me the production of Second Ecstasy."

Believe it or Not! By Ripley

The English Poet—
THOMAS BLACKLOCK
WAS BLIND
YET HE WROTE DESCRIPTIVE POETRY LIKE THIS:
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The violet languish and the roses glow
In yellow glory let the crocus shine—
Narcissus here the love-sick head recline
Here hyacinths in purple sweetness rise
And tulips tinged with beauties fairest dye
AN UNTOUCHABLE
A human being whose very shadow will cause defilement to a high caste Hindu
GRAPES WITH RED WHISKERS!
Grown in the MONASTERY OF NOVE MIASTO Bohemia

And if you doubt it, Mr. Ripley will send details and proofs if you address him at Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City

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"Influences Business Leaders" "Gives Us Two Markets"

+ + +

FROM REMINGTON RAND—*in the business field*—"The editorial response to Collier's from business leaders guarantees the effectiveness of our Collier's advertising."

And the WHEELING STEEL CORPORATION—*in the building field*—"Collier's . . gives us a vast coverage of prosperous, alert home-owners, plus a large proportion of architects, engineers and plumbing contractors."

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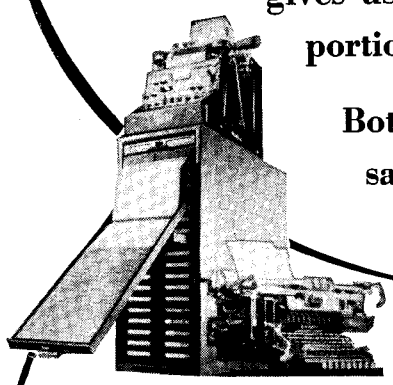

"Our present advertising campaign in Collier's presents a copy appeal that is strikingly in harmony with Collier's editorial appeal. Collier's is edited for fast-thinking, open-minded people who crave new ideas, new conveniences, new ways and means.

"Remington Rand advertising is written for men who crave new ideas for efficiency, new ways and means to emancipate themselves from the increasing details of business operation.

"The editorial response to Collier's from these men of action guarantees the effectiveness of our Collier's advertising. This advertising puts a tremendous force behind personal sales efforts—because it gets the consistently growing momentum which has attracted more than 1,900,000 readers to Collier's."

—REMINGTON RAND

"Upon investigation of the important weekly magazines, we found that Collier's quick advertising action has been repeatedly demonstrated by the results secured by leading advertisers in the building materials field.

"We further discovered that Collier's circulation among more than 1,900,000 families gives us a vast coverage of prosperous, alert, home-owners. Plus a large proportion of architects, engineers and plumbing contractors.

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—WHEELING STEEL CORPORATION

Collier's for Action!

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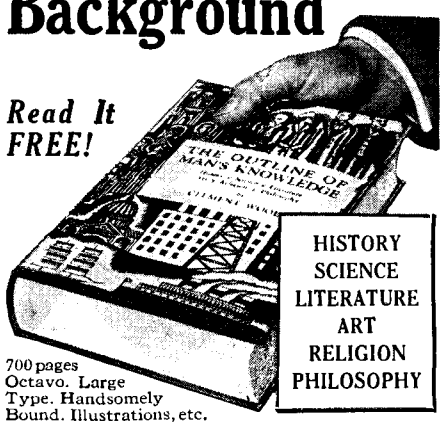

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Up against the Chains

Continued from page 9

among others—because they can buy cheaper. And they can buy cheaper because they buy in larger quantities. Very well, if one chain-store buyer can get bargain prices when he buys for a thousand stores, cannot a thousand small store owners hire one buyer to do the same thing for them by pooling their purchases? Of course they can. And they are doing it. There is nothing new in this. As long ago as 1886 in Philadelphia thirteen small grocers united to pool their soap orders. Of course they bought soap cheaper, and that gave them the idea of extending their coöperative buying to other articles. From that simple start we have in Philadelphia today two great groups of retail grocers, one of 1,200 members and the other of 1,400, who do most of their buying as units. Department stores, cigar stores, druggists, retailers of all kinds are now imitating this example and with very satisfactory results.

Of course if this goes forward with the chains buying direct from producers on one side and the retailers banded together to do the same thing on the other, it looks as if the wholesaler will get pushed out of the picture.

But the chain succeeds not merely because it is a bigger and a better buyer, but because it is a better seller. A good merchant must not only know how to buy cheap but what to buy. The immense waste and losses to small retailers and wholesalers through unintelligent selection of their goods is difficult to measure. If the huge volume of immovable, unsalable goods, lying behind department-store counters because of unintelligent buying, could be converted into cash at its face value it would deluge those stores with profits.

The Department of Commerce found in a leading wholesale house 2,100 different articles. In the warehouse of a great chain it found only 700. The chain-store managers knew from careful investigation that those 700 articles were all that were needed; that they could be handled with profit; and that those other 1,400 articles represented little-called-for, hence space- and profit-devouring items.

Easy-Going Slavery

Herbert Hoover made a similar discovery for manufacturers. He set his department to counting the styles of ladies' hats being manufactured in this country. He found that a fastidious lady, sufficiently finicky about the hat she wanted, could make her selection from among 3,000 different styles. Which would give us an excellent opportunity for a fling at our style-ridden sisters were it not that Mr. Hoover was able to count 4,000 kinds of men's hats.

The intelligent selection of items by the chain-store managers is characteristic of the whole business. Sites are chosen with equal shrewdness. The average small merchant picks a corner as well as he can and wherever he can get one and frequently without regard to the fact that there is another fellow on the opposite corner already having trouble enough getting along.

But the chain director entrusts his store to no such chance. He knows about sites. He knows the sort of places people will not buy in. A great drug chain, for instance, knows that ten per cent of the people who pass a drug store will enter and that sixty per cent of those who enter will buy something. Chain-site experts know that cities have gender—that cities like Pittsburgh, Akron, Gary and Youngstown are predominatingly masculine. That towns like Haverhill, Lynn, Lowell, Fall River are feminine. They know it does not pay to locate female specialty shops next to office buildings, that women shop on the shady side, that chain stores should keep away from banks—and a hundred other things.

They know above all that retail stores have leaks and that through these leaks the profits of business drip out as through a sieve. How to plug these leaks is one of the innumerable things which chain-store managers have learned as a part of that scientific management which they have brought to the business. The old-time retail store was the most unscientific thing in the world. For the merchant himself it was, and in many cases still is, a sort of easy-going slavery with its interminable hours. It was without order or design.

Around this lordly if muddled proprietor the great problems of distribution rose and swarmed and clamored. But he heard them not. Industry was developing. Production was making amazing strides toward cheaper and more efficient operation. But in spite of that in the end the goods produced had to flow to the little retail store. It was like building a huge modern pump for driving more and more water through the mains but keeping the old, small, leaky outlets. The merchant drudged in his store and perhaps lived over it. He never knew how much he made or where his losses originated. He charged his customers all he could get without getting any corresponding advantage for himself. Against the rise of the new merchandising the old-fashioned shopkeeper is waging an up-hill fight. Will he perish? The answer is by no means simple. In some lines his fight is a hopeless one, but for many years to come certainly there are trades in which the independent storekeeper will continue to exist—but only the intelligent and keenly alive storekeeper.

In Oskaloosa, Iowa, an independent store owner heard that one of the great chains was to locate in his town. Instead of attempting to stop it or becoming frightened he organized a welcome. In another city nearby another independent storekeeper, hearing that the J. C. Penney Company was trying to locate in his town and was having difficulty in getting a site, offered to lease a part of his property. These men believed that progressive merchandising organizations would attract customers into town and they would be able to get their share. It will probably be a long time before independent merchants of this type are eliminated.

Five Billion Dollars

It must be remembered, however, that large numbers of independent merchants do not measure up to the exacting standard of modern business. The Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company has 17,000 groceries. It would take perhaps 20,000 independent grocers to serve the customers who deal in these 17,000 stores. Among the 20,000 independents there would be a number of merchants who would be able to operate their stores as efficiently as the A. & P. The trouble is, however, that the number would be small, leaving the great majority of these 20,000 independent groceries in the hands of inefficient managers. Only the fit will survive and they will have to be very fit indeed.

Many people make the mistake of supposing that the chain store has simply eliminated the wholesaler. As a mat-

Professor Movem, the chess expert, has just dropped his wife's biscuits on the new linoleum

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ter of fact it has not. It simply takes over his functions and performs them more efficiently. As a result, while the overhead of the wholesaler and the retailer runs to about thirty per cent, the overhead for the same services in the chain does not exceed eighteen per cent. And the chains are cutting this all the time.

The many unnecessary moves made by goods on their way to the consumer have exaggerated the cost of merchandising. But strangely enough one of the costliest elements has been not the moves but the pauses. After goods got to the old-fashioned retail merchant they remained with him too long. He put money into his stock and let it rest there for months. When a merchant buys a dollar's worth of goods and then sells that dollar's worth, he is said to "turn over" his money or stock. The old merchants turned their stock over two, three, four times a year. The chain store has changed all that. It will turn its stock over from ten to fifty times a year. This is one of the great achievements of the chain and one of the principal reasons for its low selling prices.

Bigness at a Premium

The net result of all this is that every time a citizen steps into a chain store and spends a dollar he saves from fifteen to twenty cents. And as chain stores now do a business of around $5,000,000,000 in this country this means money in pocket to the American people of not less than $750,000,000.

One of the forces which the independents have banked on in their battle against the chains is their own numerical strength. That always weighs heavily with law-makers. But what they overlook is the fact that already perhaps there are more people interested in chain stores than in independent stores. For in addition to the large number of employees in the chains, there is a growing army of stockholders and bondholders.

In the early days the chains were owned by individuals—usually keen, forward-looking merchants who started in business with a single small store and then opened a second and a third out of store earnings until good-sized chains grew up. A few partners became associated with them, but for all practical purposes their institutions were individually owned.

But the chains are now entering a new phase. Woolworth is dead. So is Hartford, founder of the A. & P. Others like Penney and Butler and Reeves have become enormously wealthy and have retired to the comparative calm of chairmanships of their boards. Now the chain organizations are passing into the hands of great corporations with their stock, like that of the manufacturing corporations, in the hands of thousands of security holders.

This was a natural development. This is an age of money. There is a huge volume of it washing up on the shores of every likely business. It is like a swift, rushing stream, flowing through commercial America. Any good financial engineer knows how to harness it, hitch his business to it and be drawn forward. It is also the age of bigness. The banker has been able to show the chain-store merchant that if he can open a dozen stores a year out of his store's earnings he can open a hundred or a thousand a year by incorporating, issuing stock and selling it to the public. As a result we see chains talking about ambitious programs of hundreds of new stores, thousands of new stores in a single year.

At the same time the inevitable is taking place. Little chains are slowly melting together into larger ones and these units are forming into still bigger ones. As far back as 1912 Woolworth began it. At that time, Woolworth had 318 stores; Knox had 112, Kirby 96, Charlton 53, C. S. Woolworth 15, W. H. Morre 2. Woolworth gathered them all into the first huge chain of 518 stores. In 1917 a group of five large chains headed by the Acme Tea Co. united and formed an immense system of 1,223 stores named the American Stores Co. Last year the National Tea Co. swallowed a number of smaller chains, adding 400 outlets to its string in a year. The Walgreen Co.—a drug chain—started 1927 with 106 stores. At the end of the year, by a series of consolidations, it had 200 stores. The Happiness Candy Stores took over the Mirror Stores. The United Cigar Company took over the Happiness Candy Stores. A great holding company has taken over the United Cigar Stores and other units, and all sorts of rumors connect the names of the United and Schulte. In the last few months the Kroger Grocery Company has absorbed no less than ten medium-sized chains and now has 5,000 stores.

All this is in obedience to what seems almost a law in modern business organization. The tendency is for business to pass more and more into the hands of fewer and larger and more powerful corporations. But there is another force at work which seems also to operate with the inevitableness of a law. While the ownership of business tends to be concentrated in the hands of fewer great corporate owners, the ownership of the corporations tends to become diffused among a larger number of stockholders.

That is what is happening to the chains. These stores once in the hands of a few thrifty individuals are now the basis of hundreds of millions of shares of stock owned by perhaps hundreds of thousands of investors and the process of distribution is proceeding all the time.

Not only have the original founders and their immediate associates made large profits out of their chain-store ventures but persons who bought stock intelligently were richly repaid. The first offering of Kresge shares was in 1912. An investor who purchased 100 shares of that common stock in 1912 at $45 a share and exercised his subsequent subscription privilege, has seen his investment grow to 6,160 shares valued now at more than $400,000. In addition to this he has collected in those sixteen years dividends of $39,529.

Bad Years for Prophets

During our raging bull market, while automobile and other market leaders were enjoying the spotlight, chain-store stocks revealed the favor in which they are held by the public. Woolworth common priced at 117 last year went first to 175 and then to 225. Kresge stock rose from 45 to 75. Kroger Co. priced at 73 early in 1928 was at 132 when the year ended.

We may therefore expect to see the policy of the public financing of the chains proceed at a swifter rate than ever. In 1923 one of the leading chain executives said that he believed the chains had about reached the end of their period of greatest development. He thought this because he was convinced that the independents had waked up, that they would now begin to fight the chains with their own weapons and that, therefore, while the chains would go forward it would be at a slower pace. This has been a bad five or six years for the prophets. And this particular prophet has fared about as badly as any. The chains have multiplied in these five years almost as much as in the whole preceding forty years of their history. And they have only scratched the surface.

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Who killed Montague Brest?

Continued from page 7

breathless; Holland Gordon, the novelist, his thin, esthetic face drawn into intense furrows.

They were all old members of the club, men of repute, and to be trusted. The little man who had cast this bombshell into their midst raised his glass and drank slowly of its contents. It was as the glass left his lips that the amazing thing happened. There was seen something like a flash of lightning, dimly heard the singing sound of a bullet. The glass was shattered into a thousand pieces. The little man gave one groan, and fell backwards in his chair —dead.

JASPER SLANE, seated in the smoking-room of his Hampstead residence a few mornings later, glanced from the card which he held in his hand to the young lady in black clothes, who had just been ushered in. Perhaps because he saw that she had violet eyes, and was on the point of tears, he rose quickly to his feet, and placed a chair for her by the side of his desk.

"Miss Brest?" he repeated. "You must forgive me if I find the name interesting. Am I to understand that you were related in any way to the young man who—to Montague Brest?"

"I was his sister."

There was a momentary silence. The girl was very pretty and very distressed. Sir Jasper could see the tears dimming her eyes, and he decided that perhaps speech was best.

"Everyone was so sorry to hear of the tragedy of your brother's death," he ventured compassionately. "He was likely to have done so well."

"He was very clever," she agreed, "but he was always very nervous about his position. He was good at Chinese, and a great many of the Indian dialects, but he knew very little Afghanistan and Tibetan."

"I see," Jasper Slane murmured. "Well, I wonder who does? Now, my dear young lady," he went on, "I should like you to feel that you are with a friend. Tell me in your own way, just as you please, why you have come to me."

She sighed.

"I had to come to see someone," she told him, speaking almost in a whisper. "I dared not go to the police. I have heard that you are so clever in arranging things just outside the law. That is why I came to you."

"Capital!" he declared. "You shall have my help, if help is possible. Don't hurry. Tell your story your own way, and in your own time."

"How kind you are," she murmured. "Well, on that awful night, Montague brought home, as he used to sometimes, a manuscript from the Foreign Office to translate. Directly he opened his case, I heard him groan. It was in Tibetan."

"Hard luck!" Jasper commiserated. "What did he do about it?"

"He telephoned at once for a friend," she confided. "You know that is against regulations, and he made me promise upon my honor that, whatever happened, I would never let anyone know that he had shown the document to anyone else."

"I see," Jasper Slane reflected. "So that was why you gave no evidence at the inquest."

"That was why," she admitted. "It may have been wrong of me, but I kept my word to the dead. Besides, when the inquest upon Monty was held, nothing had happened to the other man—his friend. I knew that Monty was alive and well, even happy, after he had left, so you see there didn't seem any reason why I should not keep my word and forget his visit."

"Precisely," Slane assented. "Well, to continue. The friend came, and what happened about the manuscript?"

"He was very interested. He took it away, and promised a translation within three days."

"And the name of the man?"

"It was Mark Odane, who was murdered at the Lavender Club two days ago," she replied, in an awe-stricken tone.

Slane was very grave indeed.

"This is a very serious affair, Miss Brest," Slane said.

"I know that it is," she acquiesced. "That is why I felt that I must not keep my promise to Monty any longer. I know, of course, why he asked me to make it. You are never allowed to let a document pass into anyone else's hands. Now Mr. Odane took that manuscript away with him."

"Has no one from the Foreign Office been to you to ask for it?"

"Of course. A gentleman came down with the police before anything had been touched. I think they took it for granted that it had been stolen by the man who murdered Monty. As a matter of fact, I know that it wasn't. I know that Mr. Odane took it away with him."

"That Tibetan document seems to have been badly wanted by someone," Slane reflected. "Miss Brest, I am afraid your story will have to go to the police."

"If you think it ought to," she assented with a little sigh.

She looked at him wistfully.

"Will they do anything to me for not telling the truth the first time?" she asked timidly.

"Nothing whatever," he assured her. "I'll keep you out of it altogether if I can. From the police point of view I think it was an excellent thing that you didn't give your evidence at the inquest."

She almost smiled as she bade him good-by.

"You have been so kind to me," she said gratefully. "Thank you very much."

WHEN she had gone, Sir Jasper Slane rang the bell.

"Densham," he directed the young man who answered it, "get down to Scotland Yard as quickly as you can, and bring back Inspector Stimpson. If he is not in, wait for him. You understand?"

"Perfectly, sir," the young man assented. "But here is Mr. Stimpson. He has been waiting to see you."

Slane pushed the boy out of the room, and dragged Stimpson in.

"A coincidence!" he exclaimed. "I was just sending for you. Sit down."

He almost forced his visitor into a chair.

"Listen," he enjoined. "The Brest murder case—here it is, made simple for the young—a kindergarten. Brest took home with him from the Foreign Office a document for purposes of translation. That was his job there—a specialist in Oriental languages. He found that it was in Tibetan. He failed to make sense of it, and he sent for Odane, who is supposed to have every Asiatic language at his fingertips. Odane found it none too simple, and took it away with him.

"Later on, Montague Brest was murdered, and his study ransacked. No result. Odane completes the translation, and on his way to keep an appointment at the Foreign Office on Tuesday night dines at the Lavender Club. He hears us talking about the Brest murder. He is a recent member of the Club, and as yet without any standing there. The chance of creating a sensation is too great for him. The key to the murder lies in the dispatch forwarded from the authorities in India, the translation of which he has now just completed. He is on the point of enlightening us all, when what happens? He is shot by someone outside in the street.

"Listen, Stimpson. Do you know who opened the window? Of course you don't. I was there, thanks to you. I saw it. It was Le Bretton, the explorer. . . . No, don't interrupt me yet. Just get this into your mind. Le Bretton returned only six months ago from Tibet."

"But Le Bretton—Colonel Le Bretton —he is a very distinguished man!" the detective remonstrated. "They say that he is to be knighted as soon as his book comes out. He was received at Buckingham Palace a few weeks ago."

"QUITE so," Slane assented irritably. "It seems a ridiculous situation, doesn't it? On the other hand, just get the facts into your head. They send us from India a dispatch arrived from Tibet. It is taken home for translation by a young official who is murdered. He had no other possessions of value, so it is obviously the document that was wanted. That document has been handed on to another man who is also murdered. You will regard it, I presume, as a coincidence," Slane concluded sarcastically, "that Colonel Le Bretton was in the room when the second murder took place, that the murder itself was committed just as Odane was about to reveal to us the nature at least of the document, and that it was Le Bretton himself who opened the window which facilitated the murder."

"Do you think he could have had any idea of disclosing information contained in the document if it concerned Le Bretton in any way," Stimpson asked shrewdly, "while Le Bretton himself was of the party?"

"I don't think that he knew Le Bretton from Adam," Slane replied. "He was a very new member, and Le Bretton is a very occasional visitor."

"All this is very interesting as the foundation for a theory," Stimpson admitted, after a few moments' reflection, "but there's nothing definite in it, is there? You can't expect me, for instance, to arrest Colonel Le Bretton."

"Whoever spoke of arresting him?" Jasper Slane demanded. "Your job now is not to do any promiscuous arresting, but to try and discover the whereabouts of the translated document, which Odane probably had with him the night he was shot."

"I'll get to work on that," Stimpson promised. "Tell me, as a matter of curiosity, where did you get your information from?"

"Privileged for the present," Slane replied. "When it becomes necessary, you shall know the whole truth."

Slane had something of a shock when he glanced at the card which was brought in to him one afternoon toward the end of the week. There it was, however, in black and white:

COLONEL LE BRETTON

TRAVELERS' CLUB

LENDALE HOUSE

NORFOLK

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"The gentleman is waiting outside, sir," the clerk announced.

"He can come in," Slane decided, after a moment's hesitation.

Le Bretton entered the room, carrying his hat and stick in his hand. His dark serge suit was exceedingly well-cut, his linen and tie well-chosen—a presentable-looking person enough he might have seemed but for that disfiguring scar which gave an ugly twist to his lips, even in repose.

"Hope I'm not bothering you, Slane," he apologized. "The fact of it is I made up my mind just on impulse that I'd like to have a few minutes' chat with you."

"There's no one I'd rather have seen just now," Slane acknowledged. "It's an odd thing, but I was thinking of you not ten minutes ago. Do sit down."

Le Bretton relapsed into a chair and leaned back in the manner of one thoroughly at his ease.

"You were there that night at the Lavender Club," he began. "That's really what made me think of coming to you. You saw what happened. I feel in a way rather stupidly responsible because I opened the window—not that I think that made any real difference. The fellow had already asked for Odane and was waiting for him in the street, when he noticed that the window was open, and took what he thought was a better chance. Have you any theory about that murder, Sir Jasper?"

Slane smiled.

"I say, are you consulting me professionally?" he asked, with apparent carelessness.

"As a matter of fact, I am," Le Bretton replied. "At any fee you like to name, in reason. I can generally think clearly enough for myself, but just now I admit I am bothered. There's no doubt that Brest was murdered by someone who wanted to get hold of a document he brought home from the Foreign Office. He didn't get it, because Brest had already passed it on to this little fellow Odane, who was a kind of pal of Brest, as I dare say you know, and who often helped him with his translations. Odane went on with his job after Brest had been killed, and was on the way to the Foreign Office with the translation—had it actually in his possession—when he was shot."

SLANE sat watching his companion who smoked thoughtfully for a moment or two before he continued:

"Nothing of importance was found upon Odane when he was searched, but no one thought of his mackintosh until afterward. That, for some reason or other, he had hung on the same peg as mine. I suppose we both started in that shower. The mackintoshes were as nearly as possible identical, and when I got home I found a bulky envelope in the pocket. I drew it out, and looked at it. There was no address. That being so, what would you have done, Sir Jasper?"

"I suppose I should have opened it," Slane admitted.

"I think that anyone would," Le Bretton agreed. "At any rate I did, and you can imagine what a shock I received when the first thing I saw in the middle of the first page of the document was my own name."

"Ah!" Slane murmured.

"I read the document through," Le Bretton continued. "It may have been wrong, but that is what I did. Since then I have found myself placed in a very difficult and awkward situation. That is why I have come to you for advice."

Slane seemed to have retired behind the mask of a strange and stony repression. His face had lost all its human lines. No sign of sympathy or understanding shone from his eyes.

"With the authorities at Tibet, I might explain," Le Bretton went on, "I am on evil terms. They have accused me, or rather two members of my expedition for whom I am held responsible, of having stolen large quantities of jewels and the sacred Buddha from the Holy Temple of Lhassa. I may tell you that none of these are practicable exploits for any sane man.

"That dispatch if properly translated and read at the Foreign Office would have done me a lot of harm. I tore it up."

Slane leaned a little forward in his chair. There was a lump under the carpet, and his foot pressed it—once, twice, three times.

"You have come to me for my advice," he said. "Very well, I will give it to you. I should surrender to the police at once."

Le Bretton half rose to his feet. His eyes were aflame, his mouth more crooked than ever.

"What the devil do you mean?" he demanded. "What have I got to surrender to the police for? Why, I was in the room when Odane was shot from the street, and the night when Montague Brest was murdered I was speaking before the Royal Geographical Society."

SLANE opened one of the drawers of his desk, and drew out a slip of paper.

"I have been interesting myself a little in your affairs," he said. "Your record of your movements on those nights is quite correct, but three out of the eighteen members of your expedition—I have a list of their names here—are living in the neighborhood of your house in Highgate, and have been concerned in some very interesting little exploits lately. Wolf, without a doubt the actual murderer of poor Brest and Odane, was arrested this morning.

"Your intelligence department is pretty good, I have no doubt, Colonel Le Bretton," Slane continued, "but it has had one slip-up. Odane was on his way to the Foreign Office when he dined at the Lavender Club, but the substance of his translation had already been in the hands of the Foreign Office since the afternoon. From what I gather, the charges against you and the members of your expedition seem to have been a great deal more serious than your own account of them, and there is a packet of rubies on offer in London which has already been identified."

Le Bretton drew from his waistcoat pocket a battered silver box, opened the lid, and balanced a small black pill between his thumb and forefinger.

"You are certainly a man of some intelligence, Slane," he remarked. "Overzeal on the part of my followers—that is what I must suffer for. You see, Wolf's name was mentioned in that dispatch more than once. It was he who cut the Priest's throat, and brought the jewels away. All the same, I suppose I shall have to accept the responsibility. How long have I?"

"Only a few seconds," Slane said. "Detective Stimpson with his men are downstairs."

Le Bretton swallowed the pill, and tossed the box across to Slane.

"Everyone who travels in countries where torture is rather the fashion has to carry these," he confided. "You lead an adventurous life yourself, Slane. You may find one useful some day."

"The Little Marquis," another Sir Jasper Slane story by E. Phillips Oppenheim, will appear in an early issue.

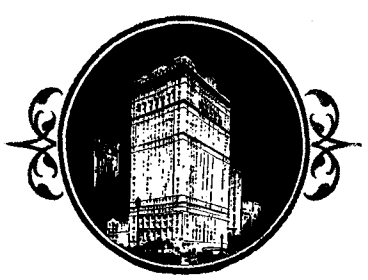
G O O D N I G H T

The Book-Cadillac Hotel
ON WASHINGTON BOULEVARD
THE STREET OF FINE SHOPS
DETROIT

Good night

Snug in bed. The world locked out. He sinks under great disorderly billows of clean, warm and white sheets, sheets piled over with woolly, warm blankets and he turns and turns and sings and dreams and whistles and smiles and *reads in bed.* He hasn't turned out the light, *yet;* they say men don't, usually, until they've prolonged pleasant ways, until they've nibbled and savoured the soft, sleepy beds, like a cake. The beds *are* wonderful beds . . . The wise of earth, the cosmopolite, *youth*, ineffable lovely women, Statesmen, men who dream in millions, writers, actors, painters, *these* are our guests, these your neighbors. Come, when you can, for it is all interesting, so pleasant, and the beds are so soft, restful, and they're as *sleepy* as a *winter's night.* See you soon? *Good night!*

THE BOOK-CADILLAC HOTEL
Carl M. Snyder, Managing Director
DETROIT



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Mi Choice

The Perfect Gift

PERHAPS it is the formal dignity of the package itself with its sophisticated ribbons and dainty seals. Perhaps it's the smooth chocolate coatings—or the luscious, different fillings—a surprise in every piece. But probably the whole perfect ensemble is the biggest reason Mi Choice is the socially correct Gift of Gifts.

Your dealer has the famous Mi Choice Package in one, two, three and five pound sizes. If not, send the coupon and $1.50 for the one pound Mi Choice or 25c for an attractive Miniature Sample Package packed with pieces that have made Mi Choice world famous.

BUNTE BROTHERS, 3327 Franklin Boulevard
Makers of fine chocolates since 1876 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
NEW YORK DETROIT MILWAUKEE
LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO

Bunte WORLD FAMOUS CANDIES

BUNTE BROTHERS, 3327 Franklin Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

☐ I enclose $1.50 for a one pound Mi Choice package.

☐ I enclose 25c for the miniature Mi Choice sample package.

Name.....

Address..... *City*.....

Dealer's Name.....

The Somebody Man

Continued from page 15

"You tawkin' f'm de tongue, now son," she told him. "But you got somethin' on yo' heart you ain't telled me. Tell, it, son."

Bubber fanned about, trying to convince himself that he was talking straight about Lillie, but finally he went into his heart and found words. "When she kittened up to Champ," he admitted sorrowfully, "I felt like my heart was a marble stone. And when she give me de go-by when I sung at her, well, hit was like she done tromped my heart in de dirt wid her feet."

Aunt Sookie laughed noiselessly. "You got love, son," she explained. "Pyore love. She done change yo' mind."

BUBBER went to bed, but his mind was disrupted by too many conflicting ideas to get much sleep. He swore to his soul that he did not love Lillie, or any other woman. He pointed out to himself that life was pleasanter for him, living alone and minding his own in the usual way. But his heart ached like a broken tooth and it hung heavy in his breast like a solid rock.

It took days—long, weary days, when hunger pinched at his insides while food tasted like sawdust in his mouth—for Bubber to get it straight in his mind. Aunt Sookie had spoken truthful words. Bubber had love for Lillie. He admitted it to himself, now. He even convinced himself that it was a fact, in spite of strong counter-knowledge that it wasn't true.

He bought a new bed at the store and expiated the sin of singing the sin song, and he "turned his pure love" on Lillie as best he could in the field. Silently, of course. He hoped the invisible rays from his bruised heart would penetrate her soul and fire it with love for him.

But it didn't. She kept right on flirting and sweet-talking with Champ, just as though Bubber was a nobody.

Lillie had forgotten all about Bubber and his good commissary credit. Champ took up all her time, that big, good-looking scoundrel, with his jokes and sweet talk.

And Lillie gave him back as good as she got. She had a fast tongue, too.

Through it all Bubber suffered heroically. Day after day he "turned his pure love" on Lillie—staring at her sorrowfully, silently. And Lillie never paid him any mind.

Then, when Bubber's spirits were lowest, and the grass was thickest in the crop, and every hand on the place who could hold a plow or drag a hoe was in the field fighting to save the cotton, Champ disappeared.

There was talk. A man hadn't ought to do like that. A man ought to stay until the grass was whipped; not run around. Words flew from hoe to hoe and from plow to plow.

Lillie heard the talk in silence. Champ was good company, all right, but a girl must be careful around a fast-talking no-good who wouldn't work. She pondered the matter until the middle of the afternoon, and then she remembered Bubber.

She waited until he was about to drive past with his scraper and began singing in the slow, steady tempo of her chopping:

When you got Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday-y-y-y,
Thur-r-r-r-r-sday, Friday, Saddidy too—
Ain't it a shame to love a deacon on Sunday,
Ain't it a shame; Lawd, ain't it a shame!

Bubber's heart bounded like a rabbit in the fence row! He could hardly believe what he had heard! Of course he wasn't a deacon, but he was the nearest thing to a deacon in the field. He didn't stop his mule to make a joke with her because he couldn't think of any jokes to say, right at that time.

But by the time he drove to the end of the row and back he had a plan. He sang:

Treat me right, baby, give you a brand new bed.
Give you a feather pillow to rest yo' weary head.

Lillie stopped hoeing and smothered a giggle—not so completely that Bubber couldn't hear part of it.

"Ain't you ashame', Deacon," she accused, "singin' a sin song at me like dat?"

Bubber stopped his mule and grinned at her.

"Dat ain't no sin song, baby," he said. "I done buyed dat bed and got her sot up in my house."

"Naw!"

"Aw, yeah." Bubber was surprised at the amount of swagger he was putting on his words. "When I makes up my mind I wants somethin', well, all I got to do is tell de man at de store, and I gits hit."

"Sho'nuff!" Lillie affected surprise and delight. "Ain't you a sight, jest tellin' de man what you want!"

Bubber purposely ignored her remark, and turned to his mule. "Rock away, baby," he told the mule. "Dat good-lookin' gal liable to change my mind, ef'n me and you stays hyar."

Bubber walked on air for another round. Aunt Sookie was right. He was the best man for a husband on the place! He was a somebody! The pleasant knowledge made him even bolder.

"Lillie," he called with complete confidence.

"What you say, Deacon?" she replied.

"I ain't no deacon, yit," Bubber explained, honestly.

Lillie giggled, "Naw?" She was acting kittenish, and Bubber knew it. "Well, drive on. Cause I'm tawkin' to a deacon."

"I'm mighty nigh a deacon."

"Mighty nigh won't do," Lillie insisted. "De man I love got to be a pyore deacon."

Bubber knew she didn't mean that. She was just making a joke with him. Her words were wrong but her voice was right.

"Listen, gal," he told her. "What you say I and you ups and gits married? Hunh?"

THE proposal was made across eight rows of cotton and in the presence of a dozen or so men and women, but it was no matter to Bubber or to Lillie. Lillie giggled and twisted.

"Marry wid you?" she repeated with assumed scorn. "You 'bout de ugliest man I ever seed."

Bubber was too full of confidence to let that bother him. "You ain't so purty yo'ownse'f," he countered. "Did you put dat lantern-jaw face er yo'n over dat new cook stove which I'm gonter buy you, well you'd put de fire out."

"You gonter buy me a stove, too?" she talked as though the idea was incredible.

"Yeah." Generosity swelled Bubber's veins. "And one er dem pink china lamps dat costs three dollars and six bits down at de store, too, maybe."

"Go on, Deacon," Lillie giggled. "You jest tryin' to change my mind. I swear! Hit's gittin' so a gal ain't got no chance when a man like you come around, tellin' her what he gonter buy her! Cluck det jackass on down de row befo' you changes my mind!"

Bubber clucked Starlight on down the row. He was very proud of himself. He had changed Lillie's mind, all right, right before everybody. They were engaged, right at that minute! After all Aunt Sookie had been right. He was a somebody!

The rest of the afternoon Bubber was too happy enjoying what had happened to exchange more words with Lillie. And that night, while he ate great mountains of food, he recounted it all to Aunt Sookie.

"I sweet-talked her so hard," he declared, "she jest plum forgot ole Champ."

"Dat's good, Bubber," she told him. "Dat's mighty good, and I'm glad you gonter git married up." She began clearing the table of dishes and scraps of food. "Cou'se," she added a trifle sadly, "dem two bitses you been payin' me to come in and git yo' grub do come in mighty handy to buy snuff wid. But I don't mind dat a-tall, son. Not a-tall."

THE words were good words but they struck Bubber's ears like a sledge hammer. Of course when he married up with Lillie he wouldn't need Aunt Sookie to come in and fix his meals. It was a pure fact. He just hadn't thought about that part of it. His eyes swept the kitchen furtively. At that very minute, Aunt Sookie was putting the fried side meat into the little black pan on the back of the stove where Bubber could find it in the morning. As soon as that was done, she would put the four squares of hoecake into the oven. And then the dry rice would go into the little crock bowl. All exactly where he could put his hands on it in the dark, the next morning. It had been just like that for a long time. Lillie would want to change it.

"I might c'd learn her to do dat," he speculated hopefully. And then, sadly, "and I might couldn't." Joy left him. He was too sad.

He got his hat and started to leave, but Aunt Sookie stopped him.

"You better put on yo' Sunday best," she admonished. "Dat ain't no way to go cou'tin' at yo' gal—in yo' workin' clothes."

Bubber hadn't thought of going courting anybody, but since Aunt Sookie mentioned it, probably it was the thing that was expected of him. So he changed into his best clothes and sauntered down to Rucker's house, where Lillie was boarding.

He was tired and worried, and he wanted to be alone. But Lillie babbled and talked.

Soon, other people began coming in to congratulate both Bubber and Lillie, and the first thing anybody knew, a regular party was in progress.

At first, Bubber tried to enjoy being in the spotlight. But it wasn't any fun. He was tired and sleepy, and the racket bored him. He studied and studied, and finally thought he had a pretty good plan to escape.

"I got to git along," he announced. "I got to go chunk up my fire."

"Let's all go help Bubber chunk up he fire," shouted Lillie, and there was nothing for it but that the whole crowd come along.

At Bubber's house, the party rapidly got worse. Someone brought in a jug of blackberry wine to celebrate the en-

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gagement, and someone else went raiding in the kitchen to find some food to go with the wine. Bubber did not like that a bit, but he couldn't say anything. He was too sad listening to Lillie tell the other women how she was going to change things in the house when she came to live there. "Y'all won't know dis ole shack when I gits done wid hit," she declared.

Bubber groaned. His house didn't need all of that stuff, and he knew it. In fact, the idea was rapidly forming in his mind that it did not even need Lillie.

IT WAS well past midnight when the party broke up, and Bubber went to bed. The new springs bounded him about so he couldn't hardly sleep.

"Dog gone ole Lillie," he grumbled. "Dog gone ev'ything I kin think of." He tossed a few more times without satisfaction. "And dog gone a heap er things I can't think of," he added, before he finally went to sleep.

Everybody was late to the field next morning. And sleepy. Lillie did not even show up. The word was that she was sick.

At noon, when Bubber came in for dinner, Aunt Sookie was hot.

"Hit was good-timin' hyar last night?" Her voice was more of a threat than a question. "And hyar I been tawkin' you for a deacon, too! Look at dat empty jug! I bet ef'n B'r Leek knowed about dis you'd git churched instid er deaconized."

"Hit was dat dam' Lillie—"

"Yeah, ole Adam!" snorted Aunt Sookie. "Blame hit on de gal."

Bubber knew it was Lillie's fault and he was cut by Aunt Sookie's words. "Her fault er mine," he said defiantly, "I don't like her and I ain't gonter marry her."

"Naw?" Aunt Sookie wheeled on him. "How you gonter he'p yo'se'f?"

Bubber didn't know but he insisted he wasn't going to marry her.

"You fixin' to git put plum out'n de church," Aunt Sookie declared. "You done got engaged to dat gal, on yo' own free will, and ef'n you don't marry her you'll be doin' a lie." She slammed a plate of greens on the table in front of him. "And de Lawd sho' hates a liar."

It was no good. Bubber experienced pure misery all afternoon. And it was clear that Lillie was the cause of it all. He absolutely hated her.

But he couldn't get away, now. When he got home from work that night, she was sitting on a stump in front of his house. "Hit's gonter be good-timin' at Rucker's tonight," she informed him. "Hurry up and git dressed up."

"I ain't had me no supper yit—"

"Don't need none," Lillie told him.

"I'm tired, too; I been workin."

"De funnin' make you forgit how tired you is. Hurry up."

Bubber hated the sight of Lillie, but he hated to argue with her even more, so he gave in.

The good time at Rucker's started off tamely enough. It was to be a formal "engagement party," after the fashion of the informal one the night before. There was a jug of blackberry wine, and a lot of young people who sat around and tried to make jokes. But the party was dull. Some of the guests yawned; others wandered off. Bubber made a move to go, too, but immediately there were protests. "A 'gagement to-do widout de man," protested Rucker, "would be plum daid. You got to stay. You and Lillie. Y'all is de main squeeze, son."

Bubber felt a trifle better since his personal importance had been recognized. "S'posin' ev'ybody sing us a song, den," he suggested, and he led out:

Ain't it a shame to good-time on Sunday—

But the song got off to an unenthusiastic start, and it would have died of ennui had not a disturbance at the door killed it.

"Wha's ev'ybody settin' round hyar singin' for? Why, ain't somebody dancin' some? Somebody wid good hands git over yonder and drum on de door, cause I'm full er fun and I feels like struttin'."

It was Champ. He walked into the room and assumed complete charge. Cries of "Hy-dy Champ, whar you been at?" chorused from the women, and Champ held up a protesting hand.

"Don't never ax me whar I been at," he admonished. "De main thing is, hyar I am." He pulled a sizable wad of bills from his pocket. "And loaded down wid change," he added.

Bubber was indignant. "You been at de sawmill, gamblin'!" he accused.

"Cou'se I been at de sawmill, gamblin'," Champ confirmed. "And dat ain't but ha'f er whar I been. I been winnin' dem sawmill boyses' money, too." He looked around. "Boy, start dat drummin' on de door, I aims to step some. Come on out hyar, Lillie, and step wid me."

Lillie, grinning warmly, started to get up and Bubber grabbed her. He was outraged. "Gal!" he shouted. "You ain't aimin' to dance! And wid dat gamblin' man!"

Lillie looked from Bubber to Champ. Bubber was fuming and foaming; Champ was standing in the middle of the floor, big, easy, confident, with his hand full of money and his body swaying gracefully to the beating that already had started. Lillie's eyes told Bubber of her decision.

"Well, go on, den," Bubber yelled at her. "But you can't marry me, cause I ain't got no time for no dancin' woman."

"Aw, go on, Nobody," put in Champ. "Ain't nobody studdin' what you ain't gonter do. Come on, Lillie."

"Nobody, hunh?" Sarcasm dripped from Bubber's words. "Nobody is *me*, hunh?" He backed toward the open door. "When I is fat as a hog and you want to buy some rations and de man tell you 'Naw,' you gonter remember dat." He was standing in the door, now. "And when I'm a deacon in de church and you's down yonder in hell, a-punchin' chunks for shootin' dice and dancin', you gonter remember dat." He looked over his shoulder into the night outside. There wasn't a thing in the path. "Nobody, hunh?" He drew his lips tightly over his teeth and sucked in with a snakelike hiss and ran.

AT HIS own front gate he came to a walk. The night was still young. His mind was made up. He went straight to his bedroom and began dismantling the new bed. When that job was done he piled the parts in a neat stack on his front porch. Then he went into the back yard and brought in his old bed.

"Nobody, hunh?" he repeated again, after the bed was set up. "Well, I tuck his gal away f'm him."

He went to the kitchen and inspected. The crisp slices of side meat were in the little black pan back on the stove. The four slabs of hoe cake were in the oven. The dry rice was in the bowl on the shelf. He grunted with satisfaction and returned to the bedroom and undressed.

"And den I gived her back to you cause I couldn't use her in my business." He crawled into his old familiar bed. The hum-di-di-dum of the drumming on the door at Rucker's floated into his ears, and he turned his face in the direction of the sinful dance that he knew was going on there. "Nobody, hunh?" he repeated, and sucked his teeth straight toward the whole crowd.

"What! Young man, do you mean to say you can sell me a standard machine that adds to a hundred million—for $80?"

"I mean just that!"

$80

Capacity $99,999,999.99

HE HAD bought a lot of adding machines in his day, knew values thoroughly, and when this young salesman told him what the new Corona "9" will do, and its price, he started to say "You can't sell it for that." Instead, he called for a demonstration. He was quickly convinced that Corona "9" is the greatest value ever offered in the adding machine field.

Beautiful in color and line, it is simple and easy to operate, strongly built, and ready for any job, big or little. It has 9 banks of keys, but accumulates and prints 10 columns, so that it adds up to one hundred million west of the decimal point. It is portable, easily carried to the job, and, since it has no oil governor, can be operated with accuracy in any position or temperature. Its price is only $80 (Slightly higher in the West and in Canada).

We'd like to have you try this remarkable machine on your own work, under your own conditions. If you don't decide to buy it we'll say nothing, but we'll be very much surprised. Just mail the coupon to Portable Adding Machine Company (Division of L C Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc) 51 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

Portable Adding Machine Co.
51 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
Gentlemen: Please arrange to lend us, without charge, a new Corona 9 Bank Adding Machine for trial in our office. This will involve no obligation on our part.

Firm Name

Address

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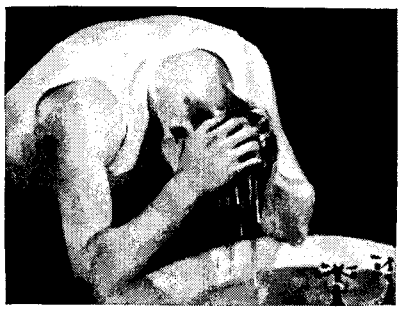
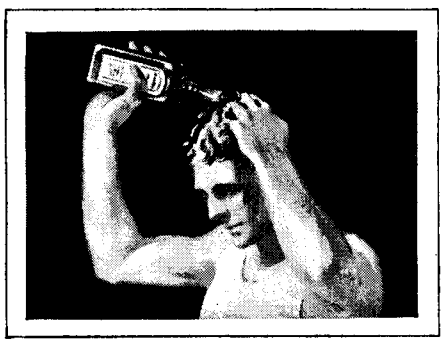
Of every 100 Men who do this...



60 will lose their hair

Wetting the hair with water every morning is an easy habit to get into... but you'll probably pay for it with a bald head.



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WILDROOT

Hair Tonic... Taroleum Shampoo

Summer Lightning

Continued from page 17

Her laughter trailed away. There had come into her face the look of one suddenly visited by a displeasing thought.

"I don't like it," she said. "It's fishy. It looks very much to me as if our Mr. Carmody had a special reason for wanting to get up to London for the night. And I think I know what the reason was. Did you ever hear of a girl named Sue Brown?"

The start which Ronnie gave eclipsed in magnitude all the other starts he had given that morning. And they had been many and severe.

"It isn't true!"

"What isn't true?"

"That there's anything whatever between Hugo and Sue Brown."

"I've got to go in and make a phone call," said Millicent, abruptly.

RONNIE scarcely noticed her departure. It couldn't be true, he told himself. Sue had said definitely that it wasn't and she couldn't have been lying to him. Girls like Sue didn't lie. And yet . . .

Well, one thing was certain. It was simply impossible to remain here at Blandings Castle, getting his mind poisoned with doubts and speculations. If he took the two-seater he could be in London before eight. He could call at Sue's flat; receive her assurance once more that Hugo Carmody, tall and lissom though he might be, expert on the saxophone though he admittedly was, meant nothing to her; take her out to dinner and, while dining, ease his mind of that which weighed upon it.

It wasn't, of course, that he didn't trust her implicitly. Nevertheless . . .

If you go up Beeston Street in the southwestern postal division of London and follow the pavement on the right-hand side, you come to a blind alley called Hayling Court. If you enter the first building on the left of this blind alley and mount a flight of stairs, you find yourself facing a door, on the ground-glass of which is the legend:

ARGUS INQUIRY AGENCY LTD.

and below it, to one side, the smaller legend:

P. Frobisher Pilbeam, Mgr.

And if, at about the hour when Ronnie Fish had stepped into his two-seater in the garage of Blandings Castle, you had opened this door and gone in and succeeded in convincing the gentlemanly office-boy that yours was a bona fide visit, having nothing to do with the sale of life insurance, proprietary medicines or handsomely bound sets of Dumas, you would have been admitted to the august presence of the Mgr. himself.

P. Frobisher Pilbeam was seated at his desk, reading a telegram which had arrived during his absence at lunch.

This is peculiarly an age of young men starting out in business for themselves; of rare, unfettered spirits chafing at the bonds of employment and refusing to spend their lives working forty-eight weeks in the year for a salary. Quite early in his career Pilbeam had seen where the big money lay, and decided to go after it.

As editor of that celebrated weekly scandal-sheet, Society Spice, Percy Pilbeam had had exceptional opportunities of discovering in good time the true bent of his genius: with the result that, after three years of nosing out people's discreditable secrets on behalf of the Mammoth Publishing Company, his employers, he had come to the conclusion that a man of his gifts would be doing far better for himself nosing out such secrets on his own behalf. Considerably to the indignation of Lord Tilbury, the Mammoth's guiding spirit, he had borrowed some capital, handed in his portfolio, and was now in an extremely agreeable financial position.

The telegram over which he sat brooding with wrinkled forehead ran as follows:

BE SURE SEND BEST MAN INVESTIGATE BIG ROBBERY

It was unsigned.

What made the thing particularly annoying was that it was so tantalizing. A big robbery probably meant jewels, with a correspondingly big fee attached to their recovery. But you cannot scour England at random, asking people if they have had a big robbery in their neighborhood.

Reluctantly, he gave the problem up; and, producing a pocket mirror, began with the aid of a pen nib to curl his small and revolting mustache. His thoughts had drifted now to Sue. They were not altogether sunny thoughts, for the difficulty of making Sue's acquaintance was beginning to irk Percy Pilbeam. He had written her notes. He had sent her flowers. And nothing had happened. She ignored the notes, and what she did with the flowers he did not know. She certainly never thanked him for them.

Brooding upon these matters, he was interrupted by the opening of the door. The gentlemanly office-boy entered. Pilbeam looked up, annoyed.

"While you were absent at lunch, sir, a gentleman called."

"Eh? Who was he?"

"A Mr. Carmody, sir. Mr. Hugo Carmody."

"Ah!" Pilbeam displayed interest. "Did he say he would call again?"

"He mentioned the possibility, sir."

The office-boy retired, and Pilbeam returned to his thoughts of Sue. He was quite certain now that he did not like her attitude. Her attitude wounded him. Another thing he deplored was the reluctance of stage-door keepers to reveal the private addresses of the personnel of the company. Really, there seemed to be no way of getting to know the girl at all.

The office-boy reappeared.

"Mr. Carmody to see you, sir."

Pilbeam once more relegated Sue to the hinterland of his mind. Business was business.

"Show him in."

"This way, sir," said the office-boy, and Hugo sauntered across the threshold.

HUGO felt, and was looking, quietly happy. He was finding London, revisited, singularly attractive.

"And this, if I mistake not, Watson, is our client now," said Hugo genially.

Such was his feeling of universal benevolence that he embraced with his goodwill even the repellent-looking young man who had risen from the desk. Percy Pilbeam's eyes were too small and too close together and he marcelled his hair in a manner distressing to right-thinking people, but today he had to be lumped in with the rest of the species as a man and a brother, so Hugo bestowed a dazzling smile upon him. He still thought Pilbeam should not have been wearing pimples with a red tie. One or the other if he liked. But not both. Nevertheless he smiled upon him.

"Fine day," he said.

"Quite," said Pilbeam.

"Some people might call London a shade on the stuffy side on an afternoon like this. But not Hugo Carmody."

"No?"

"No. H. Carmody finds it just what the doctor ordered." He sat down. "Well, sleuth," he said, "to business. I called before lunch, but you were out."

"Yes."

"But here I am again. And I suppose you want to know what I've come about?"

"When you're ready to get round to it," said Pilbeam patiently.

Hugo stretched his long legs comfortably.

"Well, I know you detective blokes always want a fellow to begin at the beginning and omit no detail, for there is no saying how important some seemingly trivial fact may be. Omitting birth and early education then, I am at the moment private secretary to Lord Emsworth at Blandings Castle in Shropshire. And," said Hugo, "I maintain, a jolly good secretary. Others may think differently, but that is my view."

A THOUGHT had struck the proprietor of the Argus Inquiry Agency. He fumbled in his desk and produced the mysterious telegram. Yes, as he had fancied, it had been handed in at a place called Market Blandings.

"Do you know anything about this?" he asked, pushing it across the desk.

Hugo glanced at the document.

"The old boy must have sent that after I left," he said. "The absence of signature is, no doubt, due to mental stress. Lord Emsworth is greatly perturbed. A-twitter. Shaken to the core, you might say."

"About this robbery?"

"Exactly."

Pilbeam reached for pen and paper. There was a stern, set, bloodhound sort of look in his eyes.

"Kindly give me the details."

Hugo pondered for a moment.

"It was a dark and stormy night. No, I'm a liar. The moon was riding serenely in the sky. . . ."

"This big robbery? Tell me about it."

Hugo raised his eyebrows.

"Big?"

"The telegram says 'big.'"

"These telegraph operators will try to make sense. You can't stop them editing. The word should be 'pig.' Lord Emsworth's pig has been stolen!"

"Pig!" cried Percy Pilbeam.

Hugo looked at him a little anxiously. "You know what a pig is, surely? If not, I'm afraid there is a good deal of tedious spade work ahead of us."

The roseate dreams which the proprietor of the Argus had had of missing jewels broke like bubbles. He was deeply affronted. A man of few ideals, the one deep love of his life was for this Inquiry Agency which he had created and nursed to prosperity through all the dangers and vicissitudes which beset Inquiry Agencies in their infancy. And the thought of being expected to apply its complex machinery to a search for lost pigs cut him, as Millicent had predicted, to the quick.

"Does Lord Emsworth seriously suppose that I have time to waste looking for stolen pigs?" he demanded shrilly. "I never heard such nonsense in my life."

"Almost the exact words which all the other Hawkshaws used. Finding you not at home," explained Hugo, "I spent the morning going round to other Agencies. I think I visited six in all,

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and everyone of them took the attitude you do."

"I am not surprised."

"Nevertheless, it seemed to me that they, like you, lacked vision. This pig, you see, is a prize pig. Don't picture to yourself, something with a kink in its tail sporting idly in the mud. Imagine, rather, a favorite daughter kidnaped from her ancestral home. This is heavy stuff, I assure you. Restore the animal in time for the Agricultural Show, and you may ask of Lord Emsworth what you will, even unto half his kingdom."

Percy Pilbeam rose. He had heard enough.

"I will not trouble Lord Emsworth. The Argus Inquiry Agency . . ."

". . . does not detect pigs? I feared as much. Well, well, so be it. And now," said Hugo, affably, "may I take advantage of the beautiful friendship which has sprung up between us to use your telephone?"

Without waiting for permission—for which, indeed, he would have had to wait some time—he drew the instrument to him and gave a number. He then began to chat again.

"You seem a knowledgeable sort of bloke," he said. "Perhaps you can tell me where the village swains go these days when they want to dance upon the green? I have been absent for some little time from the center of the vortex, and I have become as a child in these matters. What is the best that London has to offer to a young man with his blood up and the vine leaves more or less in his hair?"

Pilbeam was a man of business. He had no wish to converse with this client who had disappointed him and wounded his finest feelings, but it so happened that he had recently bought shares in a rising restaurant.

"Mario's," he replied promptly. "It's the only place."

Hugo sighed. Once he had dreamed that the answer to a question like that would have been "The Hot Spot." But where was the Hot Spot now? Gone like the flowers that wither in the first frost. *The lion and the lizard kept the* courts where Jamshyd gloried and—after hours, unfortunately, which had started all the trouble—drank deep. Ah, well, life was pretty complex.

A VOICE from the other end of the wire broke in on his reverie. He recognized it as that of the porter of the block of flats where Sue had her tiny abode.

"Hullo? Bashford? Mr. Carmody speaking. Will you make a long arm and haul Miss Brown to the instrument. Eh? Miss Sue Brown of course. No other Browns are any use to me whatsoever. Right ho, I'll wait."

The astute detective never permits himself to exhibit emotion. Pilbeam turned his start of surprise into a grave, distrait nod, as if he were thinking out deep problems. He took up his pen and drew three crosses and a squiggle on the blotting paper. He was glad that no gentlemanly instinct had urged him to leave his visitor alone to do his telephoning.

"Mario's, eh?" said Hugo. "What's the band like?"

"It's Leopold's."

"Good enough for me," said Hugo with enthusiasm. He hummed a bar or two, and slid his feet dreamily about the carpet. "I'm shockingly out of practice, dash it. Well, that's that. Touching this other matter, you're sure you won't come to Blandings?"

"Quite."

"Nice place. Gravel soil, spreading views, well-laid-out pleasure grounds, Company's own water. . . . I would strongly advise you to bring your magnifying-glass and spend the summer. However, if you really feel. . . . Sue! Hullo-ullo-ullo! This is Hugo. Yes, just up in town for the night on a mission of extraordinary secrecy and delicacy which I am not empowered to reveal. Speaking from Argus Inquiry Agency, by courtesy of proprietor. I was wondering if you would care to come out and help me restore my lost youth, starting at about eight-thirty. Eh?"

A silence had fallen at the other end of the wire. What was happening was that in the hall of the block of flats Sue's conscience was fighting a grim battle against heavy odds. Ranged in opposition to it were her loneliness, her love of dancing and her desire once more to see Hugo, who, though he was not a man one could take seriously, always cheered her up and made her laugh. And she had been needing a laugh for days.

HUGO thought he had been cut off. "Hullo-ullo-ullo-ullo-ullo-ullo!" he barked peevishly.

"Don't yodel like that," said Sue. "You've nearly made me deaf."

"Sorry, dear heart. I thought the machine had conked. Well, how do you react? Is it a bet?"

"I do want to see you again," said Sue, hesitatingly.

"You shall. In person. Clean shirt, white waistcoat, the Carmody studs, and everything."

"Well . . ."

A psychically gifted bystander, standing in the hall of the block of flats, would have heard at this moment a faint moan. It was Sue's conscience collapsing beneath an unexpected flank attack. She had just remembered that if she went to dine with Hugo she would learn all the latest news about Ronnie. It put the whole thing in an entirely different light.

Surely Ronnie himself could have no objection to the proposed feast if he knew that all she was going for was to talk about him. She might dance a little, of course, but purely by the way. Her real motive in accepting the invitation, she now realized quite clearly, was *to hear all about Ronnie.*

"All right," she said. "Where?"

"Mario's. They tell me it's the posh spot these days."

"Mario's?"

"Yes. M for mange, A for asthma, R for rheumatism . . . Oh, you've got it? All right, then. At eight-thirty."

Hugo put the receiver back. Once more he allowed his dazzling smile to play upon the Argus' proprietor.

"Much obliged for use of instrument," he said. "Thank you."

"Thank *you*," said Pilbeam.

"Well, I'll be pushing along. Ring us up if you change your mind. Market Blandings 32X. If you don't take on the job no one will. I suppose there are other sleuths in London besides the bevy that I've interviewed today, but I'm not going to see them. I consider that I have done my bit and am through." He looked about him. "Make a good thing out of this business?" he asked, for he was curious on these points and was never restrained by delicacy from seeking information.

"Quite."

"What does the work consist of? I've often wondered. Measuring footprints and putting the tips of your fingers together and all that, I suppose?"

"We are frequently asked to follow people and report on their movements."

Hugo laughed amusedly.

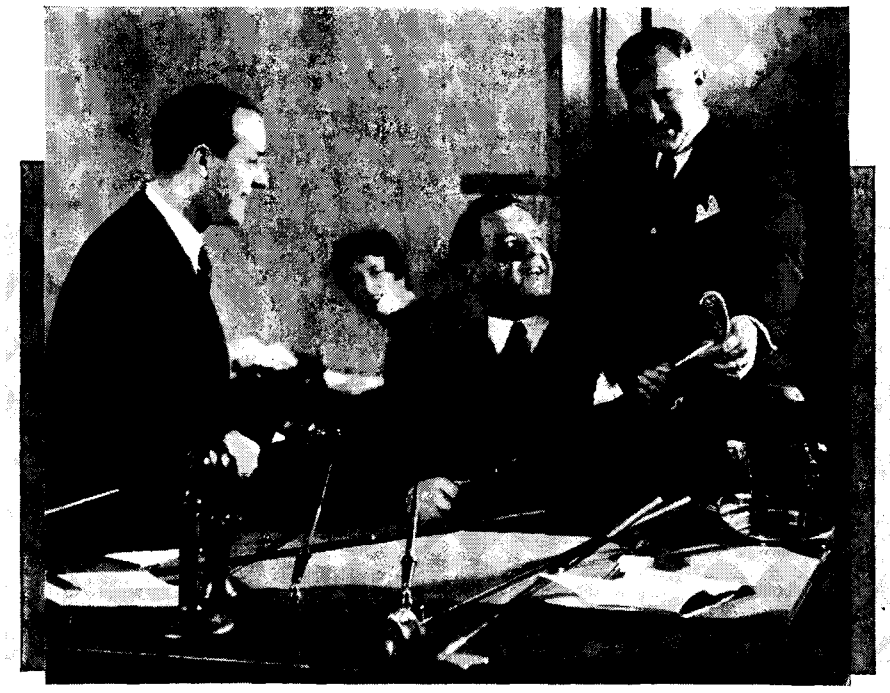
"Well, don't go following me and reporting on my movements. Much trouble might ensue. Bung-oh."

"Good-by," said Percy Pilbeam.

He pressed a bell on the desk, and moved to the door to show his visitor out.

(*To be continued next week*)

IN THE SPRING
...a golfer's fancy...



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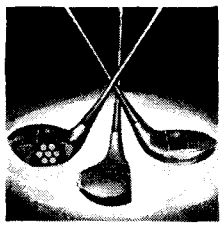

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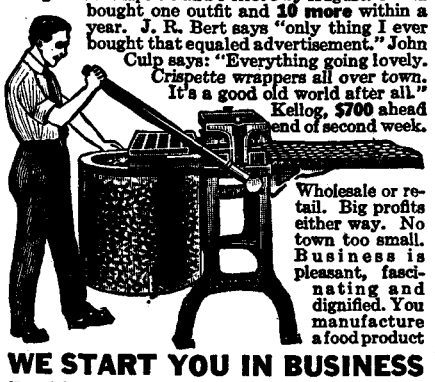

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The Gringo Privateer

Continued from page 24

"I wired your general counsel to procure it for me. He did."

"Oh, Lord," the king demanded, "why weren't you born a boy? I'd retire and make you president of the Bardin Land & Cattle Company tomorrow if you had been. What's the report?"

"KENNETH BURNEY is thirty-two years old, son of Felix Ortego Peralta Burney and Margaret McConnell—dash of Irish or Scotch in him, you see. Graduate of Tres Pinos High School, with three years in Santa Clara University, where he never had a high mark and never failed to pass a course. He was a member of the glee club and did well in college dramatics, with a leaning toward burlesque.

"When the Lusitania was sunk and we failed to declare war he decided to declare it himself, so he went to England and enlisted in a cavalry regiment, the Berks Yeomanry. He served during 1915 and 1916 in France and then his regiment was sent to Egypt. He served in Egypt and Palestine until the end of the war, was wounded twice, has two medals of sorts, and between battles learned to play polo on the desert sands. Returned to his father's ranch after the war and raised polo ponies and trained them and played polo at Santa Barbara and Del Monte.

"He has already informed us that he went into vaudeville to reimburse his father for a note the latter had endorsed for him; when that was paid he quit vaudeville; then you took his father's cattle; his father had to lease the ranch and Ken made up his mind there wasn't anything else to do except follow the line of business he loved best—the cattle business. So here he is."

"What do you deduce from all this?" the king queried warily. He was beginning to have a new respect for his daughter's intelligence and adroitness.

"Well, he's bred right, to begin with. His original Spanish ancestor arrived with Don Gaspar De Portola in 1670 and there isn't the faintest taint of aboriginal blood in his veins. The family record on both sides appears to be clean. There is no history of feeble-minded, moronic, physically weak, insane or criminal individuals in his tribe. That is very important. He was not a brilliant boy in school, but he made good. Has it ever occurred to you that the honor men in college are seldom heard of in after life?"

"I never pinned my faith in one of the meteoric brand. They learn quickly and easily and forget the same way," the king agreed. "Give me the steady, safe, conservative fellow who makes a good general average. He improves with age and experience."

"THEN you'll admit," the princess continued, "that if courage and intelligence constitute, as Plato remarked, a man's real virtue—"

"I agree with you Ken Burney's got that sort of virtue. Go on."

"He is industrious, he is honest, for he paid his note in sorrow, doing something he loathed; he is independent, fiercely proud, but not, I think, the possessor of more than sufficient ego to make him normal and mentally healthy. One must have some ego to stimulate ambition."

"He has plenty, my dear. His ego is in direct ratio with his ambition."

"He has nice manners and they are instinctive—as much a part of him as his black hair and sooty eyes. He would be kind and courteous and graceful even if his parents had not insisted that he should develop those social attributes."

"Correct, Muriel. Go on."

"He has a gorgeous sense of humor, even if at times it is grim and deadly. It pleases him to give the other fellow big and little casino, cards and spades and the four aces, in order that he, Ken Burney, may conquer him with the sweeps. I think that indicates a touch of knight-errantry. Yes, I'm sure he is chivalrous. There is nothing borrowed in his wit; he makes no modern wise-cracks, and he is never so humorous as when he is in deadly earnest."

"That's the touch of Celt in him, my dear. The Irish have a reputation for being droll, but as a matter of fact they are the most serious and sad race on earth. When they are funny they rarely know it."

"You've got to admit he's tremendously good-looking, Dad, and not in a pretty way, either. He's masculine."

"Well?"

"He's my ideal of a husband, darling."

"But he hasn't one nickel to rub against another—and until he is his own man—"

"Rubbish. There's enough money in the Bardin family for three, isn't there? You could make him an executive of the company and give him a good salary. I'm sure he'd earn it."

"Muriel, don't dissemble with your old man. Are you in love with this young fellow?"

"Yes, I am. I never dreamed I'd be so unmaidenly as to admit it, but I have to, otherwise my chances are terribly slim. I've got to have you to pinch-hit for me, darling. Come now, Pop, don't dissemble with *me*. Don't you think he'd make you a wonderful son-in-law?"

"Honey," said the king sadly, "I see I've got to give it to you between the eyes. You've got to forget Ken Burney and the reason, is, there's another girl in his life. He told me all about her. The desire to marry her has fired him with ambition to be his own man and—"

"Is he engaged to her, Dad?"

"No, not yet. In fact, he told me he had not even asked her, nor will he until he has something tangible to offer her."

"Well, of course," said the princess, "I wouldn't be a poacher, but as you present the case it's a fair field, so I'm not going to be down-hearted. You never wanted anything you didn't reach for, did you, Dad? Suppose I do get my knuckles rapped? I can assimilate defeat, but I'll not acknowledge it until I've fought myself out."

HIS MAJESTY thrust the princess off his lap and stood up. "By the toenails of Moses," he declared, "you're my own child, after all. Have I ever denied you anything I could get you, when I thought it would make you happy? I have not. And I'm not going to quit now. If you want this boy, then by Judas, I want him, too. He'll do and to hell with the money he hasn't got. I can't put a twitch on his nose and lead him to the altar for you, but I can make it worth his while to stick on the Bardin payroll and give you opportunity to do the rest."

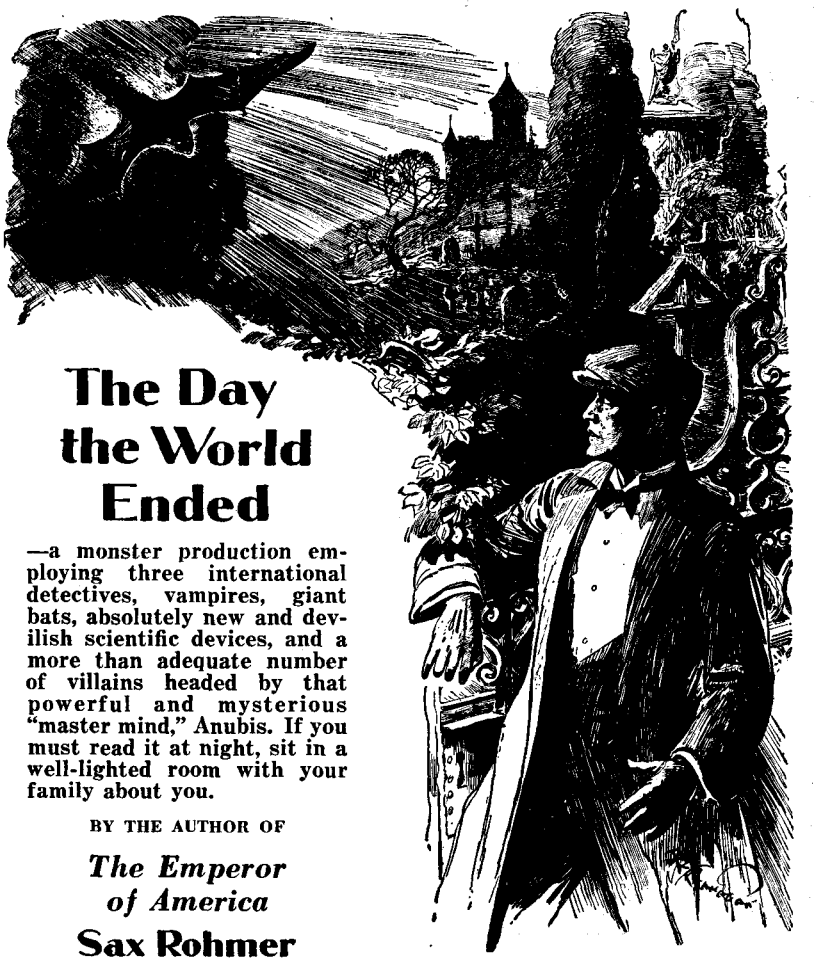
"And if I lose? Will you dismiss him then?"

"Not if he makes good on the job. I never mix sentiment with business," the king declared virtuously.

"Well, I'll do my best, Dad, but I must remind you that there is one obstacle that has to be overcome before I can start my campaign."

"I'll remove it, sweetheart. Tell papa what it is."

(*Continued on page 54*)



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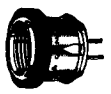

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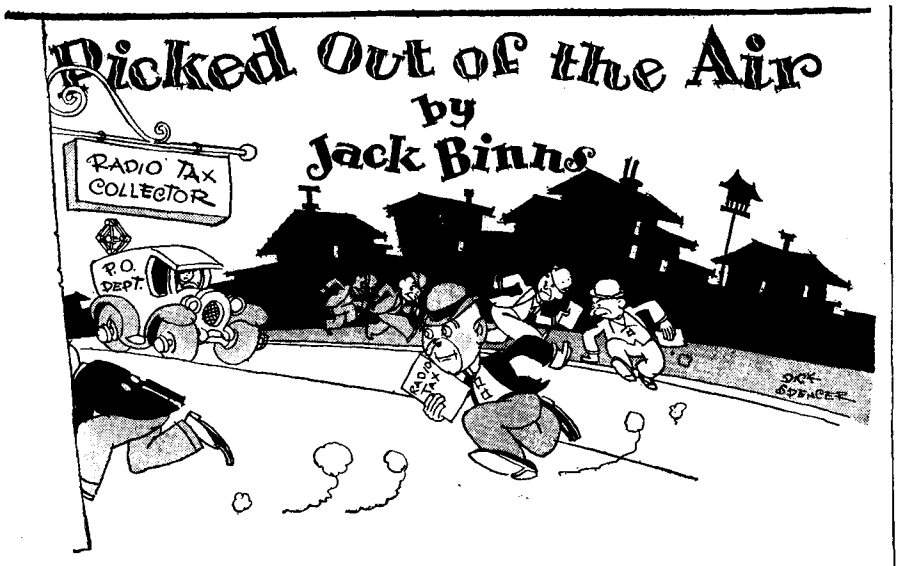

The Radio Detective

MOST European listeners have to pay an annual fee for the privilege of listening to broadcast programs. In England the post office department collects these entertainment taxes, whenever it can. The same department uses an automobile truck equipped with special direction-finding apparatus to trace the location of squealing radio sets which are forbidden by law, but which are in widespread use throughout the land.

The interesting thing is that as soon as the truck makes its appearance in any town there is quite a rush of citizens to the local post office to pay the listening fees, a duty which, prior to the truck's arrival, has escaped their minds.

Left-Hand Praise

HERE is a perfect example of damning with faint praise. It comes from the Committee on Broadcast Allocation of the National Association of Electrical Manufacturers. The report itself is too long for reproduction, but the excerpts I am choosing are so full of plain sense there is no refutation possible:

"The Committee commends the Federal Radio Commission for having reduced the number of stations broadcasting simultaneously with the effect of lessening the prevalence of such disturbing effects as heterodyne whistles and cross-talk, *but it regrets that the Commission should have failed to accomplish the prime purpose for which it was organized: to wit, the reduction of the actual number of stations licensed.*

"A powerful station with a large operating staff compelled to operate half time is in no better position to expand and improve the character of its service than a skyscraper office building compelled by law to keep half of its offices empty.

"The adoption of forty cleared channels is a step in the right direction but does not go far enough in making possible complete geographical coverage of the United States by high-grade program service.

"We urge the use of maximum power on all cleared channels in order that the greatest number of persons may be served. The use of less than maximum power on cleared channels is a needless waste of channel space.

"We condemn any unwarranted restriction of wire-syndicated or 'chain' programs. We have observed the marked increase of listening audiences in every territory when wire-syndicated program service is initiated and regret the agitation against it. This agitation is largely for political effect and it assuredly does not have the support of the vast majority of the inarticulate listening audience."

Dousing the Spark

SOME time ago I pointed out that no more spark transmitters would be allowed to operate in the United States after January first of this year. A seagoing operator writes me from Philadelphia, where he is in port, as follows: "You probably have a greater knowledge of the subject than I have, but the way I understand it, spark sets will not be prohibited until 1940."

In a way this is correct. The International Radio Convention, held in Washington during 1927, decreed that no new spark sets should be installed after January 1, 1930, and all spark operation would be prohibited after 1940. However the Federal Radio Commission decreed that so far as the United States is concerned the use of the transmitters would be prohibited after January first this year, with the exception of ship stations. This is one of the few constructive acts of the commission in the public interest, because sparks were an unnecessary nuisance to broadcasting.

Well! What Happened?

YOU all remember the "Amateur Nights" of vaudeville. Well, station WRNY runs an amateur night on similar lines each Tuesday evening for aspiring broadcast artists. For some reason the management has barred all concert tenors and sopranos from this event, probably with the idea that radio sets and loud speakers have not been improved since the days when there was a general outcry against "radio sopranos." Anyway all contestants are warned about this restriction. For those who cannot tune in WRNY the following incident will give an idea of the talent that applies. The public relations department of the station assures us the conversation occurred over the studio telephone.

"Hello, is this WRNY?" queried a shrill voice. "Well, mister, what's this about no sopranos?"

"That's our rule, madam," politely answered the staff man. "If you are a concert soprano you are barred from appearing."

"But listen, mister," the shrill voice pleaded. "I ain't never given no concert."

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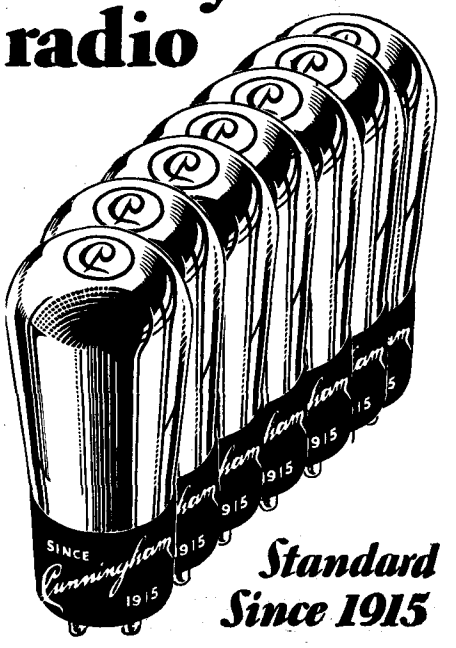

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NOTE.—This statement must be made in duplicate and both copies delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who shall send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office. The publisher must publish a copy of this statement in the second issue printed next after its filing.

The Gringo Privateer

Continued from page 52

"Ken Burney is liable to get killed tomorrow morning."

"He is not! I'm going to stop this war. I'm going to forget I own El Cajon Bonita and all the cattle in it. I can afford to lose these assets but I cannot afford to risk the loss of the man my only child has set her heart upon. Telephone to the garage for the ranch car."

"But darling, how about your honor?"

AT TIMES the king could be vulgar. Such a time was upon him. "To hell with my honor, Muriel. Telephone for a car, and I'll head Burney off before he crosses the border."

"How do you know he may not insist still upon holding you to your contract?"

"He'll not. I have to confess that I didn't oppose him very hard when he objected the first time. I was just salving an uneasy conscience when I asked him and when he stood pat I was secretly delighted. But I'll be remorseless now. There's too much at stake." He winked portentously. "When I give an order it is obeyed."

It was forty miles to Huachita and the king knew that the heavily laden trucks of Burney's convoy would do well to make an average of twelve miles an hour over that sandy, dusty, narrow, rutty road. So the king had his cowboy chauffeur average thirty miles per hour; nevertheless, as the white trail unwound before him his yearning glance failed to glimpse the high clouds of dust that would denote the convoy. An hour and a quarter after leaving El Ranchito the king rolled into Huachita and on to the customs house at the international border.

"I'm Bardin, of El Ranchito," he announced to an immigration guard. "Has my outfit in motor trucks passed over today?"

"I know the outfit well, Mr. Bardin. It hasn't passed through." He grinned at the king. "The last time your man Burney passed this way he got by the Mexicans with a lot of arms and ammunition. He couldn't do that again, you know. We have orders to search him if he tries. There have been complaints that he broke the neutrality laws and it is common knowledge that he had a fight over in El Cajon Bonita recently and walloped the pants off that Gallegos crowd. While we're for him, Mr. Bardin, nevertheless we will arrest him if he tries to cross here with an armed body."

"Thank you," the king replied shortly. He knew now—and cursed himself for not having thought of it before—why Burney had avoided crossing into Mexico at a port of entry. So he filled up with oil and gasoline and motored back toward El Ranchito until he found the spot where the motor convoy had left the highway and started straight across country in a southeasterly direction, breaking trail through the low sage. The long line of trucks had beaten a fair road for the king to follow to the point where Burney planned to make a secret and unofficial crossing into Mexico that night; nevertheless it was five o'clock in the afternoon before he caught up with his quarry, parked in a grove of scattered cottonwoods about half a mile north of the international boundary and fully ten miles from even such a sign of civilization as a goat-herder's *jacal*.

The cook was busy preparing supper; the horses, with saddle cinches unloosed, and tied to trees, were munching oats from their nose bags, while the king's riders lay around in the sand, smoking and talking.

Ken Burney came forward to meet him, inquiry in his sooty eyes.

"This expedition is all off, Mr. Burney," the king announced. "I mean it and there will be no argument about it, either. As soon as your men have had supper load your outfit and head back for the ranch. I can't accept this awful responsibility."

"It's too late to obey you now, sir. I've made a private and unofficial deal with the Mexican government to help it rid itself of a nuisance, and I can't quit now. I've gone too far."

"Mr. Burney, you have heard my orders. Obey them."

Ken Burney shook his head. "You're out of order, sir. I made a contract with you and you can't crawfish out of it. I shall not obey your commands, and neither shall my men."

"You *men* listen to *me*," the king shouted. "Mr. Burney is fired and any man that refuses to obey my orders here is fired also."

"Hurrah for Mr. Burney!" a cowboy yelled, and a chorus of cheers answered him.

"You're all fired," the king's ukase went forth. "Every last damned *hombre* in the lot."

"Fine," Ken Burney assured him. "We're all fired, so pay us off."

"I haven't enough money with me, you infernal Bolshevik. Come back to the ranch and draw your time." The king was furiously angry.

"The king is unable to pay us off after firing us, boys," Burney reminded his crew, "so, to protect our claims, let us help ourselves to his saddle horses."

The king was in agony. "Ken, my dear, dear boy, if you're killed tomorrow my daughter will never forgive me. For God's sake, boy, have pity on me. Don't ruin me with my own daughter."

"I can't quit now—with honor. I'm part of a Plan. Forgive my impertinence, but with the present representative of the tribe of Burney all is lost save honor—and I'll be shot if I'll let you take that away from me."

"What's all this tommyrot about honor, I should like to know?"

"I HAVE made a secret and unofficial treaty with the Mexican government to give it some highly intelligent aid in the difficult problem of eliminating Miguel Gallegos and his bandit or semi-bandit followers.

"It is now too late to abrogate this treaty, Your Majesty; if I fail to do my part on schedule the force of rurales coöperating with me will get soundly trounced—annihilated, in fact; and thereafter the Mexican government's local representative will make El Cajon Bonita as hot for you as Bruce and Gallegos are making it now. On the other hand, if I follow through we will win and thereafter anything you want in this portion of Mexico will be yours for the asking."

"I understand perfectly well the fix you're in, son, but do you realize the fix I'm in—with my own daughter? I'm perfectly willing to sacrifice my interest in El Cajon Bonita if you will abandon this enterprise, as a special favor to her. The devil take the Mexican government. They can't hurt me, no matter how resentful they may be, because I'll have finished operating in their country. What I crave is peace and a lot of it."

"Well, nobody's trying to saw off El Cajon Bonita and its cattle on you against your will, and what you do with those assets after I finish my job tomorrow will be entirely your own business."

"If you're killed—" the king began, but Burney waved him into silence.

"In that event your financial risk ceases. All you have to do is send me back to Tres Pinos, California, and omit flowers. When I contracted to do this job for you, you tacitly gave me a free hand; now you're mixing sentiment with it. Unfortunately the job has gotten out of your hands and mine."

The king was visibly affected. "If I only knew something of your plans—something I could tell Muriel to buck her up—I'd have sufficient courage to go home and let you go to the devil as you seem hell-bent on doing."

"I HAVE no definite plan beyond a certain point, a certain hour. After that, as the field service regulations would express it, the tactical situation will govern. Two or three things may happen and I have a plan to meet each contingency. One involves no casualties to our side; one involves some casualties and one involves so many I do not care to think about it and get myself all hot and bothered.

"I have made arrangements to have this battle pulled off to suit me, but there is always a chance that the hair will slip somewhere. Here is the tactical situation. In the town of Los Osos, where Gallegos has his headquarters, there are a hundred mounted men under orders to march on El Cajon Bonita at three o'clock tomorrow morning. This will bring them to the southern end of the valley about daylight. They know that if my party enters from that direction the entrance will be effected before daylight; hence, if this Los Osos outfit picks up my trail it will follow on it and try to drive me up on to Miguel Gallegos who, with a hundred infantry and four machine guns, at this moment occupies the barranca I occupied when I licked him last week. Miguel knows a good position when he sees it or gets licked at it. Yes, sir, old Miguel is lying there in ambush, gazing both ways for Ken Burney, like a cross-eyed youth looking for the circus."

"If you enter from the south you and all your men will perish," the king declared emphatically.

"Of course. Consequently I shall come down through that narrow pass from the north."

"But, you young idiot, have you reflected that a sizable armed party under Martin Bruce will be laying for you at the north entrance; that he'll let you enter the pass, then follow behind you and drive you down on to Gallegos, waiting in the barranca?"

"That is Bruce's plan. At least, I think it is, because it would be my plan if I estimated the situation as I think he has. Until tonight he was in doubt as to which route I would select, but he knows now that I plan to enter from the north. He will permit me to make a peaceable entry to the pass, then he will enter behind me. But what he doesn't know is that a troop of rurales—not less than sixty sabers—is going to permit *him* to enter unmolested and then drop in behind *him*.

"What he does know is that there is but one troop of rurales within a radius of two hundred miles of El Cajon Bonita and that the commanding officer of that troop isn't quite fool enough to tangle with the Gallegos forces. He just couldn't win, he knows it and so do they. Also Bruce realizes that the Mexican government has adopted an attitude of patient watchful waiting as far as Gal-

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legos is concerned. Unless he gets unbelievably dirty it will elect to believe he doesn't exist. Also, Bruce knows that my party, fully armed, is going to make an unofficial entry into Mexico tonight, and he thinks I do this because I desire to keep the Mexican government officials in ignorance of my movements, for if my party should run into the rurales we would be arrested as illegal entrants, a charge of breaking the neutrality laws would be lodged against us; or it might be assumed that we were bandits or smugglers. At any rate we would have no defense and off we'd go to a firing squad or a filthy Mexican penitentiary.

"Conversely, the same conditions apply to Bruce and his party. He reasons that we are two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one; that we yearn to settle our private grudge on Mexican soil without interference from the Mexican government, knowing that the survivors can cross back into United States territory and not be asked embarrassing questions. So that, Your Majesty, is the tactical situation.

"What happens after Ken Burney, Martin Bruce and Captain Eliseo Benavides with their respective commands find themselves in that pass together is problematical."

"IF I were only young enough to ride in with you!" His Majesty complained sadly. "You call me king and a king ought to lead his troops. I feel like a bewildered mouse. I can't go back to El Ranchito tonight. I can't face Muriel, so I'm going to borrow your blankets, Ken, hole up here tonight with the cook and await news of your fate as early as you can send it to me tomorrow. Don't delay. I'll be suffering. Son, have you got your house in order against a hasty exit from this vale of tears?"

"Yes, sir; I surrendered my horse to Martin Bruce this morning and there's a thousand dollars waiting for me in escrow in the Huachita National Bank. That, my outfit and my pay check constitute my entire estate. I have made you my executor and my father is my sole heir."

"What? Haven't you left some little remembrance to that girl you're so crazy about?" The king just could not help this little fishing expedition.

"Nothing but a memory, sir. And perhaps I flatter myself in thinking that she will even remember me six months from now."

The king winced. His fish had slipped off the hook.

When Ken Burney and his men rode into the pass at three o'clock next morning they did so at a smart trot. Indeed, the drumming of hooves on hard earth, the jingle of spurs and bits and the creak of leather would have proclaimed to any one half a mile distant the news of his approach. And that at least one of Martin Bruce's watchful outposts gleaned the news was apparent to Burney when, from the crest of a low ridge to the left of the pass entrance, a horse whinnied.

"It won't be long now," Mr. Burney told Tom Bledsoe.

IT LACKED half an hour of dawn when the men of El Ranchito rode out into El Cajon Bonita. But they rode at a walk now, their horses' footfalls deadened by the long luxuriant grass. In conformity with orders previously given him, Tom Bledsoe led fifteen men across the valley to the left and some fifty yards into the thick scrubby piñon pines that grew down to the base of the flanking range on that side. Burney, with the other fifteen men, rode to the right and hid himself and party in similar fashion.

"Distribute yourselves along the edge of the bush and preferably behind bowlders, men," Burney ordered. "Select a position where you will have considerable protection but which affords an unobstructed view of the valley, and under no circumstances commence firing until I give the order and the range. The horses are pretty tired after a twenty-mile ride. I don't think they'll be restless or do any neighing."

Slowly the gray light stole over El Cajon Bonita. First the hills across the valley appeared indistinctly; gradually little hummocks, small bushes, tufts of grass and cattle became sharply outlined in the foreground. Burney bent a pair of binoculars on the barranca down the valley and made out a man's head upthrust above the bank. A sentry, doubtless.

Suddenly two men rode out of the pass into the valley, where they pulled up and gazed about them. Burney decided they constituted Bruce's advance guard; and that they were wondering what had become of the quarry. Failure to locate it evidently disconcerted them for suddenly they wheeled their horses and rode back into the pass.

"Range five hundred. Company, load!" Burney's order, relayed down the line in a low voice, was productive of a faint clicking of bolts as the cartridges were jammed home in the breeches, then silence again prevailed. Beads of perspiration came out on Ken Burney's forehead; his hands were wet; he sat behind a rock, with his rifle laid across

(*Continued on page 56*)

The man who bets on himself a GOOD BET for others

MANY a man has failed to land the job he went after, just because he looked seedy. The Boss looked him over and probably figured that a man who'd let himself slump would let his job slide, too.

"That experience brought me up short," the wise ones declare afterwards. "That very day I started on a whole new scheme of living. Say, you'd never have known me for the same man six months later. I'm betting on myself now, all right. So is the outfit I'm working for.

"There are thousands of people today in the same state I was. Half-hearted, down on their luck. And don't quite know why. When all the time the answer is so simple. Their systems are sluggish. They're carrying around a lot of poisons in their bodies. I know from my own experience that regular treatments with Nujol would certainly start things functioning again as they should. Nujol not only keeps an excess of body poisons from forming (we all have them), but aids in their removal."

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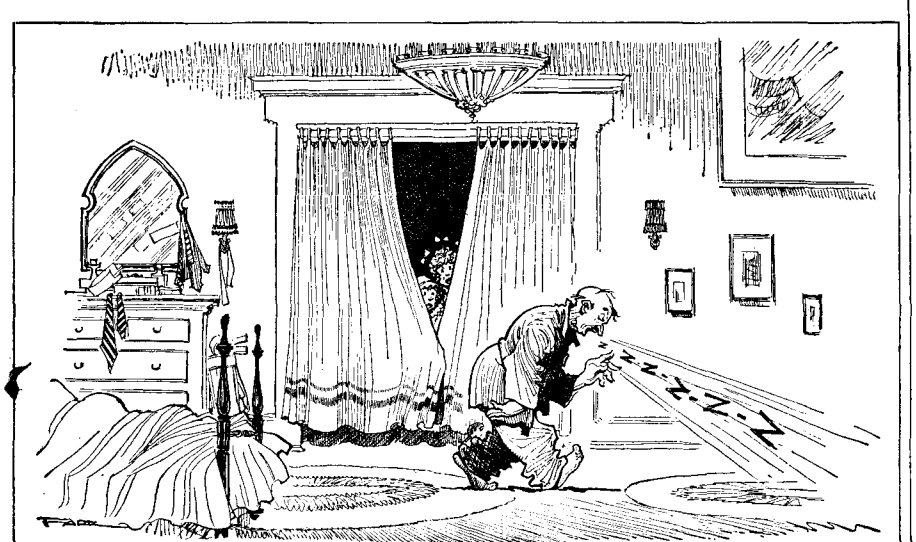
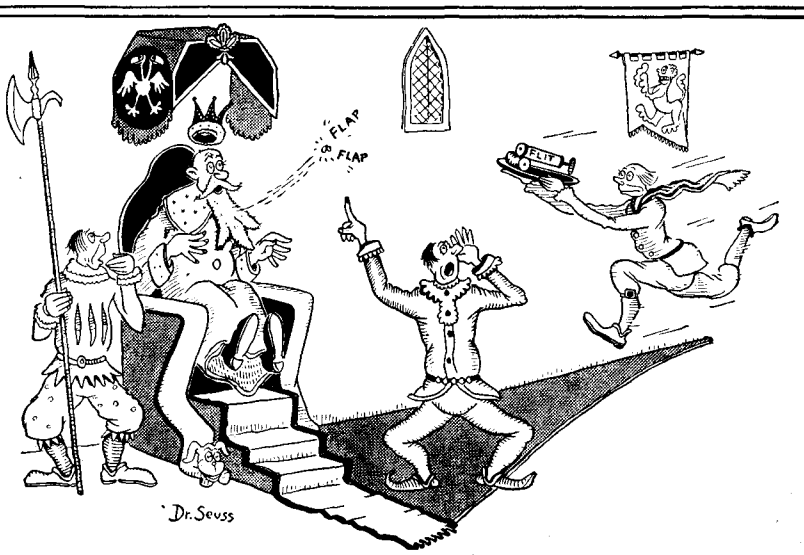


"Why, Marge, I didn't know your husband was a somnambulist!"

"Yes, dear, poor Horace is so busy downtown all day it's the only way he can find time to exercise."



"Egad! A moth in his Majesty's whiskers! What ho, vassal, the Flit!"

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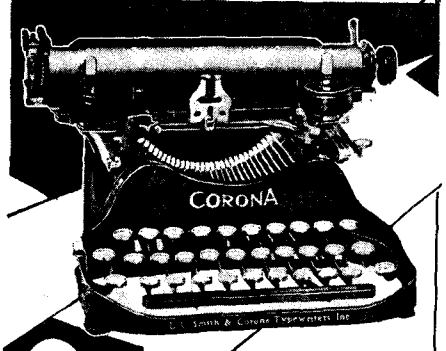

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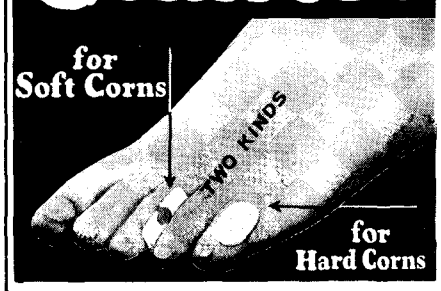

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(*Continued from page 55*)

it and waited. On the ground beside him lay half a dozen rockets and a box of matches.

Suddenly, from within the pass, there came a ripple of rifle fire; within a minute some fifty horsemen emerged from the pass at a gallop; out in front a man rode on a brown and white pinto horse that Burney readily recognized as Rowdy. He cuddled the stock of his rifle firmly to his shoulder and lined his sights on Martin Bruce; then he drew a full breath, let it half out, took up the slack of his trigger, pulled a little ahead of his target and fired. Fifty yards from the pass entrance the man on Rowdy rolled out of his saddle and the horse stopped instantly, faced around and gazed curiously at the fallen man. But the latter's comrades did not halt. Flogging their horses furiously with their quirts they galloped down the valley and when the last of them had swept by Rowdy and the fallen man, Burney yelled:

"Commence firing."

An instant after Burney's men had opened the action, Tom Bledsoe's force on the opposite side of the valley came into action also. Then suddenly Burney heard a solid crash of musketry—a single ragged volley—and machine guns commenced to chatter.

At a range of six hundred yards the Gallegos force concealed in the barranca had opened fire also on Bruce's force. With four machine guns and a hundred rifles assailing them from the front and thirty-two riflemen, expert riflemen at that range, assailing them from both flanks, the mad rout was stopped almost instantly. Caught in a bunched formation, the first horses to go down spilled those following after them, while a steady stream of bullets spat into the screaming, grunting, neighing, cursing, struggling mass. It was horrible.

The frantic cries of the survivors, endeavoring to identify themselves to the Gallegos men, were unintelligible above the noise of battle; their signals were interpreted as a desire to surrender and since it was no part of the plan of Miguel Gallegos and Martin Bruce to extend quarter that day, their appeals went unheeded. Nor was it any part of Ken Burney's plan. He knew he was engaged in a battle of extermination; as the Bruce riders disengaged themselves from their fallen horses Burney's men concentrated their fire on them; three minutes from the time the Gallegos forces had opened on them nothing moved in that stricken field save the wounded horses. If there were wounded men they elected to lie still.

AT HIS order Burney's men ceased firing; almost instantly the fire from Tom Bledsoe's concealed force across the valley ceased also, while from both parties broke wild cheers that carried in the crisp morning air down to Miguel Gallegos in the barranca. "Viva Gallegos! Viva Bruce! Viva! Viva! Viva! Abajo los Gringos!"

But Burney's force did not emerge from hiding; their leader was too shrewd for that, too good a judge of bandit nature. In the pockets of the fallen it might well be that some money would be found; certainly there were fifty good saddles, bridles, spurs, riatas, pistols and rifles to be appropriated by the men who should reach them first, and Burney grinned as he saw the Gallegos men climb out of the barranca and vie with each other in a race up the valley. But one man of that force did not join in the race, but walked sedately behind his victorious troops; through his binoculars Burney recognized him as Miguel Gallegos.

"Got to make certain of Gallegos today," he decided, and indicated the target to his men. "Wait until his mob has reached the Bruce dead, then everybody take a crack at Gallegos. Range six hundred. When he drops shift your fire to his men."

He picked up one of the rockets beside him and thrust the end of it upright between two bowlders, then turned and fixed his binoculars on Gallegos and his followers. "Get on him, men. Ready! Aim! Fire!"

As Gallegos crumpled, Burney touched a match to the fuse of the rocket. Up it soared with a rush, bursting with a prodigious report and unloosing a tiny parachute from which floated a small Mexican flag. Instantly the two machine guns he and Señor de Haro had secreted on their first visit to the valley came into action against the excited and unsuspecting Gallegos force, grouped among the Bruce dead. At the same moment Burney's men opened on them and the second act of the tragedy was on. Three minutes of rapid fire, then Burney sent up another rocket. This time it released a parachute with a small American flag, and in answer to its summons the rurales rode out of the pass in column of twos, swept into line and charged down the valley.

Instantly the firing ceased. By this time fully half the Gallegos forces were casualties and among the survivors there existed no thought of further resistance. Across the valley they fled like frightened rabbits, headed for the haven of the timber-clad slopes of the encircling hills, and as they ran the rurales broke formation and pursued them independently, sabering them, killing them with pistols, cutting them off from the hills and slaughtering them even while they begged for the mercy they would not have given.

FOR about ten minutes the rurales were busy riding over the field, giving the "mercy shot" to the wounded, then they formed up and rode on into the south to argue with the Los Osos contingent, doubtless. And when they were out of sight Ken Burney mounted his men, merged his divided forces and rode north out of El Cajon Bonita, merely pausing long enough to gaze into Martin Bruce's dead face and examine Rowdy for possible wounds. He had none, so Ken Burney tied him to a bush and left him there.

"Rowdy's status is that of a smuggled horse," he explained to Tom Bledsoe. "He entered Mexico illegally this morning; hence he will be confiscated as smuggled goods and sold at public auction for the benefit of the state. At that auction Señor de Haro will bid him in for about fifty dollars. This will give Señor de Haro a clearly legal title, which he will transfer to me when he presents Rowdy to me the first time I visit him. It will cost me five dollars export tax to bring Rowdy back into United States territory. Bueno!"

As they entered the pass Tom Bledsoe commenced to chuckle. "Nobody but Bruce saw us enter Mexico and nobody has seen us leave. Mr. Burney, a fox has nothing on thee. Was it thee that downed Martin Bruce?"

Burney nodded sadly. "I knew that when his rider rolled off the horse would not desert him. So I had to stop him before he could gallop into the effective range of the Gallegos gang."

They were back at the trucks by ten o'clock. As they came into camp the king tore loose a mighty yell:

"Are you all there?"

"Seguro, señor." Burney favored the king with a military salute. "I have to report your outfit intact and the contract completed in a highly satisfactory manner. Martin Bruce and forty-eight riders, about half of them Mexicans, with Miguel Gallegos and one hundred of his followers have been killed, and if you don't believe it ask the men. However, realizing you might require evidence, I have arranged with Señor de Haro to photograph both Bruce and Gallegos before burial and send their mugs to you."

"Tell me all about it," His Majesty ordered. And when the tale was told he queried, "What do you suppose caused Gallegos to open fire on the Bruce party?"

"I caused him to. As Your Majesty is aware, when a cowboy goes forth on a hard journey he rides his top horse. I worked long enough for Martin Bruce to know the top horses of his outfit, so from your remuda I selected horses of similar coloration. The day I went into El Cajon Bonita in force Gallegos had an opportunity to look the stock over; the day he delivered his ultimatum he had another opportunity—and he employed both opportunities. He would, you know. He would want to be in position to recognize my force by the horses long before he could recognize me. And of course Rowdy is a most spectacularly marked horse, which is why I sold him to Martin Bruce.

"I had a hunch Martin would ride him into action, so I delivered him to the old wolf yesterday. I took a chance that, even if he should be communicating with Gallegos he would not, having more important things to discuss, remember the unimportant and tell Gallegos he had received the horse and would ride him this morning. And to obviate the necessity for last-minute communications between Gallegos and Bruce I named a definite date for the battle and kept my appointment.

"When Bruce's scouts emerged into the valley and failed to locate me, they took the news back to Bruce. It puzzled him, worried him a little perhaps. Then, behind him, he heard a mounted force approaching and a subdued bugle call warned him they were rurales. Then the advance guard of rurales fired into him and Bruce lost his head. He couldn't afford to be taken by the rurales, and there could be no profit to him in fighting them in the pass. They're born fighters, those rurales, and they outnumbered Bruce. In the emergency he remembered he had a friend with a hundred riflemen and four machine gunners down in the barranca, so he decided to join forces with Gallegos in a hurry.

"That was his fatal error. *He came out in a hurry.* That was the way Gallegos expected me to come out—and when he saw that pinto horse of mine out in front—when he sized up the colors of the other horses in the Bruce outfit, he said to himself: 'Hah! Yonder cometh the gringo,' and got ready for business. Naturally I knew that as his party approached the barranca Bruce would wave his hat at Gallegos and endeavor to identify himself—so I killed Bruce before he could do that. Then my entire party opened on Bruce's men and they were all too rattled to do more than go wild. Gallegos couldn't see where our fire was coming from; probably he thought it was by Bruce's men from the hills near the pass. So, just to be neighborly, he got into action too—and that's the tail of the kangaroo."

"GET off your horse," the king ordered, and Burney obeyed. Instantly the king enfolded him in a grizzly bear embrace. "Son," he murmured huskily, "the first night you came to me I had a hunch you were a gift from God, only I didn't suspect, even remotely, how valuable you are. Don't go into the cow business for yourself, my boy. I'll take a back seat. I'll become chairman of the board and you can have the job of president and general manager and fifty thousand a year. And you can go fishing or hunting whenever you doggone please."

"I'm profoundly grateful for your offer. The salary is marvelous but the

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job isn't. You can't slip me your handcuffs and leg-irons, King Bardin. I want to be my own man. I don't want to be a pampered pet. I want to make my own hard bed and lie in it. This cock-eyed world is my oyster and I'll open it myself. That's final. No proposition you can make will be accepted. You've promised to do enough for me already and I haven't half earned that. Please give me a lift into Huachita in your automobile. There's a train due out of there for the west at three-forty-seven and I have a berth reserved on it."

"Got that girl on your fool mind, eh?" the king accused savagely.

"I was even thinking of her this morning while the shooting was good, king; she's a lallapalooza!"

"I hope she eats crackers in bed. I hope she's beef to the heel like a Hereford steer; I hope she wears a dirty old wadded kimono and leaves tufts of her hair in her comb; I hope she spills powder on the bureau and opens your mail; I hope—but what's the use hoping anything? You're a wild ass of the plains and sweet Christian thoughts are wasted on you. Climb into the car and depart out of my life. I hate you. I do more. I hate you a second time."

As they parted at the railroad station in Huachita, Ken Burney said:

"Your Majesty, the men used those nice rifles so effectively this morning that I took the liberty of telling them they could keep them—with your compliments. And I wish you'd send about twenty dollars gold to each member of the rurale machine gun crews I had planted off on the Gallegos flanks. They were hidden there for two days and nights on cold rations before Gallegos occupied the barranca and if they'd been discovered it would have been highly inconvenient. Good-by, sir, and good luck to you. And please don't forget to make good old Tom Bledsoe your general manager." He lifted his sombrero and bowed. "My respectful compliments to the princess, sir."

Then the train rolled in and Ken Burney climbed aboard and started for Oregon.

(To be concluded next week)

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The Rule for Scandal

SINCE Longfellow wrote his precious and overworked lines about what the lives of great men should put into our minds, biography has graduated from an art to a business.

The lives of great and near great serve to remind us that even the most honored and exalted had, besides their quota of sorrowing, their share of sinning.

This is not at all discouraging to the mass of humanity who cannot aspire to greatness; who, indeed, find it no easy task to achieve goodness.

Whatever frailty marks the careers of the truly famous is not something to be seized upon for the marring of their greatness, but for the measuring of it; their virtue shines brighter for the handicaps it suffered from ordinary human weakness. Queen Elizabeth was faithless even to her favorites but a loyal sovereign to her subjects; Disraeli, the great English statesman, could intrigue against highly placed colleagues, but knew no compromise where the welfare of his country was concerned; Ulysses Grant was self-indulgent and even stupid, but heroically honest and self-denying to meet his obligations, and Woodrow Wilson could be ungrateful to a friend and relentlessly stubborn, but was immovable in cleaving to an ideal at a sacrifice of power and prestige.

The duty of these glorified reporters we call biographers and the job of everyday news writers is to satisfy the demands for truth and fairness but to avoid pandering to illicit curiosity.

Not so very long ago an English military officer with little of truth and less of taste dragged the name of the great Gladstone into range of a public peephole. He painted England's grand old man of Victorian days as an energetic hypocrite. Instead of the grave and dignified law-maker, he made Gladstone a back-stairs Lothario.

To the credit of English law, this traducer of the dead was punished. And the furor of the case stimulated legislation to check the barrage of scandal which the irresponsible directed at public and private character. The English press, already sternly limited by libel laws, was forbidden the privilege of printing court records of sex crimes or divorce suits. Indeed, the law went farther and choked the blackmail industry by making it a statutory offense to publish the name of a plaintiff in a blackmail case.

With admirable good sense the English press accepted the law. There were no roars about infringement of constitutional guarantees. No constitution, unless it be one of anarchy, can, with moral right, guarantee the freedom to destroy character and reputation unless and until criminal offense has been proven.

We in America may well learn this lesson from England.

We have advanced in material benefits and spiritual progress, but our civilization still needs checks in publicity that will protect public and private citizens, rich and poor alike, from reckless intrusion into personal affairs.

Sensational and salacious stories of the fouling of "love nests," of "heart balm" grab-bags, and of wrangles, armed and unarmed, among husbands, wives and other men and other women—these are evidences of a moral cannibalism that should be stopped or at least modified.

Censorship of the press is not the remedy. Bureaucratic control would create evils worse than that censorship was designed to suppress.

Yet common sense, to say nothing of common decency, demands legal standards of restraint for the common good. With license to print almost anything but outright obscenity, the business of publishing news becomes too easily, in unscrupulous hands, a pandering to vicious appetites.

For those who write of men dead or living, the rule should be restraint, or some day an aroused public conscience may go to the other extreme and make the rule one of constraint.

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CARS THAT STAY YOUNG

Cars That Stay Young

MAKE	MODEL	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
Auburn	All	x	x	x		x
Cadillac	All	x	x		x	x
Chrysler	De Soto	x	x	x		x
	Plymouth	x	x	x		x
	65 & 75	x	x	x		x
	Imperial	x				x
Cunningham	All	x	x	x		x
Dodge	All	x	x			x
Durant	40, 60, 66	x	x	x		
	70	x	x	x		x
Elcar	75	x	x	x		x
	95, 96, 120	x	x			x
Ford	All	x		x	x	x
Franklin	All	x	x	x	x	x
Gardner	All	x	x	x		x
Graham-Paige	612	x	x	x	x	x
	615	x	x			x
	621, 827, 837	x	x		x	x
Hudson and Essex	All	x	x	x		x
Hupmobile	Century 6	x	x	x	x	x
	Century 8	x	x	x	x	x
Jordan	All	x	x	x		x
Kissel	75 & 95	x	x	x		x
	126	x	x	x	x	x
Kleiber		x	x	x		x
LaSalle	All					x
Lincoln	All	x	x	x	x	x
Locomobile	86 & 88	x	x			x
Marmon	68	x				x
	78		x			x
	Roosevelt	x	x	x		x
McFarlan	All	x	x	x		x
Moon	All	x	x	x		x
Nash	Std 6	x	x	x		x
———	All	x				x
Peerless	All	x	x	x		x
Pierce-Arrow	All	x	x	x	x	x
Reo Flying Cloud	The Master	x	x		x	x
	The Mate	x	x			x
Roamer		x	x	x		x
Stearns-Knight	6-80	x	x	x	x	x
	8-90	x	x	x	x	x
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Stutz	All	x	x	x		x
Willys-Knight and Whippet	All	x	x	x	x	x

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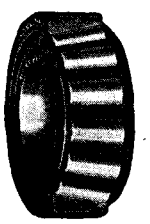

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